
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

GoogleTM books

<https://books.google.com>









Woodbury-Grazeur

LIEUT.-COLONEL HENRY BOOTH, K.H.

THE 43rd & 52nd LIGHT INFANTRY CHRONICLE,

1894.

Compiled and Edited

BY

CAPTAIN A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN.



THE BUGLES, 43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

VOLUME III.

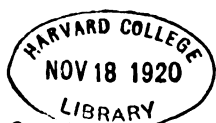
London:

EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE,

Government and General Publishers,

EAST HARDING STREET, E.C.

Br 229.79.28



Starr fund
(11)

THE 43RD AND 52ND LIGHT INFANTRY CHRONICLE.

COMMITTEE.

President:

Lieut.-General F. Green-Wilkinson.

Members:

Colonel J. Colebrooke Carter, *late* 43rd Light Infantry.

Colonel Sir St. Vincent A. Hammick, Bart., *late* 43rd
Light Infantry.

Colonel H. C. Adams, *late* 52nd Light Infantry.

Major J. Bayley, *late* 52nd Light Infantry.

Major C. J. Boyle, *late* 52nd Light Infantry.

The Officer Commanding, 43rd Light Infantry.

The Officer Commanding, 52nd Light Infantry.

The Officer Commanding the Regimental District.

Major F. H. Plowden, 43rd Light Infantry.*

Major R. W. Porter, 43rd Light Infantry.*

Captain P. T. Clark, 43rd Light Infantry.*

Captain R. Fanshawe, 52nd Light Infantry.*

Captain E. D. White, 52nd Light Infantry.*

The Adjutant of the Depôt.*

Hon. Sec. and Editor: Captain A. F. Mockler-Ferryman.

Bankers: Messrs. Cox & Co.

Members marked thus * form the *Working* Committee.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE "CHRONICLE," 1894.

The Right Hon. Lord Aberdare, G.C.B.
Major H. A. Adair.
Colonel H. C. Adams.
Major-General T. M. Bailie.
Viscount Bangor.
Captain D. J. Barton.
Major J. A. Bayley.
W. P. Bethell, Esq.
W. L. F. Blake, Esq.
C. Booth, Esq.
Captain E. T. C. Bower.
Major C. J. Boyle.
Major-General H. A. Brett.
Captain W. M^cN. Cairns.
Colonel J. Colebrooke Carter.
L. J. Carter, Esq.
Captain E. M. Childers.
Lieut.-Colonel W. Clark.
Captain P. T. Clark.
C. H. Cobb, Esq.
Captain E. L. Somers-Cocks.
H. Collinssplatt, Esq.
Lieut.-General F. Colvile, C.B.
G. N. Colvile, Esq.
Major W. Corbet-Winder.
Captain H. R. Stapleton Cotton.
Colonel S. Crozier.
Lieut.-Colonel C. K. Crosse.
A. S. Crum, Esq.
Lieut.-Colonel W. H. Cunliffe.
Lieut.-Colonel J. G. C. Curtis.

Sir Charles Cuyler, Bart.
Major Hon. A. E. Dalzell.
H. F. Darell-Brown, Esq.
Captain H. R. Davies.
Captain J. D. W. Davy.
Captain C. R. Day.
Lieut.-Colonel H. M. S. Douglas.
Major W. H. Drage.
Major R. Eccles.
A. J. F. Eden, Esq.
Captain C. E. G. M. Fairtlough.
Captain H. G. Fane.
Captain R. Fanshawe.
R. M. Feilden, Esq.
Captain A. C. French.
Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Gaskell.
Major P. T. Godsal.
Surgeon-Major Gogarty.
Brigade-Surgeon R. A. P. Grant.
Lieut.-General F. Green-Wilkinson.
K. R. Hamilton, Esq.
Colonel Sir St. V. A. Hammick, Bart.
S. F. Hammick, Esq.
Captain J. Hanbury-Williams.
Captain A. Henley.
F. J. Henley, Esq.
H. N. Holden, Esq.
Captain R. G. H. Hughes.
Sir W. W. Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.
W. C. Hunter, Esq.
J. C. Jarvis, Esq.
Lieut.-Colonel J. Johnstone.
E. Stewart Ker, Esq.
Colonel Howard Kingscote.
Captain F. G. L. Lamotte.

A. R. M. Langhorne, Esq.
Captain E. A. E. Lethbridge.
Colonel W. Livesay.
Captain R. C. Luard.
J. C. A. G. Mackenzie, Esq.
W. Marriott-Dodington, Esq.
Captain J. P. Meade.
Captain G. F. Mockler.
Captain A. F. Mockler-Ferryman.
Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Money.
Lieut.-Colonel G. H. Morrell.
Captain G. S. F. Napier.
D. R. Napier, Esq.
Captain F. J. Newton-King.
The late Major J. T. O'Brien.
The late Major W. H. Odell.
P. B. Osborn, Esq.
Captain W. Owen.
R. Owen, Esq.
Captain C. Parr.
Captain T. H. Pearson.
C. C. Pearson, Esq.
Lieut.-Colonel C. Lennox Peel.
Major F. H. Plowden.
Major E. B. Pocklington.
Major R. W. Porter.
Colonel H. L. Powys.
J. L. Powys, Esq.
Lieut.-Colonel Lord Charles R. Pratt.
G. H. Prichard, Esq.
C. H. Richards, Esq.
H. L. Ruck Keene, Esq.
Colonel H. A. Sanford.
F. W. M. D. Scott, Esq.
L. F. Scott, Esq.

Captain A. G. Scriven.
P. S. Stanhope, Esq.
General Sir E. Stanton, K.C.M.G., C.B.
Captain E. Stanton.
A. C. Stewart, Esq.
Captain W. J. Stopford.
Major J. A. Strachan.
Major H. C. Talbot.
Major F. A. B. Talbot.
Captain H. A. Terry.
H. W. H. Trench, Esq.
Captain A. B. Thruston.
Captain B. Upperton.
Colonel G. F. Vesey.
Colonel E. Villiers.
Mrs. Vivian.
R. E. Watt, Esq.
Captain E. D. White.
C. J. Wilkie, Esq.
Captain George Williams.
Lieut.-Colonel R. B. R. Williamson.
Colonel Sir Henry Wilmot, Bart., C.B., V.C.
Lieut.-Colonel Hon. G. H. Windsor-Clive.
G. B. Young, Esq.
Major F. J. Eveleigh.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
REGIMENTAL CALENDAR FOR 1895 - - - - -	1
THE ARMY LIST, JANUARY 1894 - - - - -	26
THE 43rd LIGHT INFANTRY IN 1894 - - - - -	27
RECORD OF THE 43rd LIGHT INFANTRY FOR 1894 - - - - -	31
THE 52nd LIGHT INFANTRY IN 1894 - - - - -	35
RECORD OF THE 52nd LIGHT INFANTRY FOR 1894 - - - - -	37
THE DEPÔT IN 1894 - - - - -	40
EXTRACTS FROM THE "LONDON GAZETTE," 1894 - - - - -	43
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
(1) The 43rd Harriers - - - - -	47
(2) The Drama - - - - -	56
(3) Mounted Infantry - - - - -	60
(4) Hot Weather Quarters - - - - -	68
SIGNALLING, 1894 - - - - -	73
MUSKETRY, 1894 - - - - -	74
ATHLETICS, 1894 - - - - -	87
FOOTBALL, 1894 - - - - -	94
CRICKET, 1894 - - - - -	98
REGIMENTAL PONY RACES, 52nd LIGHT INFANTRY - - - - -	102
OCCASIONAL NOTES - - - - -	107
CHANGES IN EQUIPMENT, ISSUE OF CLOTHING, &c., 1894 - - - - -	119
THE 43rd LIGHT INFANTRY DINNER (1894) - - - - -	120
THE 52nd LIGHT INFANTRY DINNER (1894) - - - - -	120
MISCELLANEOUS:	
Roll of Commanding Officers of the 43rd Light Infantry - - - - -	122
Roll of Commanding Officers of the 52nd Light Infantry - - - - -	123
A History of Regimental Head-dresses - - - - -	125
43rd Prize Shooting - - - - -	137
The 52nd at Delhi - - - - -	141
Banda and Kirwee Loot - - - - -	155
Rare Medals - - - - -	159
Standing Orders of the 43rd Regiment, 1795 - - - - -	163
Three Brothers in the Light Division - - - - -	173
Mounted Infantry of the 52nd with the Nile Expedition, 1885-6 - - - - -	184
Recollections of a 43rd Veteran - - - - -	200
The 43rd and 52nd together - - - - -	204
The Maintenance of Discipline - - - - -	206
Waterloo—after Eighty Years - - - - -	213
A Visit to Germany in 1894 - - - - -	226
Pigsticking and Punchestown - - - - -	237
The Gohna Lake - - - - -	241
Reindeer Stalking and other Field Sport - - - - -	247

MISCELLANEOUS— <i>cont.</i>		PAGE
Lectures to Recruits	- - - - -	- 269
Chevrons and Badges	- - - - -	- 271
The 43rd in Poetry	- - - - -	- 272
Roll of 52nd Recipients of the Medal for Burma	- - - - -	- 275
OBITUARY:		
Major J. T. O'Brien	- - - - -	- 277
Mr. Vere Fane-Bennett-Stanford	- - - - -	- 281
Major W. H. Odell	- - - - -	- 281
Captain Loftus Otway	- - - - -	- 282
Sergt.-Instructor Stoddart	- - - - -	- 282
NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS	- - - - -	- 283
ILLUSTRATIONS:		
✓Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Booth, K.H.	- - - - -	- <i>Frontispiece</i>
✓The Bugles, 43rd Light Infantry	- - - - -	- <i>Title Page</i>
✓Officers, 43rd Light Infantry	- - - - -	- 27
✓Signallers, 43rd Light Infantry	- - - - -	- 73
Regimental Head-dresses	- - - - -	- 125
✓Colour-Sergeant R. Jermy's Medal	- - - - -	- 159
✓The 43rd Crossing the St. Lawrence River	- - - - -	- 181
Memorial to Lieutenant-Colonel H. Booth, K.H.	- - - - -	- 183
Mr. Thomas Logan	- - - - -	- 200
✓The 43rd Depôt at Chatham, 1861	- - - - -	- 204
✓The 52nd Depôt at Chatham, 1861	- - - - -	- 205
✓Removing the Guns from the Field of Waterloo	- - - - -	- 213
✓The Winner of the Kadir Cup, 1894	- - - - -	- 237
✓The Winner of the Irish Military Steeplechase, 1894	- - - - -	- 240
✓Major J. T. O'Brien	- - - - -	- 277
✓Major W. H. Odell	- - - - -	- 281
MAPS:		
Sketch Map of the Action of Ginniss	- - - - -	- 193
✓The Field of Waterloo, 1894	- - - - -	- 224

THE 43RD AND 52ND LIGHT INFANTRY CALENDAR for 1895.

Where no Regiment is named the event recorded refers to both the 43rd and 52nd.

43RD AND 52ND LIGHT INFANTRY CHRONICLE, 1893.

Correction.

721022 ILLUSTRATION FACING PAGE 185.

For	MEERUT, 1858	read	SEALKOTE, 1858.
"	Dr. Wingfield	"	Lt. Wingfield.
"	Trendy	"	Innes.

JANUARY.

1 Tu	1791, 52nd, in pursuit of Tippoo, reached Terrimungulum.
2 W	1831, 43rd arrived home from Gibraltar. 1859, Private H. Addison, 43rd, gained the V.C. in Punnah Jungle, Indian Mutiny.
3 Th	1809, at Calcabellos (Spain) during retreat on Corunna, rear-guard had a smart skirmish. 1865, Colour-Sergeant Joseph Cooper promoted Quarter-Master (43rd).
4 F	7h. 52m. a.m. 1815, 1st Battalion 52nd under orders for North America, afterwards changed to Belgium, embarked at Portsmouth. 1831, 52nd embarked at Bristol for Waterford (Ireland).
5 S	1809, retreat on Corunna, throughout the day on the river Constantino, the rear-guard engaged with pursuing French.
6 S	1827, new Colours presented to 43rd by Mrs. Haverfield at Gibraltar.
7 M	1756, 52nd raised as 54th Foot. 1815, 43rd landed at Cat Island, America.
8 Tu	1807, 1st Battalion 52nd on return from expedition to Sicily, landed in England and proceeded to Canterbury. 1815, Lieutenants Duncan Campbell, Meyricke and Wilkinson (43rd) killed at New Orleans (America).
9 W	1809, retreat on Corunna, rear-guard action on river Ladro.
10 Th	1803, Horse Guards' authority issued for 1st Battalion 52nd being called "Light Infantry," the 2nd Battalion to be separated and to become 96th Regiment of Foot.
11 F	6h. 50m. a.m. 1809, retreat on Corunna, rear-guard busily engaged.
12 S	1809, retreat on Corunna, rear-guard actions close to Corunna.
13 S	1809, Sir John Moore's retreat on Corunna; 2nd Battalion 52nd embarked at Vigo for England. 1814, Merxem (Netherlands); 2nd Battalion 52nd engaged all day holding the village against the French.
14 M	1809, retreat on Corunna; Sir John Moore's Army in position at Monelos covering embarkation of sick and baggage.
15 Tu	1887, 43rd left Bombay for England after 14½ years' service in India. 1889, the sword worn by Sir John Moore at Corunna, presented to the 43rd by General Lynedoch Gardiner, C.B.
16 W	1809, battle of Corunna; death of Sir John Moore.

JANUARY.

17 TH	<p> ☾ 10h. 55m. p.m. 1809, 2nd Battalion 43rd embarked for England after Corunna. 1827, 43rd arrived in Portugal as part of the Army of Occupation. </p>
18 F	<p>1803, 52nd made <i>Light Infantry</i>.</p>
19 S	<p>1812, Ciudad Rodrigo; Major-General Craufurd, commanding the Light Division, mortally wounded.</p>
20 S	<p>1812, Light Division marched to El Boden after Ciudad Rodrigo.</p>
21 M	<p>1890, 43rd completed movement from Parkhurst (Isle of Wight) to Portsdown Hill Forts and Portsmouth.</p>
22 TU	<p>1863, 43rd arrived at Fort William, Calcutta, from Barrackpore.</p>
23 W	<p>1803, final separation at Chatham of the two Battalions 52nd</p>
24 TH	<p>1889, 43rd reviewed by the Queen at Osborne.</p>
25 F	<p>● 9h. 26m. p.m. 1809, 1st Battalion 52nd arrived at Portsmouth from Corunna. 1815, 52nd quartered at St. Germain, near Paris.</p>
26 S	<p>1801, 52nd landed at Ramsgate from Lisbon.</p>
27 S	<p>1809, 1st Battalion 43rd disembarked in England, after the retreat on Corunna, having lost 1 Captain, 1 Sergeant, and 65 rank and file.</p>
28 M	<p>1817, 2nd Battalion 43rd disbanded.</p>
29 TU	<p>1853, 52nd at Cawnpore (India) joined the Oudh Field Force under Brigadier-General Wheeler.</p>
30 W	<p>1854, 43rd arrived at Madras (India) from South Africa.</p>
31 TH	<p>1856, 52nd took part in the Occupation of Oudh.</p>

FEBRUARY.

1 F	1833, 52nd relieved 43rd at Beggar's Bush Barracks, Dublin.
2 S	Christmas Day. 1814, 2nd Battalion 52nd engaged in attack on suburbs of Antwerp, which had been re-occupied by the French.
3 S	▷ 0h. 16m. a.m. 1797, Sergeant-Major Robert Kipling, 43rd, promoted ensign.
4 M	1814, 52nd at siege of Antwerp (Belgium).
5 Tu	1762, 43rd at first capture of Martinique . 1792, 52nd encamped at French Rocks, before Seringapatam and Tippoo Sahib's army.
6 W	1792, 52nd engaged in night attack on Seringapatam . 1857, Sergeant-Major George Garland, 43rd, promoted ensign.
7 Th	1792, during the attack on Seringapatam on the night of the 6th and morning of the 7th, the 52nd lost 1 Officer, 1 Sergeant, and 9 rank and file <i>killed</i> ; and 5 Officers, 2 Sergeants, and 23 rank and file <i>wounded</i> , and 9 men <i>missing</i> .
8 F	1814, 52nd engaged in the assault on Bergen-op-Zoom (Holland).
9 S	◊ 5h. 23m. p.m. 1792, 52nd took part in the siege of Seringapatam.
10 S	1887, 43rd arrived at Shorncliffe after 14½ years in India.
11 M	1791, 52nd reached Vellore (Southern India) in pursuit of Tippoo.
12 Tu	1860, Sir William Napier died.
13 W	1878, 52nd moved from Plymouth to Aldershot.
14 Th	St. Valentine. 1791, 52nd pursuing Tippoo arrived at Chittipet.
15 F	1862, 43rd left Madras for Calcutta.
16 S	◊ 1h. 9m. p.m. 1827, occupation of Portugal, 43rd quartered at Leiria.

FEBRUARY.

17 S	Commencement of the campaign of 1814.
18 M	1791, 52nd in pursuit of Tippoo ascended the Ghauts (Southern India).
19 Tu	1798, 52nd embarked at Madras for England after 15 years in India.
20 W	1809, Captain Joseph Carruthers, 43rd, died from the effects of a fall from his horse during the Corunna retreat.
21 Th	1814, the Light Division marching from Sala towards Orthes.
22 F	1810, General Craufurd's Light Brigade converted into the Light Division.
23 S	1812, 2nd <i>Battalion</i> 52nd at Ciudad Rodrigo (under orders for England) transferred 490 men to the 1st <i>Battalion</i> .
24 S	● 4h. 44m. p.m. 1791, 52nd marched on Colar against Tippoo.
25 M	1814, 52nd disputing the passage of the Gave du Pau , prior to the battle of Orthes .
26 Tu	Shrove Tuesday. 1812, 1st <i>Battalion</i> 52nd from Ciudad Rodrigo marched on Badajoz. 1852, loss of the <i>Birkenhead</i> , off Danger Point, South Africa; the 43rd had a draft of 1 Officer, 1 Sergeant, and 40 rank and file on board, of whom only 1 Officer (Lieut. Girardot) and 14 rank and file were saved.
27 W	Ash Wednesday. 1814, battle of Orthes .
28 Th	1814, the Light Division engaged in pursuit of the French after Orthes.

MARCH.

1 F	St. David's Day. 1814, on the road to Toulouse in pursuit of the French army, arrived at Mont de Marson.
2 S	1814, pursuing the French, near St. Maurice.
3 S	1791, 52nd engaged in pursuit of Tippoo's Army.
4 M	▷ 0h. 40m. p.m. 1791, 52nd came up with Tippoo's Army near Bangalore.
5 Tu	1791, commencement of the siege of Bangalore (India), 52nd present.
6 W	1866, 52nd moved from Portsmouth to Aldershot.
7 Th	1870, Colour-Sergeant Denis Trehy and Private Charles Harman (43rd) awarded the Royal Humane Society's medal.
8 F	1814, 52nd in reserve at night attack on Bergen-op-Zoom .
9 S	1811, pursuit of Massena.
10 S	1879, 43rd left Madras for Rangoon, Burmah. 1886, 43rd left Quetta, Biluchistan, having lost 1 Officer and 92 rank and file in 10 months (from sickness).
11 M	○ 3h. 38m. a.m. 1811, skirmish at Pombal (Peninsula). 1858, Capt. W. R. Moorsom, 52nd, killed at Lucknow.
12 Tu	1811, combat of Redinha .
13 W	1852, Lient. <i>Hon.</i> H. Wrottesley, 43rd, killed in action at Fuller's Hoek, Kafir war. 1870, the depôt 52nd attached to 43rd.
14 Th	1811, combat of Cazal Novo .
15 F	1797, 43rd (1,000 strong), left Cowes for the West Indies. 1811, affair of Foz d'Arronce .
16 S	1794, 43rd at second capture of Martinique . 1852, 52nd moved from Limerick to Dublin. 1853, end of the Kafir war. 1885, 52nd moved from Gibraltar to Egypt.

MARCH.

17	☞	St. Patrick. 1776, 52nd left Boston for Halifax (N.S.). 1811, Sergeant-Major Kent, 43rd, promoted Ensign 60th Foot for his Peninsular war services, and Sergeant-Major Mitchell, 52nd, promoted Ensign 88th Regiment.
18	M	(5h. 32m. a.m. 1811, skirmish at Ponte de Marcella.
19	TU	1812, commencement of second siege of Badajoz .
20	W	1814, engagement at Tarbes with the French.
21	TH	1791, 52nd engaged at the capture of Bangalore Fortress.
22	F	1842, 52nd left Barbadoes (West Indies) for Canada. 1847, new Colours presented to the 43rd by Lady Fakenham, at Southsea.
23	S	1886, 43rd arrived at Poona from Quetta.
24	☞	1741, the 43rd raised and numbered 54th.
25	M	1812, siege of Badajoz ; capture of the outwork of La Picurina.
26	TU	● 10h. 25m. a.m. 1879, 43rd arrived at Thayetmyo (Burmah) from India.
27	W	1815, 1st <i>Battalion</i> 52nd left Plymouth for the Waterloo campaign.
28	TH	1886, 52nd left Egypt for India.
29	F	1790, 52nd reached Aulloor (Southern India).
30	S	1835, 43rd left Bangalore (India) for Quetta (Biluchistan); strength 19 Officers, 794 rank and file.
31	☞	1864, 52nd arrived at Portsmouth from India.

APRIL.

1 M	1857, green goats-hair plumes ordered to be worn in head-dress of Officers of 43rd in lieu of the hall-tufts. 1862, the establishment of the 43rd increased by one trained Bandmaster.
2 Tu	▷ 9h. 28m. p.m. 1811, the Light Division encamped near Sabugal.
3 W	1811, combat of Sabugal ; Lieuts. McDermid and Creighton, 43rd, killed.
4 Th	1815, 1st <i>Battalion</i> 52nd halted in Brussels on the way to Grammont.
5 F	1846, 43rd arrived home from Canada.
6 S	1812, storming of Badajoz , 43rd lost Colonel McLeod, Commanding, and Lieuts. Hodgson, Harvest, and Taggart.
7 S	Palm Sunday. 1815, 1st <i>Battalion</i> 52nd reached Grammont (Belgium) and took over effectives of 2nd <i>Battalion</i> , which returned to England.
8 M	1810, 2nd <i>Battalion</i> 52nd marched from Chatham to London to assist in quelling riots.
9 Tu	○ 1h. 43m. p.m. 1885, 43rd left Kurrachee (Sind) by rail for Rindli, Bolan Pass.
10 W	1814, battle of Toulouse .
11 Th	1814, Treaty of Paris signed; Napoleon retired to Elba. 1886, 52nd arrived at Bombay from Egypt.
12 F	Good Friday. 1817, 43rd moved from Bapaume to Valenciennes (France).
13 S	1814, 52nd piquets entered Toulouse. 1886, 43rd entertained 52nd passing through Poona.
14 S	Easter Sunday. 1815, 2nd <i>Battalion</i> 52nd embarked at Ostend for England.
15 M	Bank Holiday. 1814, 43rd and 52nd quartered near Toulouse.
16 Tu	◁ 11h. 22m. p.m. 1797, 43rd arrived at Jamaica.

APRIL.

17 W	1863, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton died.
18 TH	1775, 52nd embarked at Boston for attack on Concord, North America. 1842, 52nd arrived in Canada. 1866, 43rd left Auckland, New Zealand, for home.
19 F	1775, combat of Lexington , America. 1886, 52nd arrived at Bangalore (India) from Egypt.
20 S	1815, 2nd Battalion 52nd reached Canterbury on return from Belgium.
21 S	1794, 43rd at capture of Guadaloupe . 1864, 43rd engaged at Maketu , New Zealand.
22 M	1814, 52nd quartered in suburbs of Toulouse, on declaration of peace.
23 TU	1811, affair of outposts on the River Azava (Spain).
24 W	1811, second affair of outposts on the River Azava.
25 TH	● 1h. 11m. a.m. 1864, 43rd engaged with Maories (New Zealand).
26 F	1868, 43rd arrived at the Channel Islands from Aldershot.
27 S	1810, the Light Division marched to Almeida.
28 S	1759, battle of Sillery , America.
29 M	1810, the Light Division at Gallegos joined by Captain Ross' troop of R.H.A. 1864, 43rd present at the assault of the Gate Pa , New Zealand; 7 Officers killed and 2 wounded.
30 TU	1808, 52nd embarked for Sweden. 1888, 43rd moved from Shorncliffe to Parkhurst (Isle of Wight).

MAY.

1 W	1885, left wing 43rd reached Quetta (Baluchistan).
2 TH	▷ 3h. 44m. a.m. 1811, the Light Division fell back from Gallegos towards the plains of Fuentes d'Onor.
3 F	1878, 52nd left Malta for Gibraltar in H.M.S. <i>Tamar</i> .
4 S	1811, the Light Division on the river dos Casos, near Fuentes d'Onor.
5 S	1811, battle of Fuentes d'Onor .
6 M	1841, death of Lt.-Colonel Henry Booth, commanding 43rd.
7 Tu	1811, the Light Division in pursuit of the French after the battle of Fuentes d'Onor.
8 W	○ 11h. 52m. p.m. 1757, 43rd left England for North America. 1801, Major-General John Moore appointed Colonel of the 52nd.
9 TH	1878, 52nd arrived at Gibraltar.
10 F	1811, the Light Division at Gallegos.
11 S	1809, detachments (2 companies) of 52nd served with Brigadier-General Stewart's Brigade in the attack on the heights of Grijou (Portugal).
12 S	1809, Passage of the Douro .
13 M	1841, percussion fire-locks issued to the 52nd in place of flint-locks. 1857, first news of Mutiny at Delhi reached the 52nd at Sealkote.
14 Tu	1861, Indian Mutiny medals presented to 43rd at Madras.
15 W	1791, engagement at Seringapatam , 52nd present.
16 TH	◁ 5h. 44m. p.m. 1811, battle of Albuera . 1813, at Espeja (Spain) prior to opening of campaign, during which the French were driven finally out of Spain. The Light Division reviewed by Lord Wellington.

MAY.

17 F	1808, 52nd with army for protection of Sweden, reached the roadstead of Gothenburg from England.
18 S	1866, death of Sir John Maxwell Tylden, of Peninsular fame.
19 S	1874, 52nd embarked in H.M.S. <i>Tamar</i> at Gibraltar for England.
20 M	1837, Head-Quarters 52nd disembarked at Gibraltar; first visit to the place.
21 Tu	1813, the Light Division left winter quarters and marched into Spain.
22 W	1813, the Light Division moving towards Salamanca and driving Joseph Buonaparte from Portugal to the Pyrenees.
23 Th	Ascension Day. 1870, New Zealand war medals presented to the 43rd.
24 F	● 0h. 46m. p.m. <i>Queen's Birthday.</i> 1809, 43rd marched from Colchester to Harwich <i>en route</i> for Portugal.
25 S	1809, 43rd, 52nd, and 95th embarked for Portugal.
26 S	1874, 52nd arrived at Portsmouth from Gibraltar and went into Cambridge Barracks after a tour of 6 years in the Mediterranean.
27 M	1857, 52nd joined the Punjab Field Force under Brigadier-General Nicholson at Wuzerabad, and by order of its Commanding Officer (Colonel Campbell) was dressed in <i>khaki</i> ; the first Regiment so clothed.
28 Tu	1845, great fire at Quebec; 43rd gave valuable assistance in putting it out.
29 W	1848, 52nd employed in aid of the civil power at Bradford.
30 Th	1865, death of Sir J. Shaw Kennedy, K.C.B. (43rd).
31 F	● 8h. 49m. a.m. 1816, 2nd Battalion 52nd finally disbanded at Canterbury.

JUNE.

1 S	1813, the Light Division passed the Douro and encamped at Toro.
2 S	Whit Sunday. 1825, Lt.-Colonel James Fergusson appointed to the command of the 52nd, vice Sir J. Colborne promoted.
3 M	Bank Holiday. 1814, 1st Battalion 52nd proceeded from Castel Sarasin (France) to Bordeaux, whence, on the 17th, it embarked for England. 1859, burning of the <i>Eastern Monarch</i> ; detachment of the 52nd on board.
4 Tu	1885, commencement of cholera epidemic in the 43rd at Quetta, which in a few months decimated the Regiment.
5 W	1835, 43rd left England for New Brunswick, North America.
6 Th	1765, 52nd embarked at Cork for North America.
7 F	○ 11h. 0m. a.m. 1842, 52nd moved from St. John to Fredericton, New Brunswick.
8 S	1804, 52nd encamped at Shorncliffe.
9 S	Trinity Sunday. 1823, 52nd embarked at Cove for Halifax (N.S.).
10 M	1850, 52nd moved to Liverpool.
11 Tu	1762, capture of Moro , Havanna, 43rd present. 1812, the Light Division left El Boden (Spain) <i>en route</i> to Salamanca. 1885, Lieut. Spencer, 43rd, died of cholera at Quetta.
12 W	1776, 43rd and 52nd left Halifax, N.S., for Staten Island. 1813, at Horillas (Spain), the Light Division caught up the French rear-guard and was occupied all day.
13 Th	1811, the Light Division crossed the Tagus.
14 F	1815, 52nd marching through Belgium on Enghien, news of Napoleon's intended attack having arrived. 1856, 52nd attacked by cholera at Lucknow, and during the next 2 months lost 86 men.
15 S	○ 11h. 28m. a.m. 1804, 43rd joined Sir John Moore's Brigade at Shorncliffe Camp. 1815, 52nd reached Enghien (Waterloo Campaign).
16 S	1815, 43rd left England to join Wellington's Army in Belgium. 1815, 52nd with Sir H. Clinton's Division marched on Soignies, halted for the night at Brain-le-Comte at midnight in torrents of rain.

JUNE.

17 M	1775, battle of Bunker's Hill (America). 1815, 52nd started at 2 a.m., reached Waterloo, and remained in bivouac in a ploughed field in heavy rain.
18 Tu	1815, battle of Waterloo ; 52nd lost 1 Officer and 26 rank and file killed, and 8 Officers, 10 sergeants, and 150 rank and file wounded.
19 W	1775 affair of Lexington (America); Lieut. Hull, 43rd killed. 1815, 52nd commenced march on Paris.
20 Th	Accession Day . 1815, 52nd, in pursuit of the French after Waterloo, reached Binck.
21 F	1813, battle of Vittoria . 1864, engagement of Te Ranga (43rd); Captain Smith, 43rd, gained the V.C.
22 S	● 9h. 51m. p.m. 1813, the Light Division in pursuit of the French after Vittoria.
23 S	1811, the Light Division reached Campo Mayor.
24 M	1813, pursuit of the French; Light Division close to Pamplona.
25 Tu	1800, 1st Battalion 52nd left Southampton to join expedition to Quiberon. 1844, Sergeant-Major Fuller, 52nd, promoted Ensign.
26 W	1813, the Light Division pursuing the French reached Olonez. 1889, Sergeant Thomas Diver, 43rd, promoted 2nd Lieutenant Warwickshire Regiment.
27 Th	1813, the Light Division at Olité.
28 F	Coronation Day . 1778, 52nd engaged at Freehold, New Jersey. 1814, 1st Battalion 52nd arrived at Plymouth on termination of the Peninsular War.
29 S	▷ 2h. 1m. p.m. 1809, 52nd arrived off Lisbon and proceeded in boats up the Tagus to Vallada.
30 S	1853, Head Quarters 52nd left Cork for India (2nd visit). 1866, 43rd reached England from New Zealand.

JULY.

1 M	1815, 52nd halted within sight of Paris and had an affair of outposts with the French Army, which after Waterloo had retired on Paris. 1881, 43rd and 52nd formed into <i>The Oxfordshire Light Infantry</i> .
2 Tu	1815, 52nd in bivouac at Argenteuil on the Seine, on the outskirts of Paris.
3 W	1809, at Vallada, in the Tagus, 43rd, 52nd and 95th, formed into <i>The Light Brigade</i> under Major-General Craufurd.
4 Th	1815, camped in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris.
5 F	1815, capitulation of Paris.
6 S	○ 11h. 29m. p.m. 1781, action at James Town (America). 1809, the Light Brigade commenced its march to join the army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, which was moving on Talavera.
7 S	1815, 52nd entered Paris with 71st and 95th—the only British troops who entered the city; camped in the Champs Elysées. 1858, 43rd completed a march of 1,300 miles through Central India, having lost 3 Officers and 61 men.
8 M	1810, 52nd at Val de la Mula near the river Coa (Portugal).
9 Tu	1803, 52nd joined Sir John Moore's brigade at Shorncliffe Camp. 1857, mutiny of native troops at Sealkote; the 52nd had left the station on 20th May to join the Punjab Field Force, and all its property at Sealkote was now looted or destroyed.
10 W	1810, Ciudad Rodrigo capitulated.
11 Th	1857, 52nd marched 42 miles in 20 hours to intercept the Sealkote mutineers, weather very hot.
12 F	1857, 52nd engaged mutineers at Timmoo Ghant.
13 S	1857, 52nd actively engaged with mutineers.
14 S	1857, 52nd took part in annihilation of Sealkote mutineers, losing during the 12th, 13th and 14th, 5 rank and file <i>killed</i> , and 2 Officers, 18 rank and file <i>wounded</i> (4 rank and file also died of apoplexy).
15 M	○ 3h. 31m. a.m. 1813, engagement on the Heights of Vera ; halted and took part with the troops in covering the blockade of Pamplona and the siege of St. Sebastian.
16 Tu	1857, 52nd engaged mutineers about the Ravee River .



JULY.

17 W	1803, 43rd made <i>Light Infantry</i> . 1857, 52nd marched to Gooda-sepoor <i>en route</i> to Delhi. 1894, Sergt.-Major B. Stannard, 52nd, promoted Quarter-Master.
18 TH	1824, 52nd arrived in Canada on its first visit.
19 F	1812, with Wellington's Army manœuvring before Salamanca.
20 S	1812, Wellington's Army and that of Marmont marching parallel to each other and within musket-shot throughout the day, neither finding an opportunity to attack.
21 S	1812, the Light Division in bivouac at San Martin, near Salamanca. 1847, 52nd left Quebec for England.
22 M	● 5h. 32m. a.m. 1790, 52nd engaged at the capture of Coimbatore (Southern India). 1812, battle of Salamanca (Spain); Light Division in reserve.
23 Tu	1812, Light Division in pursuit of the French about Huerta. 1818, new Colours presented to the 43rd at Valenciennes (France) by Lady Blakeney.
24 W	1807, 52nd embarked at Deal for service in Denmark. 1810, combat of the Coa , near Almeida; Colonel Hull, commanding, Captain Ewen Cameron and Lient. Mason, 43rd, killed.
25 TH	1827, occupation of Portugal, 43rd quartered at Thomar.
26 F	1810, the Light Division fell back after Almeida to Freixedas, where it remained whilst the French besieged the fortress of Almeida.
27 S	1809, the Light Brigade, under Craufurd, reached Navalmoral, 50 miles from Talavera, at sunset.
28 S	▷ 8h. 36m. p.m. 1809, the Light Brigade started at dawn on the famous forced-march on Talavera (62 miles in 26 hours with only 17 stragglers); battle of Talavera , 1 company 43rd and 52nd engaged. 1865, Captain Close, 43rd, killed in action, New Zealand War.
29 M	1807, 43rd embarked for Copenhagen.
30 Tu	1809, the Light Brigade took over advanced-guard and outpost duties of the Army at Talavera. 1877, Martini-Henry rifles issued to 43rd at Bellary (India).
31 W	1809, 2nd Battalion 43rd embarked as part of the expedition to Walcheren.

AUGUST.

1 TH	1807, <i>2nd Battalion</i> 52nd sailed from Deal for Denmark, having embarked the week previous.
2 F	1830, the Gorget and Black Cockade abolished.
3 S	1809, the Army marched from Talavera to Oropeza; a trying march, owing to the heat and want of water.
4 S	1809, the army <i>en route</i> from Talavera to Campo Mayor, suffered much from heat and want of provisions.
5 M	○ 1h. 51m. p.m. <i>Bank Holiday</i> . 1827, occupation of Portugal, 43rd halted at Barro.
6 Tu	1812, after Salamanca the Light Division at the head of the Army marched on Madrid. 1880, 52nd moved from Aldershot to Chatham.
7 W	1798, 52nd, after 15 years in India, arrived at Chatham; strength, 18 Officers, 166 rank and file.
8 TH	1804, <i>2nd Battalion</i> 52nd formed at Newbury, Berks.
9 F	1817, 43rd (in Brigade with 7th and 23rd) reviewed by the Duke of Wellington at Valenciennes; strength 785 of all ranks.
10 S	1804, <i>2nd Battalion</i> 43rd raised.
11 S	1804, William Napier joined the 43rd as Captain. 1812, the Light Division arrived at the Escorial, near Madrid, and halted in the Park.
12 M	1847, 52nd landed at Portsmouth after 11 years' foreign service.
13 Tu	○ 5h. 19m. p.m. 1762, 43rd at the capture of Havanna . 1858, 43rd engaged at Chitrakote (Indian Mutiny).
14 W	1857, 52nd took part in the siege of Delhi.
15 TH	1884, 52nd left Ireland for Gibraltar.
16 F	1807, <i>2nd Battalion</i> 52nd, with the troops under General Harry Burrard, landed about 8 miles from Copenhagen (Denmark).

AUGUST.

17 S	1790, 52nd took part in the siege of Dindigul (India).
18 	1821, 43rd and 52nd reviewed by King George IV. in Dublin.
19 M	1808, 43rd and 2nd <i>Battalion</i> 52nd landed in Portugal.
20 Tu	● 0h. 56m. p.m. 1834, 52nd arrived at Gibraltar on its 3rd visit.
21 W	1790, 52nd engaged in the assault on Dindigul (India). 1808, battle of Vimiera .
22 Th	1790, 52nd at assault on Paulighautcherry (India).
23 F	1793, 52nd present at the capture of Pondicherry (India).
24 S	1857, 52nd engaged at Delhi .
25 	1800, both Battalions 52nd, which had left England about mid-summer with a force on secret service under Sir J. Pulteney, landed in Spain. 1857, 52nd engaged all day before Delhi.
26 M	1800, both Battalions 52nd engaged the French at Ferrol. 1807, 43rd and 52nd engaged at Kioge, Denmark. 1808, 1st <i>Battalion</i> 52nd landed in the Peninsula. 1891, General G. Whichcote, the last 52nd survivor of the Peninsular war and Waterloo, died, aged 97 years.
27 Tu	▷ 5h. 43m. a.m. 1776, engagement at Brook Lyne , Long Island (America).
28 W	1857, 52nd at Delhi. 1893, death of Gen. Hon. Sir A. A. Spencer, G.C.B., Colonel of the Regiment.
29 Th	1808, 52nd on outpost work near Torres Vedras (Portugal). 1812, 52nd quartered at Getafe, near Madrid.
30 F	1812, the Light Division engaged at the passage of the Bidassoa.
31 S	1782, orders issued connecting the 52nd with the county of Oxfordshire, and the 43rd with Monmouthshire. 1813, storming of San Sebastian ; Lieut. O'Connell, 43rd, and Lieut. Harvest, 52nd, killed.

SEPTEMBER.

1 Ś	1807, Danish Expedition, 2nd Battalion 52nd engaged in the siege of Copenhagen.
2 M	1857, 52nd engaged besieging Delhi; over 200 men in hospital.
3 Tu	1822, 43rd left Ireland for Gibraltar, where it arrived on the 19th.
4 W	○ 5h. 55m. a.m. 1809, the Light Division, on the left bank of the Tagus, near Almaraz, engaged with the French, and covered the march of the rest of the Army along the right bank.
5 Th	1807, siege of Copenhagen . 1858, 43rd engaged at Sahao (Indian Mutiny).
6 F	1857, 52nd before Delhi, 340 men of the regiment in hospital with fever. 1858, 43rd engaged at Punghattee Pass (Indian Mutiny).
7 S	1760, capitulation of Montreal (Canada) 43rd present. 1807, surrender of Copenhagen . 1841, Sergeant-Major Wasp, 43rd, promoted Ensign. 1857, siege of Delhi; 52nd at siege work during the night within 300 yards of the guns of the fortress.
8 Ś	1857, siege of Delhi continued, 52nd at Brind's Battery.
9 M	1821, Sergeant-Major Henry Sunderland, 52nd, promoted Ensign and Adjutant.
10 Tu	1790, 52nd present at the commencement of the siege of Paulighautcherry (India).
11 W	1777, 43rd and flank companies 52nd engaged at Brandywine (American War of Independence).
12 Th	◐ 4h. 51m. a.m. 1777, Battalion companies 52nd embarked to capture Newark (North America).
13 F	1759, 43rd took part in the Battle of Quebec .
14 S	1857, Delhi , 52nd present at the storming of the Cashmere Gate; <i>Victoria Crosses</i> won by Lance-Corporal Smith and Bugler Hawthorne. Sergt.-Major Streets for his conduct promoted to an Ensigny in the 75th Regiment.
15 Ś	1857, 52nd took part in severe street fighting in Delhi.
16 M	1857, 52nd engaged in street fighting in Delhi.

SEPTEMBER.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 17 Tu | 1759, Quebec surrendered; 43rd formed part of the garrison of occupation. 1828, terrible epidemic broke out in 43rd at Gibraltar. 1857, 52nd at Delhi. |
| 18 W | ● 8h. 55m. p.m. 1857, 52nd still engaged in the streets of Delhi. |
| 19 Th | 1857, during the engagements with the mutineers from August 14th to September 20th, the 52nd lost :— <i>killed</i> , 1 Officer, 1 Sergeant, and 25 rank and file; <i>wounded</i> , 3 Officers, 82 rank and file; <i>died</i> of cholera and other diseases, 98 N.C.O's and men. |
| 20 F | 1777, American War of Independence. The Light Company 52nd, with a small force under Major-General Grey, at night surprised and defeated 1,500 Americans with 4 guns. |
| 21 S | 1790, conclusion of the siege of Paulighautcherry, 52nd present. |
| 22 S | 1790, 52nd formed part of the army which entered Paulighautcherry after 12 days' siege; <i>killed</i> , 1 Sergeant; <i>wounded</i> , 1 Officer, 8 rank and file. |
| 23 M | 1868, 52nd left Ireland for Malta. |
| 24 Tu | 1811, the Light Division at Horquerra on the River Vadillo (Spain). |
| 25 W | ▷ 6h. 23m. p.m. 1806, 1st Battalion 52nd left Plymouth for service in Sicily, where it remained until 1808. |
| 26 Th | 1810, skirmish near Martagao during the retreat towards Busaco. |
| 27 F | 1810, Battle of Busaco . Private James Hopkins, 52nd, in this action, took prisoner the French General Simon; for his gallantry he received a pension of £20 a year. |
| 28 S | 1872, the 43rd embarked at Queenstown (Ireland) for India. |
| 29 S | Michhasmas Day . 1790, 52nd marched from Coimbatore on Diraporam (India). |
| 30 M | 1810, commencement of retreat of Wellington's Army, after Busaco, on the lines of Torres Vedras, via Coimbra; the Light Division as rear-guard. |

OCTOBER.

1 Tu	1853, Head-Quarters 52nd arrived at Calcutta on its 2nd visit to India.
2 W	1810, the Light Division retiring on Torres Vedras reached Pombal.
3 Th	○ 10h. 47m. p.m. 1868, 52nd arrived at Malta, and after a week under canvas, marched to Fort Ricasoli.
4 F	1777, 43rd and 52nd engaged at German Town (America). 1831, 52nd left Canada for England.
5 S	1795, 52nd at the capture of Manaar (Ceylon) from the Dutch. 1857, 52nd left Delhi for the Punjab.
6 S	1777, 52nd at the capture of Forts Montgomery and Clinton (American War of Independence).
7 M	1748, numbered 43rd. 1777, 52nd at the capture of Fort Constitution (America). 1813, passage of the Bidassoa.
8 Tu	1830, Colour-Sergeant S. Rand 43rd promoted Quarter-Master; he was one of the first Colour-Sergeants of the Regiment, made in 1813 for distinguished service. 1863, 43rd left Calcutta for New Zealand War.
9 W	1813, the Light Division engaged close to the Pass of Vera, some of the heights and redoubts being still in the occupation of the French Army. 1872, on H.M.S. <i>Jumna</i> arriving at Malta, special leave was granted to the Sergeants of the 43rd, by the Governor of the Island, to go on shore and mess with the Sergeants of the 52nd.
10 Th	1810, at Arrinda (Portugal), the Light Division on piquet work; this went on for 5 weeks, until eventually the French retired into winter quarters. 1874, Sergeant-Major Charles Costeloe, 43rd, promoted Quarter-Master.
11 F	○ 2h. 34m. p.m. 1838, 52nd embarked at Gibraltar for Barbadoes (West Indies) after a stay of 2 years. 1870, Captain Hatchell, 43rd, drowned in Queenstown Harbour (Ireland). 1887, new Colours presented to the 43rd by Lady Abdare (daughter of Sir William Napier) at Shorncliffe.
12 S	1851, 43rd left England for the Kaffir War.
13 S	1811, 52nd marched from Casillas de Flores to Robledo.
14 M	1810, occupying a portion of the Lines of Torres Vedras.
15 Tu	1807, 43rd left Copenhagen for England.
16 W	1859, 43rd with Nagode Force in pursuit of rebels (Central India).

OCTOBER.

17 TH	1811, 52nd marched from Robledo to Zamara preparatory to the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo.
18 F	● 6h. 10m. a.m. 1776, 52nd engaged at Pell's Point (America). 1791, 52nd took part in the storming of Nundydroog (India).
19 S	1881, 52nd moved from Chatham <i>via</i> Portsmouth to Ireland. 1887, the old Colours of the 43rd deposited in Monmouth Parish Church.
20 S	1817, 52nd as part of the Army of Occupation in France arrived at Théroutenne and went into cantonments.
21 M	1812, the Light Division made a movement to its left in consequence of the united forces of Soult and Joseph Buonaparte being in full march from Albacete upon Madrid.
22 TU	1812, the Light Division reached Vicalbaro.
23 W	1818, 43rd, 52nd and other Regiments of the Army of Occupation reviewed at Valenciennes by the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia.
24 TH	1842, 24 Sergeants' percussion fusils were received from England by the 52nd at Fredericton, New Brunswick.
25 F	● 11h. 4m. a.m. 1793, 43rd (1,100 strong) left England for West Indies.
26 S	1818, the Army of Occupation in France broke up.
27 S	1779, 43rd joined Sir H. Clinton's Army at New York.
28 M	1776, 43rd and 52nd engaged at White Plains (America).
29 TU	1808, 1st Battalion 43rd landed at Corunna. 1858, Colour-Sergeant Arthur Williams promoted Quarter-Master 43rd.
30 W	1812, the Light Division fell back on Madrid and the Retiro was blown up.
31 TH	1818, 43rd reached Calais <i>en route</i> to England.

NOVEMBER.

1 F	1808, Sir John Moore commenced his march from Spain into Portugal.
2 S	○ 3h. 18m. p.m. 1815, 52nd, after a stay of two months, marched out of Paris and went into quarters at Versailles.
3 S	1831, 52nd marched from Southampton to Bristol to suppress the riots there.
4 M	1831, 52nd reached Bristol in aid of the Civil Power.
5 Tu	1863, 43rd <i>en route</i> from India to New Zealand, detained in quarantine at Mauritius.
6 W	1838, 52nd disembarked at Barbadoes (West Indies).
7 Th	1812, 43rd joined Wellington's Army at Alva prior to the march on Salamanca.
8 F	1804, Sergeant-Major Joynt, 43rd, promoted Ensign.
9 S	○ 11h. 7m. p.m. 1813, the Light Division engaged with the Army near the Pass of Vera forcing the mountainous frontier of Spain and France, moved out silently at night from its camp, and got into position within 300 yards of the French redoubt on the heights of La Petite Rhune, and surprised the enemy.
10 S	1813, battle of the Nivelle , Captains Capel and Lloyd, and Lieut. E. Freer, <i>killed</i> , and Captain Murchison (43rd) <i>mortally wounded</i> .
11 M	1876, 52nd left Portsmouth for Plymouth.
12 Tu	1813, the Light Division encamped near Arbonne after the battle of the Nivelle.
13 W	1876, 52nd went into garrison at Plymouth.
14 Th	1813, Lieut. Angrove, 43rd, died of wounds received at the Nivelle.
15 F	1812, the British Army, which had retired from Madrid to Salamanca, commenced its retirement on Portugal covered by the Light Division.
16 S	● 5h. 12m. p.m. 1776, 43rd and 52nd engaged at Fort Washington (America).

NOVEMBER.

17 S	1812, action on the Huebra.
18 M	1810, the Light Division at Valle (Spain) went into winter quarters opposite the French Army under Marshal Massena. 1812, retreat from Salamanca continued; after a night's bivouac in flooded land, continued the march knee-deep in water.
19 Tu	1812, arrived at and went into winter quarters at Ciudad Rodrigo. 1881, Colour-Sergeant George Williams promoted Quartermaster 43rd.
20 W	1776, 43rd engaged at New York Island (America). 1813, 52nd engaged at Arbonne.
21 Th	1853, 43rd marched from King William's Town to East London, South Africa, prior to embarkation for Madras.
22 F	1813, the Light Division slightly engaged near Bayonne.
23 S	1812, Lieut. Ridout, 43rd, died of wounds received at the action on the Huebra. 1813, Lieut. Baillie, 43rd, killed before Bayonne.
24 S	7h. 19m. a.m. 1808, Sergt.-Major John Winterbottom, 52nd, promoted Ensign and Adjutant. 1813, after the Nivelle, the Light Division went into position at Arcangues, forming part of a defensive line of posts on the frontier of France.
25 M	1800, 52nd landed at Lisbon.
26 Tu	1875, 43rd moved from Cannanore (India) to Bellary.
27 W	1859, 43rd with Nagode force in pursuit of rebels (India).
28 Th	1853, 43rd left South Africa for India. 1858, Lieut. Thomas R. Gibbons, 52nd, killed at Cawnpore.
29 F	1818, 1st Battalion 52nd landed at Ramsgate after 2 years' service in France. 1866, 52nd left Aldershot for Ireland.
30 S	St. Andrew. 1843, a Regimental Savings Bank opened in the 52nd.

DECEMBER.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | ☞ | 1776, 52nd left New York with Expedition to Rhode Island. 1852, 43rd camp in South Africa struck by lightning, 2 men killed and 19 injured. |
| 2 | M | ○ 6h. 38m. a.m. 1858, 43rd engaged with rebels in Central India . |
| 3 | Tu | 1799, War Office Authority to raise for the first time a <i>2nd Battalion</i> for the 52nd. |
| 4 | W | 1839, the 52nd at Barbadoes suffered much from an epidemic of yellow fever. |
| 5 | Th | 1790, 52nd with British Force pursuing Tippoo marched on Trichinopoly (Southern India). |
| 6 | F | 1837, consequent on the disturbed state of Canada, 43rd received orders to proceed by land from Fredericton to Quebec. |
| 7 | S | 1875, 43rd furnished a Guard of Honour to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales during his tour in Southern India. |
| 8 | ☞ | 1806, 52nd landed in Sicily. |
| 9 | M | ○ 7h. 9m. a.m. 1813, <i>2nd Battalion</i> 52nd embarked at Ramsgate to join Sir Thomas Graham's force in Holland. 1831, Sergt.-Major Priestley, 43rd, promoted Ensign. |
| 10 | Tu | 1813, battle of the Nive . |
| 11 | W | 1837, 43rd commenced the famous winter march from Fredericton, New Brunswick, to Quebec, proceeding in sleighs holding six to eight men. 1863, 43rd disembarked at Auckland, New Zealand. |
| 12 | Th | 1837, 43rd reached Jones' Settlement in the march across the Portage of the Madawaska. |
| 13 | F | 1837, 43rd reached Dingee Settlement; thermometer below zero. |
| 14 | S | 1783, 52nd took part in the storming of Cannanore. The "Forlorn Hope" consisted of 1 Officer, 1 Sergeant, and 31 rank and file of the Regiment, nearly all of whom were killed or wounded. |
| 15 | ☞ | 1837, 43rd reached the Grand Falls of the River St. John in their march across the Portage of the Madawaska. |
| 16 | M | ● 6h. 30m. a.m. 1813, Sergeant-Major Harris, 43rd, promoted Ensign. 1826, 52nd received the "Light Infantry Musket," in Canada. |

DECEMBER.

17 Tu	1851, 43rd landed in South Africa for the Kaffir War. 1864, 52nd sailed from India for England, after 12 years' foreign service.
18 W	1815, 52nd at St. Germain, near Paris.
19 Th	1768, by Royal Warrant issued this day, the facings of the 52nd were ordered to be buff, the red-coats faced and lined with buff ornamented with white lace, red worm and one orange stripe, buff waistcoats and breeches, black gaiters.
20 F	1852, 43rd engaged at Berea (Kaffir War). 1854, Kaffir War medals presented to 43rd at Bangalore.
21 S	1791, 52nd took part in the storming of Savendroog (India). Whilst the Grenadier and Light Infantry Companies mounted the breach, the Band of the Regiment played "Britons, strike home."
22 S	1858, second engagement at Kirwee (India), 43rd present.
23 M	1797, 43rd arrived at Martinique. 1828, end of the epidemic amongst 43rd at Gibraltar; 89 deaths in 3 months.
24 Tu	5h. 21m. a.m. 1761, 43rd landed at Barbadoes. 1791, 52nd took part in the capture of Ooreedroog (India). 1867, Bands and Kirwee prize-money distributed to the 43rd at Aldershot.
25 W	Christmas Day. 1808, both Battalions 52nd as part of Sir John Moore's rear-guard from Sahagun (Portugal), started on the retreat to Corunna.
26 Th	<i>Bank Holiday.</i> 1815, occupation of Paris.
27 F	1884, detachments of 43rd engaged in the suppression of the second Moplah outbreak (Southern India).
28 S	1808, retreat on Corunna; rear-guard engaged at Benavente (Spain). 1837, first party of 43rd reached Quebec, having crossed the Portage of the Madawaska; 370 miles in 18 days, including 2 days' halt.
29 S	1808, retreat on Corunna; 1st Battalion 43rd and 2nd Battalion 52nd moved towards Vigo for embarkation. 1884, Private Barrett, 43rd, gained the medal for distinguished conduct in the field against the Moplahs (Southern India).
30 M	1837, the second party of the 43rd reached Quebec from Fredericton.
31 Tu	8h. 31m. p.m. 1808, General Craufurd's Brigade, marching on Vigo, reached Camberos.

ARMY LIST.—JANUARY 1894.

THE OXFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.

Regimental Dist. No. 43. Oxford.

The United Red and White Rose.
 "Quebec, 1759," "Mysore," "Hindoostan," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Bumco," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "South Africa, 1841-2-3," "Delhi," "New Zealand."

Line and Militia Battalions.

1st Bn. (43rd Foot) ..	Kinsale.	3rd Bn. (R. Bucks Mil.) ..	High Wycombe.
2nd .. (52nd) ..	Bareilly, Bengal.	4th .. (Oxford Mil.) ..	Oxford.
Depôt	Oxford.		

Uniform.—Scarlet. Forgings.—White. Agents.—Messrs. Cox & Co.

Volunteer Battalions.

L. 1st	Oxford.	S. 1st Bucks ..	Gt. Marlow.
S. 2nd	Oxford.	4. 4th	Eton.

Colonel Wilkinson, Maj. Gen. (Hon. Lt. Gen.) F.G. 29Aug 93

Officer Commanding Regt. Dist. .. Livensy, Col. W. 10Nov 92

1st and 2nd Battalions.

Lt.-Colonels. (2)

2Clark, W. 27July91
 1July97

1Johnstone, J., p.s.c. 16Mar.92

Majors. (8)

2Pocklington, F. R. 23May85

d. Pratt, Lord C. R. 23July85

d. 1Strachan, J. A. 15Jan 86

1Blowden, F. H. 18Sept.86

d. Dalzell, Hon. A. L. 11Mar.90

20dell, W. H. 16Mar.92

m. Eccles, R. 27Sept.93

Captains. (12)

Evelagh, F. J. 23May85

v. Mansel, E. G. 8July85

1Porter, R. W. 11Jan 86

v. Terry, H. A. 19May86

m. c. Mockler-Ferryman. A. F. 28July86

1Clark, P. T. 28July86

v. Bower, E. T. C. 9Aug 86

m. Hanbury-Williams, J. 1Sept.86

2Mockler, G. F. 6June88

v. Colton, H. R. S. 1Jan 89

v. Jey, C. E. 27July89

d. 2Barton, D. J. 2Jan.92

2Hughes, R. G. 11Feb.92

1Fairtlough, C. E. G. M. 16Mar.92

2Fashaw, R. 15Apr.92

1Hannotte, F. G. L. 2May92

Thruston, A. B. 2May92

2Davies, H. R. 2May92

v. Upperton, B. 27July92

1Newton-King, F. J. 27July92

2White, E. D., adj. 27July92

2Luard, R. S. 17Dec.92

1Wynn, J. D. W. 23Jan 93

1Parr, C. 22Mar.93

Lieutenants. (19)

1Lethbridge, E. A. E. 10Oct.85

1Owen, W., adj. 28Apr.86

1Childers, E. M. 25Aug.86

2Santon, E. A. 1Jan 89

1Cochle, G. N. 3May89

18Anshupe, P. S. 27July89

1Cuyler, Sir C., Lt. 30Jan 90

2Pearson, C. C. 24Nov.91

2Trunn, A. S. 23Jan.92

20Wen, R. C. R. 2Feb.92

Drage, G. (prob.) 2Mar.92

1Ruck-Keene, H. L. 16Mar.92

2Powys, J. L. 15Apr.92

d. 2Marrell-Brown, H. F. 24July92

1Cobb, C. H. 24July92

2Watt, R. E. 24July92

1Huntley, F. J. 27July92

2Huntley, W. C. 2Mar.93

2Edwards, A. C. 22Mar.93

Stewart, A. C. (prob.) 22Mar.93

2Holden, H. N. 19July93

2Wilkie, C. J. 19July93

2nd Lieutenants. (12)

1Napier, D. R. 18May92

1Hamilton, K. R. 18May92

1Eden, A. J. F. 18Aug.92

21Eden, R. M. 2Aug.92

20Sorn, P. B. 28Sept.92

2Marriott-Dodding, W. 10Oct.92

2Bethell, W. P. 18Nov.92

2Hart, L. J. 4Jan 93

2Mackenzie, J. C. A. G. 22Feb.93

1Blake, W. L. F. 25Feb.93

1Scott, L. F. 26Apr.93

2Trench, H. W. H. 19July93

Paym. 2Mockler, G. F., capt. (acting).

Adj. 10Wen, W. Lt. 2Jan 91

2White, E. D., capt. 1Nov.91

Q M 1Williams, G. 18Nov.91

hon. capt. 19Nov.91

2Hirst, A. G. 27Jan.93

hon. capt. 27Jan.93

3rd Battalion.

Griffiths, J., hon. Lt. 23Mar.84

McCoey, E., hon. Lt. 13Feb.86

28May84

Hon. Colonel.

Pratt, W. C. 8Dec.80

Lt.-Colonels.

p.s. Carrington, C. R., Lord, 15 C. M. G. 4May81

Lee, E. D., hon. c. 16Jan.86

Majors.

Burney, H. E., hon. Lt. 17June82

Lowndes, R. W. S., hon. Lt. 14May87

Captains. (8)

p.s. Meeking, C., hon. m. 31Jan.77

Hewett, W. F. 3Jan.84

Good, A. W. H. (H.) 13May85

Terry, W. 24May88

p.s. Puske, G. F., I of M (H.) 22Mar.90

Wickham, H. W. 12Nov.92

Orkney, E. W., Earl of 8Mar.93

Hall, C. S. 8Mar.93

Lieuts. and 2nd Lieuts. (12)

Lieutenants.

Wallingford, E. W. 4July85

Thornton, F. G. D. (H.) 8Mar.90

p.s. Collison H. 28July90

Mainwaring, C. F. R. 28July90

Rose, P. V. 28Aug.91

Henderson, A. N. 28Nov.91

Bartlett, E. N. N. 14Jan.93

Clark, E. R. 8Mar.93

2nd Lieutenants.

Ellis, A. W. 10Apr.82

Walsh, H. J. M. 28Jan.83

Chinnery, E. H. 18Mar.93

Scott-Murray, F. J. 18Mar.93

I of M Puske, G. F., capt. 14Feb.86

Adj. Hanbury-Williams, J. 14Feb.86

Capt. (of Lt. L.) 27Feb.92

(Capt. in Army (Sept.86))

Q M McCoey, R., hon. Lt. 13Feb.86

4th Battalion.

"Mediterranean."

Hon. Colonel.

p.s. Annesley, Hon. A. S. A. 12Dec.91

hon. c. 12Dec.91

Lt.-Colonel.

Bulkeley, C. R., hon. c. 28Nov.91

(H.) 28Nov.91

Majors.

Cook, A. H., hon. Lt. 16Dec.85

Willan, F., hon. Lt. 19Dec.91

Captains. (8)

Heriot, W. J. L., hon. m. 28May77

Dashwood, Sir G. J. E. 31May90

Williams, C. H. 31May90

Boyle, C. J., Capt. (H.) 30Dec.85

Boscawen, Hon. J. 30Dec.85

Fortescue, H. C., hon. m. 29May90

Warner, T. C. T. 19Dec.91

Withington, F. E., (H.) 14Apr.92

I. of M. 14Apr.92

Lieuts. and 2nd Lieuts. (12)

Lieutenants.

Upton-Cottrell-Bormer, J. H. 14Mar.85

Doyle, R. W. 15May90

Talbot, H. A. C. 15May90

Blyth, J. 4Feb.91

Montagu-Douglas-Scott, W. G. L. 28May91

Pulteney, R. P. 19Dec.91

O'Brien, E. A. S. 14May92

Milton, W. C. De M., 8Apr.93

Rowley-Conwy, W. G. 9Dec.93

2nd Lieutenants.

Brewis, H. H. W. 14Apr.92

Holt-Needham, O. N. 14Apr.92

McNeill, A. J. 13Mar.93

Bulkeley, T. H. R. 16Dec.93

I. of M. Withington, F. E., capt. 28May91

Adj. Adair, H. A., hon. m. 15May85

(Temp Capt in Army (Feb.86))

Q M Griffiths, J., hon. Lt. 26Mar.84

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY; 1ST JANUARY, 1894.

ROLL OF OFFICERS.

Lieut.-Colonel.

James Johnstone.

Majors.

Lord Charles R. Pratt.

F. H. Plowden.

Captains.

R. W. Porter.

P. T. Clark.

C. E. G. M. Fairtlough.

F. G. L. Lamotte.

F. J. Newton-King.

J. D. W. Davy.

C. Parr.

Lieutenants.

E. A. E. Lethbridge.

W. Owen.

E. M. Childers.

G. N. Colville.

Sir C. Cuyler, Bart.

H. L. Ruck Keene.

C. H. Cobb.

F. J. Henley.

2nd Lieutenants.

D. R. Napier.

K. R. Hamilton.

A. J. F. Eden.

W. L. F. Blake.

L. F. Scott.

Adjutant.

Lieut. W. Owen.

Quarter-master.

Captain George Williams.

Officers extra-regimentally employed.

Major R. Eccles, Adjutant 3rd Durham Light Infantry.

Captain H. A. Terry, Adjutant 5th West Middlesex
Volunteers.

Captain A. F. Mockler-Ferryman, Instructor in Fortification, Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

Captain E. T. C. Bower, Assistant Inspector of Signalling.

Captain J. Hanbury-Williams, Adjutant 3rd Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

Captain C. R. Day, Adjutant 2nd Volunteer Battalion, Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex Regiment.

Captain A. B. Thruston, Special Service, Uganda, East Africa.

Warrant-Officers and Staff-Sergeants.

Sergeant-Major Daniel O'Brien.

Bandmaster Albert Lamb.

Quartermaster-Sergeant Charles Warren.

Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry James Stoddart.

Colour-Sergeant John Williams (Orderly-Room Sergeant).

Sergeant-Bugler Frederick Moore.

Armourer-Sergeant James Aston (Corps of Armourers).

COMPANIES OF THE REGIMENT.

Commander.	Letter.	Subalterns.	Colour-Sergeants.
Capt. Davy.	A	2nd Lieut. Napier.	Longman.
Capt. Lamotte.	B	Lieut. Cobb.	Price.
Major Plowden.	C	Lieut. Childers, Lieut. Colville.	Oliver.
Capt. Clark.	D	Lieut. Sir C. Cuyler, 2nd Lieut. Scott.	Nye.
Capt. Newton-King.	E	2nd Lieut. Eden.	Posselwhite.
Capt. Porter.	F	Lieut. Lethbridge, Lieut. Stanhope, ¹ 2nd Lieut. Blake.	Shingler.
Major Strachan. ¹	G	Lieut. Ruck Keene, Lieut. Henley.	Aspey.
Capt. Fairtlough.	H	2nd Lieut. Hamilton.	Guise.

¹ Doing duty at the Depôt.

Captain C. Parr (Supernumerary to the Establishment) commanding G Company.

STATE.—1st January 1894.

STATIONS, &c., &c.		No. of Companies.	Lieut.-Colonel.	Majors.	Captains.	Lieutenants.	2nd Lieutenants.	Staff.	Warrant Officers.	Sergeants.	Buglers.	Corporals.	Privates.	Public Horses and Mules.		
														Riding.	Draught.	Pack.
Fit for Duty	At Headquarters	4	1	1	2	1	2	1	2	20	4	9	134	1	2	2
	At Spike Island	2	1	1	1	2	2	1	1	3	3	10	138	-	-	-
	At Fort Camden	2	-	-	2	2	2	-	-	6	3	7	106	-	-	-
Sick	At other places	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	-	1	16	-	-	-
	Present	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	-	-	4	-	-	-
	At Spike Island	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	4	-	-	-
	At Fort Camden	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	-	-	1	-	-	-
At the Invalid Depôt, Netley		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Recruits at Drill		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	75	-	-	-
Recruiting		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
On Staff Employ		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
On Escort Duty		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
In Civil Goals { for civil offences..		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1	-	-
{ for military do....		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	2	-	-
In Military Prisons		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
In Provost Prisons		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
In Barrack Cells		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Absent..	{ With Leave	-	-	-	2	2	1	1	-	5	4	11	76	-	-	-
	{ Without Leave	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Servants to Officers present		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	14	-	-	-
Servants to Officers absent		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	12	-	-	-
Servants to General or Staff Officers		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
At Discharge Depôt, Gosport		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
On passage home		-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
Total Effectives		8	1	2	7	7	5	2	2	37	14	38	585	1	2	2
Establishment		8	1	3	6	8	4	2	2	39	16	40	680	1	2	2

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

INCREASE AND DECREASE DURING THE YEAR ENDING
30TH SEPTEMBER 1894.

Increase.

Direct Recruits	-	-	-	-	118
Joined from Desertion	-	-	-	-	5
Joined from Army Reserve	-	-	-	-	1
Transfers from other Corps	-	-	-	-	5
From Depôt	-	-	-	-	226
From 52nd	-	-	-	-	24
Total Increase					<hr/> 379 <hr/>

Decrease.

Died	-	-	-	-	1
Discharged	-	-	-	-	29
Deserted	-	-	-	-	20
To Army Reserve	-	-	-	-	18
To other Corps	-	-	-	-	14
To Auxiliary Forces	-	-	-	-	9
To Depôt	-	-	-	-	21
To 52nd	-	-	-	-	390
Total Decrease					<hr/> 502 <hr/>

Note.—312 men were attested for the Regiment during the above twelve months, of whom 193 were born in the counties of Oxford and Buckingham, and 119 elsewhere.

RECORD OF THE 43RD LIGHT INFANTRY
FOR 1894.

ON the 1st *January*, the Regiment was quartered at Kinsale (with detachments at Fort Camden and Spike Island), under the command of Lt.-Colonel J. Johnstone.

6th *January*.—A draft of 50 recruits joined Headquarters from the Depôt, and proceeded direct to Spike Island, Cork Harbour, being posted to Captain Davy's and Major Plowden's Companies.

22nd *January*.—Intimation received that 2nd Lieutenants Blake and Scott have passed *A* and *B* for promotion.

1st *February*.—A muster parade of the Regiment was held.

16th *February*.—Major F. J. Eveleigh joined Headquarters, being posted to the 1st *Battalion*, on vacating the Adjutancy of the Oxford University Volunteers, and proceeded to Fort Camden for duty.

B, or Captain F. G. L. Lamotte's Company, became, from this date, Major F. J. Eveleigh's Company.

18th *February*.—2 Sergeants, 3 Corporals, 1 Bugler, and 1 Private, joined Headquarters from the 2nd *Battalion*, having returned after 8 years' service abroad.

21st *February*.—A draft of 35 recruits joined Headquarters from the Depôt.

22nd *February*.—Lieut. D. R. Napier left the 1st *Battalion* to proceed to Bareilly, having exchanged into the 2nd *Battalion* with 2nd Lieut. J. C. A. G. Mackenzie.

26th *February*.—A draft of 2 Sergeants, 1 Corporal, and 112 Privates, under the command of Lieut. R. E. Watt, proceeded to Queenstown, and there embarked on H.M.S. *Euphrates* for conveyance to India to join the 2nd *Battalion* at Bareilly.

3rd March.—The Regiment commenced its Annual Course of Musketry.

17th March.—Captain E. A. E. Lethbridge took over from Major H. A. Adair the Adjutancy of the *4th Battalion* at Oxford.

24th March.—2nd Lieut. S. F. Hammick joined the *1st Battalion* on first appointment.

1st April.—A new pattern Field-service cap was issued to the N.C.O.'s and men of the Regiment, to replace the Glengarry cap.

2nd April.—The Regiment commenced its Annual Course of Field Training.

16th May.—Major-General John Fryer, *C.B.*, commanding the Cork District, made his Annual Inspection of the Head-quarter Companies at Kinsale, when there were present on parade: 14 Officers, 2 Warrant-Officers, and 379 N.C.O.'s and men.

21st May.—Intimation received that Lieut. C. H. Cobb has been granted an Officers' Certificate of Musketry at Hythe.

4th June.—The Regiment left Kinsale at 7 a.m. and proceeded to Cork and Queenstown, where it was joined by the four Companies on detachment, and embarked on *H.M.S. Tyne* (Captain Forlong, son of a former Commanding Officer of the 43rd).

5th June.—The Regiment disembarked at Kingstown and marched to Dublin, where it took over quarters in Ship Street Barracks. Captain Fairtlough's and Captain Newton-King's Companies proceeded on detachment, and were placed under canvas in Portobello Barracks.

Owing to the limited accommodation in *H.M.S. Tyne*, about 130 N.C.O's and men (with the women and children) proceeded direct to Dublin by rail from Kinsale.

9th June.—A draft of 25 recruits joined Headquarters from the Dépôt.

13th June.—Major Lord C. R. Pratt proceeded to the Curragh for a Senior Officer's Course of Instruction.

14th June.—Intimation received that Captain H. A. Terry passed for promotion (in C and D) for the rank of Major, at the examination held in May.

2nd July.—Lieut. Ruck Keene, and the Mounted Infantry detachment re-joined Headquarters.

4th July.—2nd Lieut. C. H. Richards, 2nd Battalion, joined the 1st Battalion for duty.

7th July.—Intimation received that Lieut. F. J. Henley has been granted an Officer's Certificate at the School of Musketry, Hythe.

30th July.—The Regiment left Dublin for the Curragh to take part in the manœuvres; strength, 18 Officers and 500 Rank and File.

16th August.—The Regiment returned to Dublin on completion of the manœuvres in the neighbourhood of the Curragh.

18th August.—E, or Captain F. J. Newton-King's Company will, from this date, be known as Captain C. Parr's Company.

19th August.—On Church Parade the Commanding Officer presented the War Medal for Service in Burma, 1889-92, to the following N.C.O.'s and men (gained by them while serving in the 2nd Battalion):—Sergeant Arthur Jones, Sergeant Daniel Connell, Lance-Sergeant William Statham, Bugler John Crowley, Private Patrick Shiels, and Private James Edmonds.

27th August.—Major Lord Charles R. Pratt passed for promotion to the rank of Lt.-Colonel.

3rd September.—A draft of 100 N.C.O.'s and men, under the Command of Captain E. M. Childers, left Dublin to join the 2nd Battalion at Bareilly, India.

26th September.—Captain P. T. Clark's Company (D) proceeded to the Curragh on detachment.

29th September.—Captain C. E. G. M. Fairtlough's (H), and Captain C. Parr's (G) Companies rejoined Headquarters at Ship Street Barracks, from detachment at Portobello Barracks.

1st October.—The leave season commenced. Lieut. A. J. F. Eden proceeded to Hythe to undergo a Course of Musketry.

13th October.—G (or Major J. A. Strachan's) Company proceeded to Pigeon House Fort on detachment. D (or Captain P. T. Clark's) Company rejoined Headquarters, Ship Street Barracks, from detachment at the Curragh.

21st November.—Lieut. A. J. F. Eden granted an Officer's Extra Certificate of Musketry, at Hythe.

26th November.—Orders received for a draft of 1 Colour-Sergeant, 1 Sergeant, 2 Corporals, and 66 Privates, with Lieutenants H. F. Darell-Brown and K. R. Hamilton, to be held in readiness to embark at Queenstown on the 24th January 1895, to join the *2nd Battalion* in India.

25th December.—A special feature of Christmas Day in Ship Street Barracks was the decoration of the barrack rooms. A prize was given by the Commanding Officer for the best room, and the Companies entered into the competition with much keenness. The prize was awarded to C (or Major Plowden's) Company, who exhibited considerable taste in their decorations. D (or Captain Clark's) Company was second.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY, 1ST JANUARY, 1894.

ROLL OF OFFICERS.

Lieut.-Colonel.

William Clark.

Majors.

E. B. Pocklington.

W. H. Odell.

Captains.

G. F. Mockler.

D. J. Barton.

R. Fanshawe.

R. C. Luard.

E. D. White.

Lieutenants.

E. A. Stanton.

C. C. Pearson.

A. S. Crum.

R. C. R. Owen.

J. L. Powys.

R. E. Watt.

W. C. Hunter.

A. C. Edwardes.

H. N. Holden

C. J. Wilkie.

2nd Lieutenants.

R. M. Feilden.

P. B. Osborn.

W. Marriott-Dodington.

W. P. Bethell.

L. J. Carter.

J. C. A. J. Mackenzie.

H. W. B. Trench.

Adjutant.

Captain E. D. White.

Acting Paymaster.

Captain G. F. Mockler.

Quartermaster.

Captain G. H. Hirst.

Officers extra-regimentally employed.

Major *Hon.* A. E. Dalzell, Inspector of Gymnasia,
Bengal.

Captain F. J. Evelegh, Adjutant 1st Volunteer Battalion.

Captain Mansel, Adjutant Bucks Volunteers.

Captain H. R. S. Cotton, Adjutant 2nd Volunteer Battalion.

Captain R. G. H. Hughes, Station Staff Officer, Naini Tal.

Captain H. R. Davies, Intelligence Branch, Burma.

Captain B. Upperton, A.D.C. to G.O.C., Poona.

Lieutenants Drage and Stewart, Probationers, Indian Staff Corps.

Warrant Officers and Staff-Sergeants.

Sergt.-Major B. Stannard.

Bandmaster J. Bradley.

Quartermaster-Sergeant T. King.

Quartermaster-Sergeant (Orderly Room) H. Bagshaw.

Armourer-Sergeant T. Wilcox.

Sergeant-Bugler G. Knight.

COMPANIES OF THE REGIMENT.

Commander.	Letter.	Subalterns.	Colour-Sergeants.
Captain Barton.	A	Lieut. Pearson, Lieut. Wilkie.	Dudley.
Captain Hughes.	B	Lieut. Owen, Lieut. Holden.	Fergusson.
Captain Davies.	C	Lieut. Stanton, 2nd Lieut. Trench.	Fielding.
Captain Fanshawe.	D	Lieut. Powys, Lieut. Hunter.	Dempsey.
(Not appointed.)	E	Lieut. Watt, 2nd Lieut. Feilden.	Lines.
Captain Mockler.	F	2nd Lieut. Osborn, 2nd Lieut. Carter, 2nd Lieut. Mackenzie.	Breese.
Major Odell.	G	2nd Lieut. Marriott-Dodington, 2nd Lieut. Bethell.	Brazier.
Captain Luard.	H	Lieut. Crum, Lieut. Edwardes.	Emery.

RECORD OF THE 52ND LIGHT INFANTRY
FOR 1894.

ON the 1st *January* the Regiment was quartered at Bareilly under the command of Lt.-Colonel W. Clark.

11th *January*.—A draft under the command of Lieut. Pearson arrived from England.

23rd and 24th *February*.—The Annual Inspection of the Regiment was made by Major-General Graham, C.B.

3rd *March*.—2nd Lieutenants Bethell and Mackenzie left for England to join the 1st *Battalion*.

6th *March*.—Captain Mockler and Lieut. Hunter left for Ranikhet to join the Garrison Class. 2nd Lieut. Feilden appointed to act as Paymaster in place of Captain Mockler.

7th *March*.—Colonel Symonds, A.A.G. for Musketry, made his Annual Musketry Inspection of the Regiment.

20th *March*.—The detachment for Ranikhet, Captain Hughes' and Captain Luard's Companies, made up to 120 men, left Bareilly. The following Officers accompanied the detachment:—Captain Luard, Lieut. Edwardes, Lieut. Holden, and 2nd Lieut. Osborn. Lieut. Stanton had preceded the detachment to take up the duties of Adjutant of the Standing Camp.

23rd *March*.—Lieut. D. R. Napier arrived from England on exchange with 2nd Lieut. Mackenzie. The party of convalescents for Naini Tal Depôt left Bareilly under 2nd Lieut. Carter.

31st *March*.—Lieut. D. R. Napier proceeded to Ranikhet to join the detachment.

4th *April*.—Lieut. Watt appointed Signalling Officer to the Battalion.

6th April.—Lieut. Drage was admitted to the Indian Staff Corps.

15th April.—Captain E. D. White left on two months' leave of absence to Chamba, 2nd Lieut. Feilden being appointed Acting Adjutant.

5th May.—The Band left for Naini Tal, to remain there until September 15th.

20th May.—Lieut. Hunter granted leave of absence to Naini Tal until 30th June.

23rd May.—Lieut. Crum proceeded to join a Garrison Class at Ranikhet.

Orders received for Captain and Quartermaster Hirst to proceed to England to take up the duties of Quartermaster of the 4th Battalion (Oxford Militia).

26th May.—Captain Mockler left for Ladak on four months' leave of absence.

1st June.—Captain E. M. Childers posted to the Battalion on promotion, and placed in Command of E Company.

11th June.—Captain and Quartermaster Hirst left for England, Lieut. Wilkie being appointed Acting Quartermaster.

18th June.—Waterloo Day, the usual Sports were held.

30th June.—Lieut. Watt left for Mussoorie on two months' leave of absence.

Captain Napier posted to the Battalion on promotion from the Royal Sussex Regiment, and attached to A Company.

8th July.—Lieut. R. Owen appointed Acting Paymaster *vice* Captain Mockler, a Probationer for the Army Pay Department.

2nd Lieut. Richards posted to the Battalion on first appointment.

10th August.—Quartermaster Stannard took up his duties on promotion from Sergeant-Major.

12th August.—Lieut. Holden appointed a Probationer for the Indian Staff Corps, and posted to the 5th Bengal Cavalry at Nowgong.

16th August.—2nd Lieutenants Feilden and Marriott-Dodington left for Chamba on two months' leave.

12th October.—Lieut. Hamilton transferred from the 1st Battalion, and posted to Captain Stanton's Company.

17th October.—Captain Stanton granted leave out of India for one year.

31st October.—Establishment of paid Lance-Corporals increased to 32, with effect from October 1st, 1894.

8th November.—Major Odell died of dysentery at Rawul Pindi on his way back from leave in Kashmir.

19th November.—Captain Mockler granted leave to England for one year.

24th November.—Major E. B. Pocklington and Major Hon. A. E. Dalzell passed the examination for promotion to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel at Lucknow.

10th December.—Major Pocklington left for England on nine months' leave.

29th December.—2nd Lieut. D. I. M. Macaulay, Un attached List, joined from England for duty.

THE DEPÔT, 1ST JANUARY 1894.

ROLL OF OFFICERS.

*Colonel.*William Livesay (*late 43rd*).*Major.*J. A. Strachan (*43rd*).*Captain.*D. J. Barton (*52nd*).*Lieutenants.*P. S. Stanhope (*43rd*).H. F. Darell-Brown (*52nd*).*Warrant Officers and Staff Sergeants.*

Sergeant-Major Joseph O'Brien.

Quartermaster-Sergeant William Ross.

Quartermaster - Sergeant (Orderly Room) George
Henderson.

DEPÔT STATE, 1ST JANUARY 1894.

Colonels.	Majors.	Captains.	Lieutenants.	Warrant Officers.	Sergeants.	Buglers.	Corporals.	Privates.
1	1	1	2	1	12	2	12	145

INCREASE AND DECREASE (1st October 1893 to
30th September 1894).*Increase.*

Joined as Recruits	-	-	-	198
Joined from Desertion	-	-	-	1
Transfers Received	-	-	-	2
From Home Battalion	-	-	-	21
From 2nd Battalion (India)	-	-	-	107
Total	.	.	.	329

Decrease.

Died	-	-	-	-	-	3
Discharged	-	-	-	-	-	26
Deserters	-	-	-	-	-	2
To Army Reserve on Completion of Service	-	-	-	-	-	71
To Army Reserve on Conversion of Service	-	-	-	-	-	1
Transfers to Militia and Volunteers						1
Transfers to Regular Army	-	-	-	-	-	3
To Home Battalion	-	-	-	-	-	248
Total	-	-	-	-	-	355

**STRENGTH OF 1ST CLASS ARMY RESERVE OXFORDSHIRE
LIGHT INFANTRY.**

	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Buglers.	Privates.
On 1st October 1893 - - -	23	44	6	942
Increase - - -	—	5	1	86
Total - - -	23	49	7	1028
Decrease - - -	6	11	—	225
On 30th September 1894 - -	17	38	7	803

ARMY PENSIONERS, 43RD REGIMENTAL DISTRICT.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING 30th SEPTEMBER 1894.

Sergeant-Majors.	Schoolmaster.	Quarter-Master Sergeants.	Band Masters.	Sergeant Instructor Muskeetry.	Sergeant Instructor Gymnastics.	Sergeant Master Tailor.	Bugle Majors.	Colour-Sergeants.	Sergeants.	Corporals.	Lance-Corporals.	Bandmen.	Buglers.	Privates.	Total.
9	1	11	3	6	1	1	4	47	82	55	4	3	13	479	719

Amount of Pensions paid to the above for the year,
15,077*l.* 16*s.* 0*d.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE "LONDON GAZETTE,"
1894.

9th January.—Colonel H. Kingscote to be Assistant Adjutant-General at Head-quarters, *vice* Colonel T. Kelly-Kenny, *C.B.*, who has vacated that appointment. Dated 28th December 1893.

16th January.—Captain F. J. Eveleigh to be Major *vice* W. H. Cunliffe, promoted Lieut.-Colonel on Half-pay. Dated 13th December 1893.

Captain F. G. L. Lamotte is seconded for service as an Adjutant of Volunteers. Dated 1st January 1894.

Lieut. E. A. E. Lethbridge to be Captain in succession to Major R. Eccles, Adjutant, 3rd Battalion, *Durham Light Infantry*. Dated 27th September 1893.

23rd January. — The undermentioned Officer is continued in his appointment after promotion to a Half-pay Lieut.-Colonelcy, with effect from 19th May 1893:—

Lieut.-Colonel J. G. C. Curtis, Oxfordshire Light Infantry, Assistant Adjutant-General for Musketry, Bombay Establishment.

Supernumerary Captain E. G. Mansel to be Captain *vice* F. G. L. Lamotte, seconded. Dated 1st January 1894.

Stephen Frederick Hammick (University Candidate) to be 2nd Lieutenant in succession to Lieut. E. A. E. Lethbridge, promoted. Dated 24th January 1894.

30th January.—Lieut. W. Owen, Adjutant, to be Captain to complete establishment. Dated 27th September 1893.

20th February.—2nd Lieut. D. R. Napier to be Lieutenant *vice* E. A. E. Lethbridge, promoted. Dated 22nd September 1893.

16th March.—Captain E. A. E. Lethbridge to be Adjutant of the 4th Battalion, Oxfordshire Light Infantry, *vice* Honorary Major H. A. Adair, who has been placed on a retired allowance. Dated 17th March 1894.

24th April.—Lieut. E. M. Childers to be Captain *vice* E. A. E. Lethbridge, appointed Adjutant, 4th Battalion. Dated 17th March 1894.

2nd Lieut. K. R. Hamilton to be Lieutenant *vice* E. M. Childers, promoted. Dated 17th March 1894.

22nd May.—Captain H. R. Davies is seconded for service on the Staff. Dated 16th October 1893.

28th May.—Captain E. G. Mansel retires on retired pay. Dated 30th May 1894.

Lieut. G. S. F. Napier, from the *Royal Sussex Regiment*, to be Captain *vice* E. G. Mansel. Dated 30th May 1894.

1st June.—Lieut. C. H. Richards, from the 3rd Battalion, *Royal Welsh Fusiliers*, to be 2nd Lieutenant, in succession to Lieut. E. M. Childers, promoted. Dated 2nd June 1894.

12th June.—The promotion to the rank of Captain of Lieut. E. M. Childers is antedated to 16th October 1893, *vice* H. R. Davies, seconded.

Lieut. E. A. Stanton to be Captain, *vice* E. A. E. Lethbridge, appointed Adjutant 4th Battalion. Dated 17th March 1894.

The promotion to the rank of Lieutenant of 2nd Lieut. K. R. Hamilton is antedated to 16th October 1893.

2nd Lieut. A. J. F. Eden to be Lieutenant, *vice* E. A. Stanton, promoted. Dated 17th March 1894.

17th July.—Sergt.-Major B. Stannard to be Quartermaster with the honorary rank of Lieutenant, *vice* Honorary Captain J. Griffiths, retired. Dated 18th July 1894.

24th July.—*Indian Staff Corps*.—Lieut. G. Drage, from the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, to be Lieutenant. Dated 24th July 1892, but to rank from 2nd March 1892.

7th August.—Captain F. J. Newton-King is placed on temporary Half-pay on account of ill-health. Dated 8th July 1894.

4th September.—Supernumerary Captain H. R. Davies to be Captain, *vice* F. J. Newton-King, placed on temporary Half-pay. Dated 8th July 1894.

18th September.—*Army Pay Department*.—Paymaster and Hon. Major J. T. O'Brien retires on retired pay. Dated 19th September 1894.

9th October.—Gentleman Cadet Herbert Charles Ellis to be 2nd Lieutenant *vice* E. A. Stanton, promoted. Dated 10th October 1894.

23rd October.—2nd Lieut. J. C. A. G. Mackenzie resigns his Commission. Dated 24th October 1894.

23rd October.—*Princess Charlotte of Wales's (Royal Berkshire Regiment)*.—2nd Lieut. H. C. Ellis, from the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, to be 2nd Lieutenant. Dated 24th October 1894.

6th November.—Lieut. H. N. Holden is seconded for service with the *Indian Staff Corps*. Dated 18th August 1894.

27th November.—2nd Lieut. R. M. Feilden to be Lieutenant, *vice* H. N. Holden, seconded. Dated 18th August 1894.

7th December.—Captain R. W. Porter to be Major, *vice* W. H. Odell, deceased. Dated 9th November 1894.

Lieut. C. Cator, from the 3rd Battalion the Norfolk Regiment, to be 2nd Lieutenant, *vice* H. C. Ellis, transferred to the *Princess Charlotte of Wales's (Royal Berkshire Regiment)*. Dated 12th December 1894.

Lieut. A. R. Bright, from the *3rd Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers*, to be 2nd Lieutenant, *vice* J. C. A. G. Mackenzie, resigned. Dated 12th December 1894.

Lieut. R. E. Salkeld, from the *4th Battalion the Manchester Regiment*, to be 2nd Lieutenant, in succession to Lieut. H. N. Holden, seconded. Dated 12th December 1894.

21st December.—*Half Pay*.—Major Lord C. R. Pratt, from the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, to be Lieut.-Colonel. Dated 22nd December 1894.

28th December.—Major Lord C. R. Pratt, Half-pay, retires on retired pay. Dated 29th December 1894.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE 43RD HARRIERS.

Kinsale, Ireland,

7th May, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR,—

SPORT with the scratch pack of “jelly dogs” has been so good that I feel it both a duty and a pleasure to place their doings on record. Those who had partaken of the fun in the early part of the season, went over to England on leave—some to enjoy the sport of kings, and some to follow in the footsteps of the famous Isaak Walton—while we, who had returned from leave, and were compelled to sojourn in Kinsale, threw ourselves into the glories of the chase, and determined to get as much sport as possible therefrom. Our determination, I must say, was well seconded by our huntsman, the baker, for he would appear in barracks every morning and ask the same question, “Where will the hounds be going to-day?” When it was found possible to have a hunt, the delight depicted on McCarthy’s face was a treat to witness—a broad grin would overspread his countenance, and two large pegs of teeth, one at each side of his mouth, would appear; the rest of his front teeth, they say, were drawn when testing some of his own baking.

It has been remarked, in a former letter, that these hounds were ready to hunt anything; and there is no doubt that owing to the absence of true breeding, and to the wildness of a few of the younger hounds (including a very persistent offender called “Jovial”), the pack was sometimes led astray, and notably so on

one occasion, when they varied the monotony of a long trot on the road by starting a jackass, which gave them a very quick burst for at least a mile. As soon as we were able to form a better acquaintance with the manners of each individual hound, we found that we could get more enjoyment by leaving the skirter and babblers at home. This was much against McCarthy's inclination at first, but being a sensible and keen sportsman, he soon recognized the wisdom of these tactics.

There was plenty of country to hunt over, but we soon found out that it was a waste of time drawing for hares in any but the most strictly preserved parts; although when we did happen to try in an unlikely part, and, perchance, came across a native, and on enquiry were assured that there were "any God's amount of hares," it generally proved blank; so the hunting was confined to certain districts, such as Garrettstown, Newborough, Pallastown, and Ringenane. In the first-named district there were foxes as well as hares, and, whenever we met there, the first draw would be in a covert near a village called Ballin-spittle, and here it was always hoped that a fox would be found. We got to know when there was a chance of finding a fox from the extra amount of encouragement McCarthy bestowed on the hounds, making the covert resound with his "Yow-w! yow-w there, Beauty beetch! O Forrester boy! Good dog Hero," etc., etc.

On one occasion, when hounds were drawing this covert, our hearts were set beating very fast by hearing hound after hound open, and made sure that we were in for a good thing. Every one was straining his eyes to get a view of what we earnestly hoped would prove a fox, when, all of a sudden, we became aware of the presence of some huge wild animal, and,

on recovering our breath, saw that it was a stag—a very fine specimen, which had escaped from the herd in the large walled enclosure. He was out of covert and gone like a flash of lightning, the pack all eager to be after him, and in spite of our endeavours to whip off, they succeeded in running him some little distance. We had to wait patiently until they had had enough of deer scent, and would return to draw on for a fox. The luck was against our finding, but there was some pretty hunting with a couple of hares which were found inside the old park. They kept all moving until late on in the evening, when the pack was taken home, and McCarthy found a quart of stout awaiting his arrival in Ballinspittle. On these occasions, the majority of the hounds would remain with McCarthy, but some of the knowing ones would trot quietly home, with a view to getting the best part of the supper and a comfortable position in the not over-commodious kennel.

In the eastern part of the country we were not allowed to draw for foxes, but there was a plentiful supply of hares and a quick find, and, provided scent was holding, we had the pleasure of seeing some very pretty hunts.

Another district in which there was good sport lay on the western side of Kinsale. This was the White-castle district, and the best covert was at Ballinacurra, belonging to Mr. Bleazby, whose three sons were keen supporters of the hunt. They did not ride, but, being possessed of exceptional athletic powers, were enabled to see as much sport as those who rode. They never missed a day, and were always most anxious to have their coverts drawn.

The first entry in the hunting diary of a good day's sport is the 20th January, when the hounds met at

Lie
Wels
Mack
Lie
Manc
to Li
cemb
21s
from
Colon
28s
retire

the country of a
business, which
at least a mile.
a better acquaint-
bound, we
by leaving
This was much
but being a
he soon recognized the
over, but we
of time drawing
preserved parts;
in an unlikely
a native, and on
any God's
blank; so the
such as
and Ringenane.
there were foxes as well as
the first draw
a village called Ballin-
that a fox would
there was a chance
of encourage-
the hounds, making the
you-w there, Beauty
God dog Hero," etc., etc.
were drawing this
very fast by hear-
and made sure that we
Every one was straining
of what we earnestly hoped
all of a sudden, we became
of some huge wild animal, and,

on recovering our breath, saw that it was a stag—a very fine specimen, which had escaped from the herd in the large walled enclosure. He was out of covert and gone like a flash of lightning, the pack all eager to be after him, and in spite of our endeavours to whip off, they succeeded in running him some little distance. We had to wait patiently until they had had enough of deer scent, and would return to draw on for a fox. The luck was against our finding, but there was some pretty hunting with a couple of hares which were found inside the old park. They kept all moving until late on in the evening, when the pack was taken home, and McCarthy found a quart of stout awaiting his arrival in Ballinspittle. On these occasions, the majority of the hounds would remain with McCarthy, but some of the knowing ones would trot quietly home, with a view to getting the best part of the supper and a comfortable position in the not over-commodious kennel.

In the eastern part of the country we were not allowed to draw for foxes, but there was a plentiful supply of hares and a quick find, and, provided scent was holding, we had the pleasure of seeing some very pretty hunts.

Another district in which there was good sport lay on the western side of Kinsale. This was the White-castle district, and the best covert was at Ballinacurra, belonging to Mr. Bleazby, whose three sons were keen supporters of the hunt. They did not ride, but, being possessed of exceptional athletic powers, were enabled to see as much sport as those who rode. They never missed a day, and were always most anxious to have their coverts drawn.

The following is an extract from the diary of a good day's sport when the hounds met at



Barrel's Cross. The following extract from *The Cork Constitution* gives an account of the run:—

“An account of a day's sport with the 43rd (late Kinsale) Harriers may interest some of your sporting readers. The meet on Saturday, January 20th, was at Barrel's Cross, a cross road about a mile beyond Kinsale Western Bridge. At 1 p.m. a field composed of Colonel and Mr. 'Jock' Johnstone, Captain Fairtlough, Messrs. Scott, Eden, and Ruck-Keene from the Barracks, Messrs. MacDonell and Welch from Kinsale, and an enterprising native, mounted on a cart stallion, 'Napoleon' by name, assembled at the above named tryst. Numerous foot people also came here to see the sport, and I recognized those keen followers, the Messrs. Bleazby (three) and J. Dunne. A move was made to a glen called Rough Wood, running up from the Bandon River, and no sooner were hounds put into the gorse at the bottom, than a trusty bitch, 'Beauty,' opened. A cheer from the foot huntsman, McCarthy, and then, one by one, the hounds opened. A moment afterwards the foot people on the opposite hill got a view of the long, lithe form of our quarry—a vixen—and great was the excitement. The mounted contingent had, perforce, to ride up the precipitous side of the glen, and take a wide ring round the top of it, just getting there in time to see the tail hounds, as the little pack of eight and a half couple streamed away over the hills. Captain Fairtlough, on his thoroughbred entire 'May Bee II.,' was cutting out the work, and the others, most unfortunately, made a wrong cast at the top, some thinking the fox meant Garrettstown, and, consequently, never saw hounds again, though at times, as they followed, by the help of information, the line hounds had gone, the deep notes of 'Pilot' or 'Bellman' were wafted to them on the breeze. The fox, turning right-handed, ran parallel to the Bandon River, hounds 'towing' along with a rare scent, and crossed the creek at Ballinadee, through Major Lucas's demesne, and then right-handed into Harvey's Wood; from this away over the hill to the strand at Kilmacsimon, opposite Shippool, and back to the wood again, hounds close to their fox; from here again, and to ground opposite Innishannon. A great hunt, truly, though unfortunately over an unrideable country—even Captain Fairtlough losing hounds after they crossed the creek at Ballinadee. The hounds were at the brush of this fox when she found refuge in a rabbit's earth, and though they undoubtedly deserved blood, all were thankful that such a gallant vixen saved her life. Let us hope that she will be spared to bring up cubs like her. As they ran, hounds must have covered eight or nine miles. These hounds have been having some good sport this season, both with foxes, which they

hunt the other side of the Bandon River, and with hares whenever and wherever they can find them. On Saturday week, especially, they had a good run in the Garrettstown country of fifty minutes after a hare, when darkness alone saved her 'scut.'

Rathmore is the name of another district which we hunted, both fox and hare. There was a sure find of a fox in a large glen, and the "varmint" invariably took the same line, in the direction of the cliffs, where he knew of a safe refuge. No matter how the glen was drawn, he always headed for the cliffs; but there was plenty of hunting to be seen before the run was over. The line passed through the private grounds of Mr. Marmaduke Cramer, and the field had to ride through the stable yard, and the clatter of the horses' feet would bring out a faithful retainer, by name "John," who would yell at us, "Is it a fox, your honours?"

Being always bested by the fox was a sore point with McCarthy, so he hit upon a plan to circumvent the wily beggar; and, taking his faithful companion "Prince"—a wonderfully hard and game terrier—he sat over the earth; but some instinct must have warned Renard of what was in store for him, for he mysteriously disappeared before reaching the usual refuge.

On February 17th McCarthy came into Barracks with a youth carrying a sack, which looked suspicious, and on examination was found to hold a fine fox which had been caught that morning on the cliffs below Garrettstown. I may here mention that the natives in these parts do not descend to the unsportsmanlike method of setting steel traps to catch foxes, but whenever a fox is marked to ground, they pull him out with the aid of a terrier, and handle him in the most fearless way. It is the same with a badger. When one is met with, he is cornered, a coat is thrown

over him, and a search made for his tail, which, when once held, the badger is secured.

To continue the diary : It was decided to enlarge the fox on Ringenane, and by so doing, in case he was not caught, the South Union Hunt would have the services of one fox more. Directly the fox was shaken out the bag, he raced away in the liveliest possible manner, thereby showing he had suffered no hurt from his incarceration ; and, when hounds were laid on, they quickly proclaimed a breast high scent, and fairly raced him for a couple of miles, when being in a strange country he began to dodge, and was eventually run into. We were then close to Newborough, and a move was made to draw for a hare. One was soon found, and gave a short run, but hounds did not seem to relish the change from fox to hare.

February 24th was the most remarkable day in the annals of the 43rd Harriers. The meet was at Ballinacurra, and, immediately after hounds had been thrown into covert, they proclaimed a find, but the fox seeming disinclined to break at once, took two or three turns in covert, and whilst doing so a most extraordinary thing occurred. We were all startled by piercing shrieks, coming from the centre of the covert, and were at a loss to account for so much noise. McCarthy seemed to guess the reason of it, and, taking off his coat, he dashed into covert, and after a few minutes we heard him calling for a sack, and then he appeared holding a very large badger, which was handed over to "the young brother 'John'" for safe custody. In the meantime the fox had slipped away, but hounds were soon on his line, and there being a good scent, they were able to get on terms with him, and, sticking well to the line, drove him up the country past

the Union, leaving Brown's Mills on the left, and away for the Eastern Bridges, the first of which he crossed. He then took a line through the woods at Pallastown, the whole length of which he traversed, and, on emerging, took the opportunity of baffling his pursuers, by crossing the Slob—a four mile point—the run lasting 30 minutes.

On March 3rd the meet was at Garrettstown. A fox was found in the first covert drawn, and headed for the garden, but must have found refuge in some nook out of the reach of hounds, for they could make nothing of it. Hares were running about in all directions, so hounds were put on the line of one, and, quickly settling to work, drove her out of the park in the direction of the cliffs, whence she turned again towards the park. Here, no doubt, she hoped to escape through hounds being puzzled over the many lines, but her enemies had evidently taken a fancy to this particular hare, and showed us they meant getting blood. Puss tried some dodging tactics in the shrubbery, but, finding "Beauty" too near her scut, quitted the covert, and sped away across the park, over the wall, and away into the country. The whole pack was soon after her, and from this time kept gaining on her; following her in another line round by the cliffs, they ran into her just as she was going to make a second entry into the park.

"And now in open view,
See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.
How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes
And yet a moment lives, till round inclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies."

This run lasted fifty minutes, and, I think, may be looked upon as the best of the season.

During the first part of the season some good sport was had in the neighbourhood of Heathfield House, which was tenanted by a real good sportsman, and to show how anxious people were that we should find enjoyment from the hunting, I annex a copy of a letter :—

DEAR SIR,

“12th December, 1893.

ON Sunday evening last I think I saw our old friend the hare, that on two occasions gave us such a good hunt—it was dusk at the time, and I cannot be quite certain about it. However, this morning I saw a really large hare in my marsh, I have no doubt a descendant of the English hares turned down, many years ago, about five miles from me by a defunct coursing club. Should you come out, a hare should be found near the marsh, or in it, and pray do not (or any of your friends) pass my door without coming in; there will be a glass of grog and a biscuit in the old dining-room, and a hearty welcome. It will, at all times, give me much pleasure to see your Harriers here, for although I have got into the seventies, the cry of a hound has a charm for me still.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM SILLIFANT.”

All through the season we met with the greatest kindness, so much so, that we felt we should like to show our appreciation. It was therefore decided to invite the tenant farmers to a dinner. Between forty and fifty invitations were sent out—some were answered, and some were not. The following are copies of a couple of answers :—

“Slievegullane, Dunderrow,

GENTLEMEN,

11. 4. 94.

I received your invitation to dinner. I desire to express many thanks for your kindness. I shall join the company.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours very truly,

DANIEL LEARY.”

"Rifle Range, Kinsale,
April 12th, 1894.

I acknowledge the receipt of dinner card with thanks from the Officers of the 1st Battalion, Oxfordshire Light Infantry. I have to tender my most sincere thanks for the honour bestowed on me. I wish to apprise their highness I cannot attend through illness.

C. GALVIN."

At 6.30 on the evening of April 4th everything was prepared, but the guests were tardy in arriving, and it was past seven o'clock when about thirty-five sat down to table. One of the farmers was observed to be in a very hilarious state from the commencement; but he managed to take a pull at himself, and kept the party in roars of laughter, until feeling, as he expressed it, "a bit sleepy," he retired early.

As soon as the feeding was over the Colonel rose, and, in a few words, requested the company to drink to the health of our huntsman, McCarthy; and at the same time presented him, on the part of the Officers, with a silver hunting horn. This set McCarthy frantic with excitement, and, seizing the horn, he blew a loud and long blast, and then proceeded to thank the Officers. Whenever he was at a loss for a word, a note on the horn was sounded. Then the company was regaled with some excellent singing. Major James Pratt, who had kindly come to assist us in the entertainment, sang several Irish ballads, which were much appreciated by all, especially by one farmer, who listened to every word most attentively, and every now and then gave expression to his approval by clapping his hands, and exclaiming, "Good! good for you, Mr. Pratt!" McCarthy, too, exercised his lungs by giving us a nautical refrain, the chorus of which ran as follows:—

"Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home to merry England,
Rolling home across the sea,
Rolling home my love to thee."

And then, when the guests felt it was time to be going, all rose, and joining hands sang

“For Auld Lang Syne.”

The dry state of the ground prevented our carrying on the season beyond the second week in April. It is to be hoped the Regiment relieving us here will take over the hounds, and that they will enjoy as good sport as we have done.

Yours sincerely,

C. FAIRLOUGH.

THE DRAMA.

Dublin,

MY DEAR EDITOR,—

9th July 1894.

I FEAR I have little to relate this year concerning things Dramatic. We have had but one performance, and that, though excellent of its kind, not an ambitious one. Many things combined to prevent the carrying out of a programme such as that of last year. The past winter and spring have been barren and unpropitious. Never has the Nemesis of System been more crushingly felt—decimation by “time-expired,” disruption by detachments, dissolution by drafts, the Hythe Course, the Chatham Course, the Veterinary Course, the Course of the loafer, idler, and shirk—all and each of these powers of evil have been at work with devastating results. Still, above the impending chaos, the cry of the “jelly-dogs” inspired us with fresh courage, and, when the hour of our departure from Kinsale drew near, we felt that an effort should be made to give our friends a final treat.

It is one thing to determine, it is another to carry the determination to a successful issue. On counting up our available actors, we found that we had two—one a certainty, the other very doubtful—and no manager.

Cuyler, the doubtful one, seeing the state of affairs, compromised at once and undertook the management on condition that he should not be called upon to act. So far, then, we had our manager, male, and one actress, female. Cuyler winked his other eye, and thought that he was going to get off altogether, but the certainty, Mrs. Plowden, was one too many for him, and wired off to Mrs. Lamotte, who came over at once, book in hand, to the scene of her former triumphs. I blush for my brother-officers, but the fact remains, that none could be found to help these enterprising ladies, and the piece chosen was one with female characters only—*A Fair Encounter*.

Of course we could not get on without Owen—that paragon of prompters—and, his services secured, we began to rehearse. The reader has divined, though I have not mentioned it, that the farewell entertainment was to comprise more than the intellectual treat furnished by music and the drama. The audiences at Kinsale were of a high order of intelligence, and well-fitted to enjoy the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Experience, however, has taught us that the soul flows much more freely after a champagne supper. By a happy inspiration, therefore, it was resolved that the audience should have the feast of reason upstairs, then give their souls a free flow at supper downstairs. The supper arrangements devolved, of course, on the Mess President, and none more fitting to carry them out than Captain Parr. “I say, do you think we ought to ask O’Toole?” “What! that bounder? Why you’ll be asking McCarthy next.” “Well, I think O’Toole isn’t half a bad chap, and if he likes to come in flannel bags, why shouldn’t he?—the weather’s hot.” So O’Toole was asked, and the Bradys, and the Miss O’Gradys, and all the fine ladies.

In the meantime poor Cuyler was worried to death. Quartered at Charles Fort, two miles off, and spending his days on the range, he still found time to keep things going, and to see that the carpenters, scene-shifters, painters, plumbers, and glaziers, did their work. Mr. Lloyd Owen, R.E., a famous amateur singer, had kindly volunteered to help at the entertainment with a comic song or two, accompanied by Signor Paderewsky. Corporal Roberts was to give a recitation, and the string band were to play selections in between times. As the eventful day drew near, Cuyler began to look anxious, Parr sat silent with a thoughtful frown, and Paderewsky showed signs of nervous trepidation. The only intrepid ones were the ladies, who rose superior to fate and scented triumph on the breeze.

The day came, and with it bustle and preparation. The transport-cart and the "ass-cart" were busy all day. Ragamuffins and street urchins thronged the doors of the theatre, barelegged but full of cheek, and with one eye on the look-out for cigarette ends. By 9 p.m. all was ready, and the curtain rose for the feast of reason. A pause, and Mr. Lloyd Owen began his song, "The Frenchman." The first verse was received in silence; Owen cleared his throat, and Paderewsky mopped his brow. Second verse the same; Owen thumped his chest to see if he was awake, and Paderewsky heaved a sigh. Now our good friends at Kinsale are the very pink and acme of propriety, the very essence of good-breeding and refinement, and whether it was an allusion in the song to an "Ingleash Meess" who was "adorable," or a gesture expressive of the bodily pain consequent on a kick downstairs, I cannot say, but it was clear that they wouldn't have the song at any price. "Hullo! this looks bad," we all said as we consoled with crest-fallen Owen. There was not, however, much time to

think, for the string band were hard at it in a moment. Our friends were always kind and even enthusiastic about the string band, and this selection put them in a good humour at once.

Then Corporal Roberts appeared and gave them his recitation—a clever performance, which was well-received. Things were looking decidedly better now, and when Mr. Lloyd Owen, accompanied by Paderewsky, essayed another song, it was received with loud applause. More string band and more songs, and then the *Fair Encounter*. Here the ladies had it all their own way; they carried the audience with them, and played upon their highly-wrought feelings as upon a delicate instrument. They received a perfect ovation at the conclusion of the piece—a just reward for their plucky endeavour to promote the success of the farewell entertainment. And so to supper and to bed.

You will be pleased to hear that the band is doing well. We have sustained several losses by men going away who will be hard to replace, and there are, I fear, more going; however, there are a great number of young hands learning, all of whom give promise, and it is hoped that, before long, we may have as many as fifty players. This will be more like old times again. Here, in Dublin, we have every encouragement; in the summer we have as many engagements as we can carry out, and in the winter we hope to play at many of the balls and dances for which the Irish capital is famous. The string band has made rapid strides since last year, and now plays at Mess once a week. The greatest credit is due to Mr. Lamb and to the players, who do all in their power to improve themselves and to make the string band a subject of pride to the Regiment.

Yours sincerely,

F. H. PLOWDEN.

MOUNTED INFANTRY.

Dublin,
August 1st, 1894.

DEAR EDITOR,

I HAVE recently been through a Mounted Infantry Course at Aldershot, and perhaps an account of how the training of this body is carried out at home may be of some interest to the readers of the Chronicle, so I have ventured to send you this description of the work performed by the detachments furnished for this training, and the general system adhered to.

The Mounted Infantry is composed of different Companies—Light Infantry, Fusilier, Rifle, and others. Each Company consists of four detachments, furnished by various regiments belonging to these denominations; for instance, the Company with which I went through was composed of the Yorkshire, Durham, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, and ourselves. Each detachment consists of about 35 men, including saddlers, farriers, &c., and so a company represents about 120 men. The trainings last about three months each, and begin in April, going on till December.

Now about the detachments, or sections, as they are called. Each is commanded by a Subaltern—the section-leader—and is divided into sub-sections consisting of three men and a sub-section leader—generally a lance-corporal. In order to promote a spirit of *camaraderie*, the men are permitted, as far as possible, to choose their own sub-sections, and these sub-sections are kept intact during the training.

“The detachments consist only of such soldiers as
“ their respective Commanding Officers deem worthy of
“ having consigned to them the honour and credit of their

“ Regiments in *corps d'élite*, such as a corps of Mounted “ Infantry ”—(*Mounted Infantry Standing Orders*). For this purpose the men detailed to furnish a detachment are supposed to be volunteers and picked men, but in these days of short service, the idea is a difficult one to carry out; a standard of height and chest-measurement is also laid down, and no man with less than three years' service is eligible.

The men are supplied with cobs, averaging 14 to 15 hands in height; they are, for the most part, Irish-bred ones, though some hail from Devonshire. Their ages vary; sometimes a good many are found to be three-year-olds, and practically unbroken, so, as you can imagine, they give some trouble at first, particularly when ridden by men, who, before coming out, have never been on a horse in their lives. The cobs are bought by the Re-mount Department on the 1st April, and sold on the 31st March following; the price given is, I believe, up to 25*l.*, and, looking at the money they realize when sold at Tattersall's, you will see what a nice little profit is made annually. Fine, sturdy little beggars they are, and admirably suited for their class of work; handier and more clever than big horses, they seldom stumble, all can jump, and the majority can gallop fast; all these qualities being necessary for the animal which carries a Mounted Infantryman. As regards the saddlery, &c., issued to the men, I am afraid this is in rather an unsatisfactory condition, as no fixed pattern has as yet been settled on, though Colonel Hutton tried his best to arrange it. At present some men are supplied with the Cape-pattern saddle, head-collars to match, and ordinary breastplates; others—the majority in fact—with cavalry pattern saddles, head-collars, and breastplates. The Cape-pattern equipment is now being taken in and exchanged for the cavalry pattern, and this, in my

humble opinion, is a great mistake, for it seems to me that the great heavy cavalry saddle, weighing at least sixteen pounds, is eminently unsuited to a cob, while the Cape-pattern is an ordinary saddle with knee-rolls, comfortable both for horse and rider. The bridoon only is used—unless it is found impossible to hold the cob with it, in which case bits are worn, the cavalry-pattern one being a very punishing article. Head-ropes are worn on all parades, and by means of these the cobs are linked together when a halt is made on the march, or during field-operations, for feeding purposes.

Now that I have talked about the cobs' kits, let me say a word or two about that of the men. The clothes issued to them for a training are, I think, most serviceable; they consist of a pair of loose tweed knickerbocker breeches and putties; bandoliers are also supplied, and the whole turn-out looks most workmanlike. Spurs, I may add, are also issued, but for the sake of the safety, both of horses and riders, they are seldom worn—much, I fancy, to the men's chagrin.

The training begins with a foot parade or two, to accustom the men to the new words of command, and as the lines of the ordinary *Infantry Drill* are pretty closely followed, they soon become used to it, and, the various movements being made by "sub-sections" or "fours," the drill is easy to pick up and confusion avoided; on occasions, the "section" may be so mixed up that No. 1 sub-section may find itself in the centre, but each man, knowing his own sub-section, and following his own sub-section leader, goes on working as if all were in their right places. Next follows riding instruction, and here the fun begins—though I fear most of the amusement is on the part of the onlookers. However, to their credit be it said, there is little or no funking, and all try their best, the result being that

all those who have seen Mounted Infantry, have expressed their opinion that it is little short of marvellous how quickly the men acquire the art of sticking on—mind, I don't say riding, for that is a far different thing.

“The Mounted Infantry Companies are trained in order to provide picked Infantry soldiers capable of acting with the Cavalry, and of using their rifles and bayonets to the greatest advantage when rapidity of movement is requisite.”—(*Mounted Infantry Standing Orders*.) I will endeavour to explain how this idea is carried out in the training. To begin with, at the commencement of field operations, the Mounted Infantry are at once pushed to the front and get there as quickly as they can, their object being to act as a skirmishing line, covering the movements of Cavalry, Artillery, or Infantry, as the case may be. The manner in which they skirmish is as follows:—The Company is taken as quickly as possible behind a hill or some other good cover for the horses; the order is then given, “*For dismounted duties—Dismount*”; on which the men, all except the Nos. 3, dismount and form line or column in front, rear, or on the flanks of the horses, as may be directed. The Nos. 3, with their rifles slung, then take over the horses from the dismounted men of their sub-sections and wait for further orders. The dismounted men, being now infantry pure and simple, act as a Company attacking, with firing-line, supports, and reserves; the only difference being that the extensions are made by sub-sections instead of by single men. The attack being now pushed on, the horses are brought, up as far as possible, to a convenient position under cover, so that, in case of a sudden retirement being necessary, the skirmishers may not have too great a distance to run back to their horses. Such is

the manner in which Mounted Infantry are used in an engagement with a civilized adversary; in savage warfare the attack may be made with the men mounted and extended by sub-sections, supports and reserves conforming to their movements as usual. In case of surprise, such as a sudden attack by Cavalry, Mounted Infantry act on the defensive by dismounting *for dismounted duties*, and forming square round their horses.

Long-distance and forced marches have frequently to be made by Mounted Infantry, and in such cases, the following is the routine adhered to as far as possible:—

FIRST HOUR.

Start—

Walk,	5	}	30 minutes = $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles.
Trot,	10		
Walk,	5		
Trot,	10		
Halt,	5	}	Tighten girths, look over saddles, shoes, &c., 30 minutes = $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles.
March,	10		
Trot,	15		

SECOND HOUR.

Walk,	10	}	30 minutes = $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles.
Trot,	5		
Halt,	5		
March,	10	}	30 minutes = $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles.
Trot,	10		
Walk,	5		
Trot,	15		

Halt for half-an hour and small feed.

Where the word “march” occurs, it means that the men dismount and walk, leading their horses; thus relieving them of the weight of the man and his arms, and allowing the blood to circulate freely into the skin of the back under the saddle—a sure preventive of sore backs. When possible on the march, the files diverge from one another and move along the sides of the roads, allowing traffic to pass between the horses; by this means the air is better able to pass through the column. The rate of trotting of Mounted Infantry

is what is known as a "hound-jog"—the pace at which a huntsman takes his hounds to, or brings them back from, covert, and the average rate of marching, including short halts, comes to about six miles an hour.

Now that I have done my best to describe the manner in which Mounted Infantry are employed in the field, I will leave the question of the value of this arm to wiser heads than mine—besides, my opinion would probably be considered biased. No doubt many high authorities are opposed to it, but as a force in the field, its value has surely been proved on many occasions; in South Africa, against the Zulus, and again against the Boers, the Mounted Infantry did good work, while in 1884 in Egypt, mounted on camels, they were "the backbone of the Desert Column," under Sir Herbert Stewart, and again at Suakim in 1885, they performed splendid service; in Burmah, too, they have been employed with much success; so perhaps some day they will meet with more encouragement than at the present time.

Readers of the "Chronicle" will, no doubt, be glad to hear that the representatives of the 43rd, who went through the last Mounted Infantry Training with me, did excellently, both in their conduct and in their duties at home and in the field; nearly all obtained good certificates as Mounted Infantrymen, and the report of the Commandant, at the conclusion of the course, was in every way one for them to be proud of. In the different competitions between the sections we did very well, though handicapped by having several young soldiers among us, who had only fired their recruit's course. The competitions held during this last Training consisted of section and sub-section Field-firing, and the Wantage Competition. In the first two

of these points are given for style, pace, and, of course, shooting; points being also deducted for any time over a specified limit. The practice is carried out as follows:— The competing sub-section is drawn up between two flags, which form the starting-point; on a given signal they start, by word of command from the sub-section leader, and make the best of their way over a marked-out course to a place where good cover is obtainable for the horses; they then dismount, and, leaving the horses with the No. 3, “double” up to a firing-point and fire three rounds independently at a target about 800 yards off; this done, they re-mount and gallop off to the next point, meeting a fence on their way; they then act as before, and so on to the next point where four rounds are fired with “fixed sight,” and they then gallop back to the starting-point as quick as they can, making a wide *détour* over a flagged-out course. The umpires, standing at different points along the course, judge by the style in which the horses are brought up and handed over, the words of command given by the sub-section leaders, the way the sub-section is kept together and handled, and the general style and riding of the competitors. In this practice one of our sub-sections, commanded by Corporal Aries—the best scouting sub-section of the Company—made the highest possible for style, did the practice in 8 min. 50 secs., and if only they had not fallen off a little in shooting, would have won anyhow; as it was they were second, being beaten by a sub-section of the 68th. Another sub-section, commanded by Lance-Corporal Simpson, were out-and-away the best shots, getting 53 hits on the target—the next best to this being 37, made by a sub-section of the 51st; in this case, the sub-section leader was unfortunately mounted on a slow cob and a bad jumper, and 10 points were deducted for time.

The average of the whole section was best. The Section Field-firing was carried out over the same course and was similar, except that the whole section went at once, commanded by the officer, and the firing was by volleys. In this, we, unfortunately, fell to pieces in the shooting, and, though the men rode excellently, and the style and pace were both very good, we had to be content with third place.

The Wantage Competition is an amusing one, and is useful in training the men to ride fast and control their horses properly when going at full speed, while, as will be seen, a little marksmanship comes in. The Competition is carried out by two sub-sections of picked men from each section. The men start between two flags and ride over a course about 500 yards long, jumping a fence on their way, to a point where a square is formed by four flags; here are placed, at a little distance apart, three heaps of stones, and at the opposite side of the square three bottles. On reaching this square, the men dismount *for dismounted duties*, and while they throw stones at the bottles, No. 3 leads the horses, as quickly as he can, round another flag, about 100 yards away and back to them; then, if the bottles are all broken, the men re-mount and gallop back to the starting-post. It was most amusing to watch the desperate riding, and particularly the "finishing" of the competitors; most of them went at such a pace at the fence that the cobs ran out, while many, being a great deal more anxious to jump than their cobs, sprang almost further from their saddles than their mounts did from the ground. In this competition we "swept the pool," getting first and second, and an extra prize for the best sub-section over the jump.

In conclusion, let me say that a course of Mounted Infantry training cannot fail to be of great use to the

men; it teaches them to use their eyes and wits to the best advantage, and makes them self-reliant; it teaches them a trade, for, after the course is finished, every one of them can strap and groom a horse, and is qualified for a billet as a helper, if not a groom, and no man who has gone through a three months' course of Mounted Infantry should ever complain of hard work, for they go through more during that time than they are ever likely to get in the course of their soldiering, at any rate, during peace-time.

I hope all I have written will not be found deadly dull and uninteresting, but, now that I have been through a course, I am very keen on the subject, and perhaps my pen has rather run away with me in my attempt to put on paper a description of the Mounted Infantry and their doings at home.

Yours sincerely,

H. L. RUCK KEENE.

HOT WEATHER QUARTERS.

Standing Camp, Ranikhet,
August 23rd, 1894.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE nothing really exciting to relate to you—no tale of slaughter—no ghosts—only, in fact, a plain unvarnished yarn of the sort of time we “death-dodgers” from the plains have at our little hill-camp. You tell us that “the way other people live” cannot fail to interest readers of our year-book, so here goes for the life of this small 52nd Detachment.

Ranikhet, in the language of Hindostan, signifies the “Queen’s cultivated field”; who the particular *Rani* was and when she cultivated her field I know not, but it

must have been many years ago, for now all signs of cultivation have disappeared; giant trees cover the ground and shut us in on all sides; mountains do the same, and, though we catch not a glimpse of the plains, we get magnificent views of the everlasting snows.

When we arrived here in March the scenery was glorious; now, however, we live in clouds and mist, and shall continue to do so until the middle of September. The rain descends in pelting showers, and, as the natives have it, it pours "clubs" by night as well as by day—our "cats and dogs" is not more suggestive.

Our Standing Camp forms part of the summer quarters of the Oude and Rohilcund Districts—the remainder of the health-seeking contingent having their abode at Choubuttia and Ranikhet itself. Choubuttia is about four miles away and a thousand feet above us, while Ranikhet is within two and a half miles. At the former is a wing of the Essex Regiment, at the latter the Hampshire Regiment, and here we are a heterogeneous lot; Munster Fusiliers, Royal Irish, East Lancashire, and ourselves represent the infantry, and 16th Lancers and Gunners (Horse and Field) the other arms. Three or four years ago this was a real live camp of canvas; now, however, *nous avons changé tout cela*, and we dwell no longer in a tented field, but are provided with stone huts with wood and iron roofs, and when it rains the latter let us know it.

We Officers have a mess, formerly the dāk bungalow, and now run by a Parsee, Rustomjee by name. Of course there is a certain amount of grumbling, but, on the whole, he does us very well. The men live on a steep hill at the back, which is a cause of frequent delight to the Orderly Officer who has to turn out the Guard. If he possesses that dangerous and unpleasant animal in the hills—a pulling pony—he has great oppor-

tunities of taking the superfluous energy out of him by running it fine for time at Tattoo. There are five of us up here this season. Stanton (Camp Adjutant) Napier and Osborn with B Company, and Edwardes and myself with H Company.

On the wooded slopes of the hills panthers abound. I don't mean to say that you can bag a brace of them before breakfast; but if you have a little dog it is as well not to tie him up outside the bungalow, for panthers are partial to dogs. Some of us have tried the experiment of tying up the native specimen in some likely place, and sitting out at night on the chance of getting a shot. To sit cramped in a tree, about eight feet from the ground, and to hear a beast of some sort creeping up behind—not sure if it be a panther (who, by-the-way, climbs trees) or a jackal, is not altogether enjoyable, for if you turn to look he is off, and if you don't look he may prefer the white man to the tied-up *pariah*. Several of us have tried this form of amusement, and, I daresay, will try it again when the rains stop; meanwhile, an occasional dog disappears, and the panthers live in peace.

The close season ends here on the 31st August, after which date we mean to have a look in at the wild birds of the hills—mostly *chickor*, a kind of partridge, which when flushed fly straight down the *khud*, and give no end of exercise to the sportsman. Another form of sport is fishing; we tried it—yes, tried it all we knew—with fly, with live bait, and with phantom minnow; we even descended to paste and worms, but very few fish were caught. We used to see monster mahseer, lying like men-of-war with bows up stream, but nothing would tempt them. We *did* catch a few little ones, the biggest two pounds in weight, but it was evident that just then the monsters were not on the take. We have since

heard that a whole parrot is about the best bait, so when we commence operations again we propose arming ourselves with an aviary in place of a fly-book. Some of these huge fish must have weighed upwards of a hundred pounds, and so it is not unlikely that they require something larger than an ordinary fly to tempt them. There is one consolation, however, for report says that big mahseer are not good to eat; all the same I should like to taste one once.

Of course we play all sorts of games up here, though the ground is not the best. The Hampshire Regiment are the proud possessors of a square clearing—perhaps 200 yards each way—intended, primarily, for parade purposes, but also used for polo, football, cricket, and the like. Polo is not altogether a success; the game generally consists of three a side, sometimes two, and as the ground is bounded by two cliffs, a stone revetment, and a steep *khud*, there is not much galloping; however, it teaches the ponies to be handy, and keeps them in practice for the plains. As to cricket, we play hard; the surface of our only level space is gravel, with here and there a struggling blade of grass. The most stony part is the centre, and here we peg down our matting pitch, and, except for the danger of getting “one in the eye” from a bumping ball, we enjoy our game immensely. On the same ground periodical *gymkhanas* take place with much tent-pegging and jumping though little racing; in the latter, we inhabitants of the Standing Camp, have it all our own way, for we boast a Race Course at least a furlong long and twenty feet wide; so we hold our own *gymkhanas*, and invite Choubuttia and Ranikhet.

Until this year golf was unknown in this part of India, but now, thanks to the enterprise of our Adjutant (and others who liked the exercise of felling trees), we

have links of seven holes, and, every Wednesday afternoon, a string of enthusiastic golfers may be seen driving or riding out three or four miles along the Almora road to try their luck with "driver" or "putter" on the jungly slopes and *mutti* "greens" (or rather "browns").

Of milder amusements there is also a variety; tennis and badminton, billiards and whist may be enjoyed at the Club, where also the society of the fair sex, while the drama is well represented. We have a little theatre of our own, and the Hampshire Regiment have a very respectable one at Ranikhet, so the talent has every opportunity. Our own theatre is the smallest thing imaginable, and the *élite* sit absolutely under the performers; it serves a double purpose, however, for we pray in it on Sundays. The drop scene, a masterpiece by a talented officer of the Regiment, represents Aden, or some such sultry spot, with the blue waves of the harbour gleaming in the sun. At our last performance, one of the audience was heard to remark, "I say Bill, that *ice* is natural, ain't it?" Poor artist! he was used to larger theatres, and did not realise that his work would be viewed from so near. Small though it be, it gives the men a lot of amusement, and we always have the Minden Theatre over at Ranikhet to fall back on for large performances. We had a strolling company up here last week, consisting of two men and a lady, who gave a variety entertainment. The lady opened with a dance, and would have been a great success had she not been carried away with enthusiasm and forgotten the size of the stage; as it was she collided with the piano, and, in an endeavour to save herself, nearly tumbled over the footlights, so she gave it up as a bad job.

Such is the way we spend life among the hills, and if we are inclined to grumble at having to move up from a

good station like Bareilly, and at a march of some 50 up-hill miles, yet by the time we have got half way we enjoy the tramp, and, having arrived at Ranikhet, we have the consolation of knowing that we are in a cool climate while the rest of the Regiment are sweltering in the heat of the plains.

We go down some time in October, and I have no doubt shall be quite sorry to leave the place. Stanton has just been to see the Gohna landslip and says he is meditating inflicting you with an account of it. Pocklington and Odell are away in Kashmir, and Mockler shooting in Tibet. And that is all the news I have to send you.

Yours sincerely,

R. C. LUARD.

SIGNALLING, 1894.

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

THE Inspection by Colonel Kennedy, Inspector of Signalling, took place at Dublin on the 22nd September.

Figure of Merit—363·24.

Instructor.—Lieutenant F. J. Henley.

Assistant-Instructors.—Sergeant Holmes and Corporal Hibberd.

Corporal Hibberd attended a Signalling Course at Aldershot from March 15th to June 1st, and passed out first.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

Figure of Merit (1893-4)—460·27.

Place in order of Merit in India—34th.

Instructor—Lieut. R. Owen.

Assistant-Instructors — Sergeant Campion and Lance-Sergeant Hopkins.

MUSKETRY.

RIFLE MEETING, 43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

THE Annual Rifle Meeting was held at Kinsale on May 28th and 29th.

Committee : Lieut.-Colonel Johnstone, Major Lord Charles Pratt, Captain Parr, and Lieut. Sir Charles Cuyler.

Sub-Committee : Sergeant-Major O'Brien, Colour-Sergeant C. Nye, S.I.M. Stoddart, and Sergeant Roberts.

Owing to the number of detachments, only four Companies of the Regiment were able to compete at this meeting, and it was intended to hold another meeting for the remaining Companies later on in the year. Unfortunately, however, this was found impossible, and consequently the money which would have been awarded in prizes was handed over to the Companies to be shot for under Company arrangements.

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

1st Match.—Recruits, 200 yards. Lance-Corporal J. Whitelock, H Company, 22 points; Private J. King, H Company, 20 points; Private W. Clapson, D Company, 19 points.

2nd Match.—Third Class Shots, 200 yards. Private J. Clark, H Company, 16 points; Private Pearce, H Company, 16 points; Private Whittington, E Company, 6 points.

3rd Match.—Second Class Shots, 200 yards. Bugler Vincent, H Company, 26 points; Private Jennings, E Company, 21 points; Private J. Brackley, H Company, 19 points.

4th Match.—First Class Shots and Marksmen, 200 yards. Sergeant H. Baldwin, F Company, 24 points;

Colour-Sergeant C. Nye, D Company, 23 points; Lance-Sergeant Mayne, F Company, 22 points.

5th Match.—Recruits, 500 yards. Private J. King, H Company, 18 points; Private H. Whitelock, H Company, 16 points; Private A. Cooper, B Company, 13 points.

6th Match.—Third Class Shots, 500 yards. Private J. Clark, H Company, 9 points; Private J. Pearce, H Company, 7 points; Private J. Whittington, E Company, 6 points.

7th Match.—Second Class Shots, 500 yards. Private J. Roper, G Company, 14 points; Private J. Lee, E Company, 11 points; Private H. Davies, H Company, 11 points.

8th Match.—First Class Shots and Marksmen, 500 yards. Lance-Sergeant H. Mayne, F Company, 21 points; Bugler J. Crowley, H Company, 21 points; Sergeant H. Bull, D Company, 20 points.

Aggregate Prize List.—Lance-Sergeant H. Mayne, F Company, 43 points; Sergeant H. Baldwin, F Company, 43 points; Bugler J. Crowley, H Company, 42 points.

The Championship of the Regiment.—Sergeant Andrew Roberts, B Company, 1st; Lance-Corporal H. Bishop, 2nd.

PRIZES.

In each Match.—One of 10s.; two of 7s. 6d.; two of 5s.; and ten of 2s. 6d.

Aggregate Prizes.—One of 1l.; two of 10s.; three of 5s.; four of 2s. 6d.

INTER-COMPANY TEAM MATCHES.

No. I. *The Colonel's Prize.*—Independent firing; extended to two paces; target, head and shoulders. Position, kneeling; distance, 400 yards. Rounds, ten (from the pouch). Team, ten men (not to include more than

two Corporals or Lance-Sergeants), commanded by a Sergeant. Limit of time, two minutes. H (or Captain Fairtlough's) Company, 1st; B (or Major Eveleigh's) Company, 2nd.

No. II. *The Ladies' Prize*.—Rapid volleys; 600 yards; target, 1st Class Regulation. Position, lying down; seven rounds in one minute from the magazine. Team, as in No. I. D (or Captain Clark's) Company, 1st; G (or Captain Parr's) Company, 2nd.

No. III. *Inter-Company Challenge Shield*.—Distance, from 600 yards; fall in and extend to two paces; magazines to be charged with five rounds, which are to be expended in independent fire, when ordered by the umpire. When the team falls in, the red flag will be raised at the butt; on the flag being lowered, volley firing may be opened until the red flag appears again; sections will then advance until the flag is again lowered, when they will open fire as before. They will continue alternately firing and advancing for three minutes; they will then get the order for "Independent Firing with Magazine" from the umpire. This fire will last for thirty seconds only, when the "Cease Fire" will be sounded. Points will be deducted for every round fired after the bugle has sounded, and for very bad volleys. Target, 2nd Class. Period of advancing 10 secs.; period of firing, 20 secs. F (or Captain Porter's) Company, 1st; H (or Captain Fairtlough's) Company, 2nd.

INTER-COMPANY PRIZES.

Colonel's Prize: Presented by Lt.-Colonel J. Johnstone. First prize, 4*l.*; second prize, 1*l.*

Ladies' Prize: Presented by the Ladies of the Regiment. First prize, 4*l.*; second prize, 1*l.*

Challenge Shield: First prize, the Shield and 6*l.* 10*s.*; second prize, 3*l.* 5*s.*

CONDITIONS OF THE MEETING.

In all matches, targets and position as laid down for the Annual Course, 1894. Number of rounds—seven in each match (highest possible 28 points).

One sighting shot allowed.

Every competitor must be a *bonâ fide* member of the Regimental Shooting Club on the last day of May, 1894.

Ties decided by N.R.A. Rules.

At the All Ireland Rifle Meeting held at the Curragh, during August, the following prizes were won by the 43rd :—

Boyle Competition.—500 yards. Colour-Sergeant Nye tied for the first prize, making a “possible.”

Simond's Competition.—200 yards. Colour-Sergeant Nye, 7th prize.

Phoenix's Brewery Series. — 600 yards. Corporal Martin, 7th prize; Lance-Corporal Bishop, 17th prize; Sergeant Baldwin, 21st prize.

Phoenix Brewery Series.—800 yards. Colour-Sergeant Nye, 6th prize; Corporal Lines, 17th prize; Sergeant Baldwin, 21st prize.

Waterhouse Sweepstake.—200 yards. Colour-Sergeant Nye, 1st prize.

Steward's Sweepstakes.—200 yards. Colour-Sergeant Nye, 2nd prize.

Grand Aggregate Championship. — Colour - Sergeant C. Nye, 1st prize and Champion; Sergeant Baldwin, 19th prize; Corporal Lines, 24th prize.

MAJOR J. T. O'Brien, shortly before his death, presented to F Company of the 43rd a Challenge Shield, to be shot for annually. The shield is of bronze with silver mountings, and bears the following inscription: "To the Company he had the honour to command for the ten happiest years of his life; from Major J. T. O'Brien."

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

ANNUAL COURSE 1894.

FIGURES OF MERIT.

Company.	Range Practices.	Field Practices.
A, or Captain Davy's - - - - -	105·32	45·94
B, or Major Eveleigh's - - - - -	118·12	45·00
C, or Major Plowden's - - - - -	102·20	41·30
D, or Captain Clark's - - - - -	140·79	50·77
E, or Captain Parr's - - - - -	117·14	40·51
F, or Captain Porter's - - - - -	105·73	45·93
G, or Major Strachan's - - - - -	112·54	46·26
H, or Captain Fairtlough's - - - - -	115·57	34·40
Regimental Figure - - - - -	115·75	44·71

Best Shooting Company, D, or Captain Clark's.

Best Shot of the Regiment, Corporal Sheppard, 229 points.

Number of Recruits exercised, 282.

Figure of Merit of Recruits, $\frac{148\cdot42}{41\cdot10}$.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

ANNUAL COURSE, 1893-94.

FIGURES OF MERIT.

Company.	Individual Classification.	Field Firing.
A, or Captain Barton's - - -	122·61	47·07
B, or Captain Hughes' - - -	121·61	53·17
C, or Captain Davies' - - -	119·05	45·15
D, or Captain Fanshawe's - - -	138·41	54·81
E, (vacant) - - -	121·97	51·10
F, or Captain Mockler's - - -	129·00	53·24
G, or Major Odell's - - -	121·26	48·52
H, or Captain Luard's - - -	123·22	48·22
Battalion Figure - - -	124·62	51·80

Company holding the Challenge Shield for the year 1893-94, D, or Captain Fanshawe's.

Holder of the Gold Medal (Best Shot of the Regiment) for the year 1893-94, Lance-Sergeant Castagnola.

ANNUAL RIFLE MEETING.

THE Annual Rifle Meeting of the 52nd Light Infantry was held at Bareilly on the 3rd December and three following days. The Championship fell to Lance-Sergeant Craft. The medal presented by the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association, for competition under Regimental arrangements, was won by Private Brannagan, being decided by the highest aggregate scores at 200, 500, 600, 700, and 800 yards.

RESULTS OF MATCHES.

1st Match.—Third Class Shots, 200 yards, five rounds, standing ; 300 yards, 5 rounds, kneeling :—

Private Doel, 28 points, first prize, Rs. 7 ; Private Fincher, 27 points, second prize, Rs. 4 ; Private Biggs, 26 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

2nd Match.—Bugle Stakes. Two entries. 200 yards. Time, 3 minutes. Position, any military. Competitors to run round a post 25 yards from the firing point between each shot. Ammunition to be carried on the person, and no loading except at the firing point:—

Private Breakspear, 33 points, first prize, Rs. 10; Lance-Corporal Hills, 33 points, second prize, Rs. 7; Private Mewis, 31 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

3rd Match.—Rapid Firing from Magazines. Seven rounds at 200 yards in 60 seconds, standing:—

Sergeant Castagnola, 26 points, first prize, Rs. 7; Lance-Corporal Hunt, 24 points, second prize, Rs. 4; Private Alder, 24 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

4th Match.—The Bisley Match. Seven rounds at 200, 500, and 600 yards; prizes at each distance:—

200 yards:—Quartermaster-Sergeant King, 26 points, first prize, Rs. 7; Sergeant Jones, 25 points, second prize, Rs. 3; Private Hawtin, 24 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

500 yards:—Sergeant Castagnola, 27 points, first prize, Rs. 7; Lance-Corporal Hills, 26 points, second prize, Rs. 3; Private Goddard, 24 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

600 yards:—Colour-Sergeant Lines, 26 points, first prize, Rs. 7; Lance-Corporal James, 25 points, second prize, Rs. 3; Corporal Jordan, 24 points, third prize, Rs. 3.

Aggregate:—Lance-Sergeant Craft, 67 points, first prize, Rs. 10; Sergeant Castagnola, 66 points, second prize, Rs. 7; Lance-Corporal Vanner, 65 points, third prize, Rs. 5.

5th Match.—Skirmishers' Contest. 10 rounds in five rushes, from 350 to 200 yards. Vanishing targets. Any military position. Hits 3 points each. Two rounds to be fired at each appearance at 320, 290, 260, 230, and

200 yards. Targets visible for 15 seconds for every two shots, disappearing for 10 seconds. Dress, drill order. Ties for first prize shoot again. Ammunition in the pouch. Any man loading while advancing to be disqualified :—

Bugler Sadd, 9 hits, first prize, Rs. 10 ; Lance-Corporal Pearce, 9 hits, second prize, Rs. 7 ; Corporal Jordan, 8 hits, third prize, Rs. 5.

6th Match.—Running Man. Distance, 120 yards. Two rounds standing, three kneeling, and two lying down. Hits, 3 points each :—

Corporal Jordan, 6 hits, first prize, Rs. 10 ; Private Devoisez, 5 hits, second prize, Rs. 7 ; Private Hunt, 5 hits, third prize, Rs. 5.

7th Match.—Rank and File Match (for 2nd and 3rd Class Shots). Seven shots at 500 yards :—

Private Townsend, 26 points, first prize, Rs. 10 ; Lance-Corporal Rutland, 25 points, second prize, Rs. 7 ; Private Vickers, 25 points, third prize, Rs. 5.

8th Match.—Sergeants' Handicap. Open to Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants, Sergeants, and Lance-Sergeants. Ten rounds at 600 yards :—

Colour-Sergeant Hodgins, 36 points, first prize, Rs. 20 ; Quartermaster - Sergeant King, 34 points, second prize, Rs. 12 ; Sergeant Parker, 33 points, third prize, Rs. 8.

9th Match.—The Sharpshooters' Contest. Nine rounds in three rushes from 400 to 100 yards. Fixed sights. Running man visible for 25 seconds, disappearing for 20 seconds. Three rounds to be fired at each appearance at 300, 200, and 100 yards. Position, any military. No loading while advancing :—

Private Macefield, 6 hits, first prize, Rs. 10 ; Private Austin, 6 hits, second prize, Rs. 7 ; Bugler Sadd, 5 hits, third prize, Rs. 5.

10th Match.—The Championship. Seven rounds at 700 and 800 yards. Points in matches 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 9 to be added to the score:—

700 yards:—Lance-Corporal Buckingham, 26 points, first prize, Rs. 10; Sergeant Dredge, 25 points, second prize, Rs. 7; Private Goddard, 24 points, third prize, Rs. 5.

800 yards:—Lance-Corporal Vanner, 25 points, first prize, Rs. 10; Bugler Martin, 24 points, second prize, Rs. 7; Private Brannagan, 24 points, third prize, Rs. 5.

Aggregate:—Lance-Sergeant Craft, 201 points, first prize, Watch and Rs. 40; Lance-Corporal Hills, 193 points, second prize, Rs. 20.

11th Match.—Colonel's Prize. Open to teams of eight Corporals and men from each Company, commanded by an Officer. Ten volleys in five rushes from 320 to 150 yards. Sights fixed at 200 yards. Vanishing targets. Position kneeling. Two volleys at each appearance, at about 250, 220, 190, 160, and 130 yards. Targets visible for 20 seconds, disappearing for 10 seconds:—

A, or Captain Napier's Company, first prize, Rs. 50; D, or Captain Fanshawe's, Company, second prize, Rs. 20.

12th Match.—Celerity and Despatch. Open to Company teams of 10 rank and file. Seven rounds with magazines at 500 and 400 yards in 60 seconds. Target 4 ft. by 8 ft. Position, kneeling (single rank):—

F, or Captain Mockler's Company, first prize, Rs. 50; D, or Captain Fanshawe's Company, second prize, Rs. 20.

13th Match.—Revolver Competition. Open to all ranks. Handicap. Twelve rounds at 20 yards. A.R.A. targets:—

Armourer-Sergeant Wilcox, 69 points.

14th Match.—Consolation Stakes. Five rounds standing or kneeling at 200 yards:—

Lance-Corporal Sherlock, first prize, Rs. 10; Lance-Corporal Clark, second prize, Rs. 5; Private Harrison, third prize, Rs. 3.

RIFLE MATCHES.

A Cup subscribed for by the Sergeants of the Regiment and the Sergeants of the 2nd East Lancashire Regiment, stationed at Lucknow, to be fired for by teams of eight Sergeants from each Regiment, was won by the Sergeants of the 52nd after a very close finish to the second match of the series, the Cup going to the Corps winning most of three matches.

The first match was fired at Lucknow and was won by the 52nd by 13 points; the second match was fired at Bareilly and was won by the 52nd by *one* point.

The match was seven rounds at 200, 500, and 600 yards; standing at 200 yards.

The aggregate scores made by individuals of the 52nd team were as follows:—

LUCKNOW MATCH.

RANK AND NAME.	Points.
Sergeant-Major Stannard - - - - -	65
Quartermaster-Sergeant King - - - - -	80
Colour-Sergeant Fielding - - - - -	68
Sergeant Osborne - - - - -	73
Colour-Sergeant Franklin - - - - -	80
Sergeant Keen - - - - -	71
Sergeant Castagnola - - - - -	80
Lance-Sergeant Hewitt - - - - -	84
Total - - - - -	601

BAREILLY MATCH.

RANK AND NAME.	Points.
Sergeant-Major Stannard - - - - -	76
Quartermaster-Sergeant King - - - - -	71
Colour-Sergeant Brazier - - - - -	65
Colour-Sergeant Lines - - - - -	52
Colour-Sergeant Fielding - - - - -	74
Sergeant Osborne - - - - -	70
Colour-Sergeant Franklin - - - - -	73
Sergeant Castagnola - - - - -	77
Total - - - - -	558

The scores of the East Lancashire team are unfortunately not forthcoming.

At the Meerut Meeting of the Bengal Presidency Rifle Association, the Regimental team won the Inter-Regimental Cup by three points, the 2nd Royal Irish Fusiliers being second.

Distances 200, 500, and 600 yards; standing at 200 yards; black powder.

The scores made were as follows:—

RANK AND NAME.	200 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.	Total.
Quartermaster Stannard -	27	28	18	73
Quartermaster-Sergeant King	22	26	28	76
Colour-Sergeant Franklin -	26	32	28	86
Sergeant Osborne -	26	31	28	85
Sergeant Dredge -	29	32	30	91
Sergeant Castagnola -	29	29	26	84
Private Beard -	27	32	23	82
Private Donnelly -	27	33	18	78
Total	-	-	-	655

THE score made by the team for the Honour and Glory Match 1894 was as follows:—

RANK AND NAME.	200 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.	Total.
Sergeant Dredge -	28	31	31	90
Captain White -	28	34	24	86
Private Donnelly -	29	25	31	85
Quartermaster-Sergeant King -	30	31	22	83
Private Beard -	29	27	26	82
Quartermaster Stannard -	28	32	22	82
Colour-Sergeant Lines -	23	29	27	79
Sergeant Osborne -	27	25	29	81
Sergeant Castagnola -	24	26	19	69
Lance-Corporal Pearce -	28	23	12	63
Total	-	-	-	800

THE Competition for the Queen's Cup was fired on the 27th October ; seven rounds at 200, 500, and 600 yards ; kneeling at 200 yards ; cordite powder. Scores :—

RANK AND NAME.				200 yards.	500 yards.	600 yards.	Total.
Sergeant Castagnola	-	-	-	32	34	34	100
Captain White	-	-	-	30	34	33	97
Quartermaster Stannard	-	-	-	31	34	32	97
Quartermaster-Sergeant King	-	-	-	30	33	31	94
Private Donnelly	-	-	-	30	30	32	92
Sergeant Osborne	-	-	-	28	26	31	85
Lance-Corporal Vanner	-	-	-	31	27	24	82
Sergeant Dredge	-	-	-	29	24	26	79
				Total			- - 726

Result of match not yet made known. Sergeant Castagnola had, two days before the match, made 101 in practice.

THE DEPÔT.

ANNUAL Course of Musketry. (Fired at Pirbright Rifle Ranges between 13th August 1894 and 4th September 1894.)

Rifle, Lee-Metford, Mark I*.

Number of Men Exercised, 49.

Figure of Merit, $\frac{134.85}{54.81}$.

Best Shot of the Depôt, Sergeant S. Grove, 179 points.

FIGURES OF MERIT.

Company.	Range Practices.	Field Practices.
Major J. A. Strachan's - - -	126.48	51.09
Lieut. P. S. Stanhope's - - -	140.70	61.11
Captain D. J. Barton's - - -	136.07	50.01
Lieut. H. F. Darell-Brown's - -	136.43	58.46

Marksmen, 7; 1st Class Shots, 24; 2nd Class Shots, 18; 3rd Class Shots, none.

ATHLETICS, 1894.

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

THE Annual Meeting of the Regiment was held at Portobello Barracks, Dublin, on the 20th September, when the following constituted the Committee:—Lieut.-Colonel Johnstone, Captain Clark, Lieut. Sir Charles Cuyler, Captain Porter, Captain Williams, Bugle-Major Moore, Sergeant Page, Sergeant Payne, Sergeant Beer.

I. Throwing the Cricket Ball.—1st, Private Vernall; 2nd, Private Hunt; 3rd, Bugler Pace. 106 yards.

II. High Jump.—1st, Private Holdaway; 2nd, Private Muddle; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Gallagher. 4 feet 6 inches.

III. Broad Jump.—1st, Lance-Corporal Gallagher; 2nd, Sergeant Beer; 3rd, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin. 17 feet 7 inches.

IV. Flat Race. Quarter mile.—1st, Corporal Mason (winner of the belt); 2nd, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Gallagher. 59 secs.

V. Stone Race.—1st, Private Forster; 2nd, Private Benton; 3rd, Bugler Pace.

VI. Putting the Shot (with a follow and run), 16 lbs.—1st, Lance-Sergeant Statham; 2nd, Corporal Boon; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Gallagher. 42 feet 8 inches.

VII. Sergeants' Race, 150 yards handicap.—1st, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin; 2nd, Lance-Sergeant Fielding; 3rd, Sergeant Baldwin.

VIII. Half-mile Flat Race (open to Garrison of Dublin).—1st, Private Preece; 2nd, Private Clack, 15th Hussars; 3rd, Sergeant Carding, Royal Dragoons.

IX. Flat Race, 100 yards.—1st, Lance-Corporal Gallagher; 2nd, Corporal Mason; 3rd, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin. $10\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

X. Sack Race, 75 yards.—1st, Private Benton ; 2nd, Private Douglas ; 3rd, Private Barrett.

XI. Hop, Step, and Jump.—1st, Lance-Corporal Gallagher ; 2nd, Private Holdaway ; 3rd, Lance-Sergeant Statham. 35 feet.

XII. Tug of War. Teams of eight men from each Company ; best of three pulls.—1st, G, or Major J. A. Strachan's Company ; 2nd, F, or Captain Porter's Company.

XIII. Obstacle Race.—1st, Lance-Corporal Gallagher ; 2nd, Corporal Gibbons ; 3rd, Private Prew.

XIV. Boys' Race, 100 yards.—1st, Boy Black ; 2nd, Boy Grant ; 3rd, Boy Stubbs.

XV. Flat Race. One mile.—1st, Lance-Corporal Cheshire (winner of the belt) ; 2nd, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin ; 3rd, Private Pratley. 5 mins. 7 secs.

XVI. Bayonet Fighting ; teams of six men per Company.—1st, F, or Captain Porter's Company ; 2nd, D, or Captain Clark's Company.

XVII. Veterans' Race, 120 yards handicap, for soldiers over 12 years service.—1st, Corporal Boon ; 2nd, Sergeant-Master-Tailor Holley ; 3rd, Colour-Sergeant Nye.

XVIII. Children's Race, 100 yards handicap, for children belonging to the Regiment only.—1st, John Guise ; 2nd, W. H. Warren ; 3rd, W. Page.

XIX. Consolation Race, 220 yards.—1st, Lance-Corporal Harris ; 2nd, Lance-Corporal Homegold ; 3rd, Boy Henderson.

XX. Obstacle Race (open to all comers).—1st, Private Broom ; 2nd, Private Prew ; 3rd, Lance-Sergeant Statham.

THE following extract from the *Irish Daily Independent* of the 21st September is amusing :—

“ If the typical ‘Tommy Atkins’ is not in every-day intercourse as illustrious an individual as the ‘Gaiety Girl’ has dubbed him to be, it must be admitted that there are occasions on which he is very interesting. Of course, I mean this in a peaceful sense, because ‘When the blast of war blows in our ears’ he is ten times more interesting, especially to the enemy. However, no one will deny that whilst there are few functions so sad as a soldier’s funeral, there are also not many so merry as soldiers’ sports. Those of the Oxford Regiment yesterday, over the cricket ground adjoining Portobello Barracks, were of the latter description, and they passed off in a perfect blaze of success. This happy consummation must be mainly attributable to the erudite efforts of Captains Porter, Clark, and Williams, who were energetically assisted by all the other members of the executive. And then the programme was entertaining ; possibly, with one exception, the like of the mildly-termed obstacle race never was seen. Obstacles, forsooth ! Why, I would rather scale the Malakoff or storm Sebastopol all by myself than face these facetious ‘obstacles.’ One was a wooden house with a double roof (like the letter *M*) and greased all over with soft soap. This trifle had to be surmounted after half-a-mile’s hard run through bushes, spikes, a net cob wall, and some swinging barrels ; these last named contained various coloured paints, and when a competitor had gone in through one end resembling a rational Caucasian Christian he emerged at the other a parti-coloured nondescript, and then had to encounter the ordeal of a well filled water tank, which tended to mix his colours considerably. I only once saw a more severe trial than this, which was at the Buffs’ sports at Richmond Barracks about twelve years ago, when they had to scale the barrack gate and wall, which was about 20 feet high, and swim the canal twice afterwards. It was purely a case of the ‘survival of the fittest,’ and history repeated itself yesterday.

“ The winner was Lance-Corporal Gallagher, who is a ‘rare good’ all-round man, winning seven prizes altogether, and four of these were first prizes, including the hundred yards (in 10 3-5 secs.), jump, and hop-step-and-jump. The two Regimental Perpetual Challenge Belts, for the quarter mile and mile respectively, are magnificent trophies, the winner having his name engraved on the shield thereof each year. There was any amount of exterior entertainments, such as the Oxford Regiment’s own Band, which, under the direction of Mr. Lamb, quite excelled itself, and the Nigger Minstrels were just ‘real rich.’ No harm was done in the sword and bayonet contests, the antagonists being protected with obstructions like palliasses from the neck down. The weather was grand, and altogether the festival most enjoyable.”

At the Grenadier Guards' Sports, held at Richmond Barracks, Dublin, on the 11th July, Lance-Corporal C. Gallagher, D Company, 43rd, won first prize in the Obstacle Race (open); 20 starters. At the same meeting Lance-Corporal Cheshire, A Company, 43rd, ran second for the Mile Race (open). At the All Ireland Meeting, held at the Curragh on the 19th and 20th July, Lance-Corporal Gallagher was second in the Hurdle Race.

Corporal Mason, H Company 43rd, won the Quarter Mile Open Race at the Sherwood Foresters' Annual Sports, held on the 24th August.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

THE Annual Athletic Meeting was held on the football ground at Bareilly on the 30th November. A large number of spectators were present, and the weather left nothing to be desired. A new feature of the programme was a Bayonet *v.* Bayonet Competition between Company teams for a double-barrel shot gun, presented by Lieut.-Colonel W. Clark. The results were :—

I. Throwing the Cricket Ball. Three throws.—1st, Lance-Corporal Aldridge, 102 yards 6 inches; 2nd, Private Walton, 98 yards 8 inches; 3rd, Private Bull, 96 yards. Seven competed.

II. Tug of War.—Inter-Company. Ten a side.

First Round.

C Company beat D Company; B beat H; E beat A; F Company a bye.

Second Round.

F beat E; C beat H.

Final.

C, or Captain Stanton's Company, beat F, or Captain G. F. Mockler's Company.

The pulls were all fairly well contested, though the winners were by far the strongest team.

III. Long Jump. Three jumps.—1st, Private North, 19 feet 5 inches; 2nd, Private Branagan, 18 feet 4 inches; 3rd, Private Williams, 16 feet 9 inches. Seven competed.

IV. Bayonet *v.* Bayonet Competition. —Teams of four men. Best of five hits.

First Round.

B Company beat E Company; G beat A; D beat C; F Company a bye.

Second Round.

F beat G; D beat B.

Final.

F, or Captain G. F. Mockler's Company, beat D, or Captain Fanshawe's Company.

This competition was the feature of the day. The preliminary heats were fought out in the gymnasium, the final in the open. D Company had very bad luck, and, but for one of their men having fought and knocked out three out of his four opponents, and in consequence tiring, they would have won. As it was, he made it two points all before he was knocked out.

V. Hurdle Race. 150 yards. Ten flights.—1st, Private Branagan; 2nd, Private North; 3rd, Lance-Corporal Aldridge; 4th, Corporal Gardner. Seven started. Won rather easily by three yards; two yards between second and third, and a foot between third and fourth.

VI. Flat Race. 100 yards.—1st, Lance-Corporal Satchell; 2nd, Private Branagan; 3rd, Private Suff.

Nine started. Won by a yard and a half; second and third almost level.

VII. Sergeants' Race. 200 yards. Handicap.—1st, Lance-Sergeant Lindop; 2nd, Colour-Sergeant Ferguson; 3rd, Lance-Sergeant Craft. Twelve ran.

VIII. Quarter Mile Race.—1st, Corporal Gardner; 2nd, Private North; 3rd, Private Smith. Nine started. Won by five yards; six inches between second and third.

IX. Light Infantry Stakes. Two N.C.O.'s and ten men from each Company to run from 500 yards firing point to 200 yards and fire 5 section volleys. Points for hits, time, and style. Dress: "*khaki*, drill order."—1st, E, or Captain E. M. Childer's Company (71 points; 5 min. 7 secs.); 2nd, H, or Captain R. C. Luard's Company (60 points; 4 min. 56 secs.). Other teams competed from all the Companies of the Regiment.

X. Flat Race. One Mile.—1st, Lance-Corporal Magill; 2nd, Private J. Smith; 3rd, Private Williams. Eight started. Haydn led for the first lap, when Magill raced to the front, and, never being caught, won by about a dozen yards; fifteen yards between second and third. The result was a surprise, as Smith had previously won the Mile Race for all India, at Calcutta; he was, however, out of sorts, and the time was not good—a few seconds over five minutes.

XI. Lucky Bag Stakes. Six prizes in *chatties*. 200 yards.—1st, Lance Corporal Satchell; 2nd, Private Branagan; 3rd, Corporal Gardner; 4th, Private Suff. Won by a yard; same between second and third. The collection of prizes caused great amusement. One *chatty* held a cat, a second two ducks, a third a pig, and a fourth about a dozen rats, which scampered all over the place, the spectators flying in all directions.

XII. Sack Race. 150 yards; under a bar, over a water jump, and over a bar.—1st, Private Gostlow; 2nd,

Lance-Corporal Primmer ; 3rd, Corporal Woods. Eight started, but only the three placed negotiated the water jump. Won by about thirty yards.

A Champion Belt, value Rs. 150, presented by Lt.-Colonel W. Clark, for the best man in the 100 yards, Quarter Mile, Mile, Hurdles, and Long Jump, and which becomes the property of the winner, was won by Private North with eleven points, Private Branagan being second with ten points.

There were also Tilting at the Bucket and a race for Regimental children, the latter being won by the son of Quartermaster-Sergeant King, his second son being next.

A display of Club-Swinging to music by the gymnastic troupe and an exhibition of various gymnastic feats under the Regimental Instructor, Sergeant Drinkwater, proved most successful.¹

¹ From the *Asian*.

FOOTBALL.

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY FOOTBALL MATCHES.—SEASON 1893-94.

Date.	Match.	Where played.	Result.	Goals.		Remarks.
				For	Agst.	
1893.						
Oct. 4	Royal Artillery -	Spike Island -	won	2	1	Army Challenge Cup.
Oct. 11	85th Light Infantry -	Cork -	lost	0	1	
Oct. 24	35th Regiment -	Fermoy -	lost	0	2	
Oct. 25	65th Regiment -	Cork -	won	1	0	
Nov. 1	13th Hussars -	Ballincollig -	won	2	1	
Dec. 6	85th Light Infantry -	Kinsale -	lost	0	5	
1894.						
Jan. 3	85th Light Infantry -	Cork -	lost	1	2	
Jan. 27	65th Regiment -	Kinsale -	lost	3	5	
Feb. 7	Royal Artillery -	Spike Island -	won	2	1	
Mar. 23	13th Hussars -	Kinsale -	lost	0	2	

Matches played, 10; won 4, lost 6. Total goals for, 11; against, 20. No regular team, owing to detachments.

On Boxing Day, 1894, an Inter-Company tournament took place under the following conditions:—Teams, six a side; play, 15 minutes each way; ground, 60 yards by 30 yards.

Each Company was represented, and some of the games were well contested; G (or Major Strachan's) Company defeating F (or Major Porter's) in the final round.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

The Murray Tournament.

THE three Regiments stationed at Bareilly played off the first ties on the 16th and 18th January. The 52nd drew a bye, leaving the 1st Hampshire Regiment to play the 2nd Essex. The Hampshire Regiment won their game by two goals to one, and then had to encounter the 52nd, "who had been most carefully trained, were in first-rate fettle, and in addition, were decidedly the stronger team. Consequently, though the Hampshire men, who played a very pretty game, did all they knew, the Oxford men scored a decided win by five goals to one." The following composed the 52nd team: *Goal*, Private Vincent; *Backs*, Sergeant Norton and Private Gostlow; *Half-backs*, Sergeant Hill, Privates Smith and Piddington; *Forwards*, Lance-Corporal Aldridge, Colour-Sergeant Fielding, Privates Ackling, Day, and Branagan.

INTER-COMPANY TOURNAMENT.

OWING to the detachments in the Hills not coming down till a month later than usual, the tournament this year took place somewhat late. The teams were drawn as follows:—

Major Odell's Company *v.* Captain Stanton's Company.

Captain Fanshawe's Company *v.* Captain Napier's Company.

Captain Mockler's Company *v.* Captain Hughes' Company.

Captain Luard's Company *v.* Captain Childers' Company.

The favourites were Captain Mockler's and Captain Fanshawe's Companies, the last-named being the holders for 1893.

First Round.

The results of the first round were as follows:— Captain Stanton's Company beat Major Odell's, after playing a tie the first time. Captain Fanshawe's beat Captain Napier's very easily. Captain Mockler's beat Captain Hughes'; also an easy win. Captain Luard's and Captain Childers' had to play four times before victory could be obtained, which finally fell to Captain Childers' by one goal. The matches between these two Companies were undoubtedly the best contested ones in the tournament, both Companies being most evenly matched, and playing with great determination. For Captain Childers' Company Wells was a tower of strength; Sanders, as back, sure and hard in returning the ball; Lockwood excellent in goal; and Hinton and Worral, as forwards, very prominent. For Captain Luard's Company, Leddiard, as half-back, White forward, and Gardner back, were excellent. In reality, there was little to choose between the two teams.

Second Round.

Captain Fanshawe's *v.* Captain Childers'.

Captain Mockler's *v.* Captain Stanton's.

The result of the first of these was a great surprise, being a victory for Captain Childers' Company by two goals. Captain Fanshawe's Company seemed to have lost the combination which distinguished them last year, and, towards the end of the game, went to pieces. Captain Childers' Company again showed great dash and determination, and the same players came to the front, Lockwood being especially noticeable—a very awkward customer to tackle in goal. Captain Mockler's Company beat Captain Stanton's by three goals. It was a hollow affair, the winners quite overmatching their opponents. Captain Mockler, as usual, was magnificent, and kept his

men well in hand, showing that the veteran football player was still hard to beat.

Final.

Captain Mockler's v. Captain Childers'.

Opinions as to the respective merits of the two Companies varied, and each had its backers. Nearly the whole Regiment turned out to see the match. F Company particularly were in great force, as Mockler was to start for England immediately after the game.

For the first twenty minutes play was very even, the ball going up and down the ground, but the veteran Mockler, playing centre forward, and his Subalterns, Napier and Carter, were not to be denied, and at half-time had put two goals to the credit of F Company amidst uproarious cheers from their supporters, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" for Mockler's special benefit.

In the last half Childers' Company fell to pieces and were clearly overmatched, Mockler's Company getting five goals. Thus ended the tournament for 1894, with rather a hollow victory for Mockler's Company. The spectators left the ground with three cheers for "Mr. Mockler."

The forwards of F Company, notably the three Officers and Private Day, were too fast and good for E Company's backs, and simply ran over them. Both Napier and Carter played excellently, and Mockler as a veteran centre forward was all there. Lance-Corporal Aldridge and Lundie were two good and strong backs.

While congratulating F Company on their victory, too much praise cannot be given to E Company—the runners up—for the plucky and good game they played. In this last match, Hinton, Arnall, and Sanders were well to the front, and Lockwood did well in the exceedingly rough time of it that he had as goal-keeper.

CRICKET, 1894.
43rd LIGHT INFANTRY.
RESULTS OF MATCHES.

Date.	Club.	Where played.	Result.	43rd.		Opponents.	
				1st Innings.	2nd Innings.	1st Innings.	2nd Innings.
June 22	Grenadier Guards	Phoenix Park	Won	148	—	82	66
July 4	N. Stafford Regt.	Phoenix Park	Lost	163	—	203	—
" 18	Grenadier Guards	Phoenix Park	Lost	139	—	187	—
" 21	N. Stafford Regt.	Phoenix Park	Lost	142	—	207	—
Aug. 24	2nd Rifle Brigade	Phoenix Park	Lost	101	—	186	—
Sept. 5	County Wicklow	Bray	Won	81	125 for 8 wks.	48	38 for 3 wks.

Matches played, 6; won 2, lost 4.

All other engagements fell through owing to the Regiment taking part in the manoeuvres in the vicinity of the Curragh.

*43rd Light Infantry v. Grenadier Guards. Played in the Phoenix Park
on June 22nd, 1894.*

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

Capt. J. W. Davy, b. Broadwood	106
Mr. C. H. Cobb, b. Scott	5
Sergt. Hodding, c. Scott b. Powell	0
Capt. G. Williams, b. Powell	0
Sir C. Cuyler, b. Powell	18
Corpl. Roseblade, b. Broadwood	1
Corpl. P. T. Clark, b. Broadwood	0
Mr. L. F. Scott, b. Broadwood	4
Lance-Corpl. Newton, c. Scott b. Powell	0
Capt. W. Owen, b. Powell	0
Pte. Foster, not out	8
Extras	8
Total	148

GRENADEER GUARDS.

1st Innings.				2nd Innings.			
Capt. Cotton, b. Davy	.	.	16	b. Newton	.	.	6
Lord Kilcourse, b. Davy	.	.	12	c. Newton b. Roseblade	.	.	5
Mr. Beauclerk, c. Cuyler b. Davy	.	.	4	b. Roseblade	.	.	2
Mr. Broadwood, b. Hodding	.	.	7	c. Owen b. Clark	.	.	18
Pte. Powell, b. Hodding	.	.	0	c. Roseblade b. Clark	.	.	19
Mr. Loftus, b. Davy	.	.	18	l.b.w. b. Clark	.	.	0
Mr. Fryer, st. Cuyler b. Hodding	.	.	1	c. Hodding b. Clark	.	.	9
Mr. Wombwell, c. Cuyler b. Hodding	.	.	1	b. Davy	.	.	0
Mr. Kennard, b. Davy	.	.	0	st. Cuyler b. Clark	.	.	0
Pte. Wood, not out	.	.	14	run out	.	.	4
Pte. Scott, b. Davy	.	.	4	not out	.	.	1
Extras	.	.	5	Extras	.	.	2
Total	.	.	82	Total	.	.	66

*43rd Light Infantry v. 98th North Stafford Regiment. Played in the Phoenix Park
on July 4th, 1894.*

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.		98TH REGIMENT.	
Corpl. Boon, c. Preston b. Finch	- 16	Capt. Lindner, b. Roseblade	- 54
Capt. J. W. Davy, c. Prickard b. Finch	- 17	Lieut. Prickard, b. Roseblade	- 19
Capt. C. E. Fairtlough, b. Fillingham	- 10	Pte. Fillingham, c. Cobb b. Roseblade	- 23
Mr. C. H. Cobb, b. Preston	- 64	Mr. Finch, l.b.w. b. Clark	- 4
Sir C. Cuyler, b. Fillingham	- 5	Sergt.-Major Preston, c. Cobb, b. Hodding	- 58
Sergt. Hodding, b. Finch	- 7	Corpl. Rowley, c. Roseblade, b. Davy	- 3
Capt. Williams, b. Finch	- 10	Sergt. Ball, b. Clark	- 19
Corpl. Roseblade, c. Russell b. Finch	- 10	Mr. Carlyon, c. Williams, b. Clark	- 3
Sergt. Baldwin, l.b.w. b. Preston	- 8	Pte. Russell, st. Baldwin, b. Clark	- 0
Mr. H. L. Buck-Keene, b. Preston	- 21	Mr. Law, not out	- 9
Capt. P. T. Clark, not out	- 4	Mr. Rose, c. Boon b. Clark	- 0
Extra	- 1	Extras	- 11
Total	- 173	Total	- 203

43rd Light Infantry v. County Wicklow. Played at Bray on September 5th, 1894.

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.			
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Capt. C. E. Fairtlough, c. Barton b. Brown	- 6	c. Englebach b. Brown	- 11
Capt. G. Williams, b. Brown	- 13	run out	- 31
Mr. C. H. Cobb, b. Brown	- 0	b. Brown	- 49
Sergt. Hodding, b. Barton	- 2	c. Carter b. Winnington	- 4
Corpl. Boon, c. Englebach b. Barton	- 0	c. Darley b. Brown	- 8
Capt. P. T. Clark, b. Winnington	- 36	b. Brown	- 8
Sergt. Baldwin, c. Figgis b. Brown	- 1	b. Brown	- 0
Corpl. Roseblade, b. Brown	- 0		
Mr. K. R. Hamilton, b. Winnington	- 12	run out	- 2
Mr. L. F. Scott, not out	- 4	not out	- 2
Capt. E. W. Porter, b. Brown	- 0		
Extras	- 7	Extras	- 10
Total	- 81	Total for 8 wickets	125

COUNTY WICKLOW.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Mr. W. Dove, b. Roseblade	- 11	c. Williams b. Roseblade	- 0
Mr. J. P. Barton, c. Baldwin, b. Hodding	- 2	not out	- 21
Mr. F. D. Browne, c. Williams, b. Roseblade	- 8	not out	- 15
Mr. E. H. Wellesley, c. Porter, b. Roseblade	- 11	c. Hamilton b. Hodding	- 1
Mr. W. Darley, b. Hodding	- 0		
Mr. H. A. Englebach, b. Hadding	- 0		
Mr. J. S. Winnington, c. Boon, b. Roseblade	- 3		
Mr. J. W. Carter, c. Baldwin, b. Hodding	- 0		
Mr. E. Hanna, b. Hodding	- 3		
Mr. G. Hodson, not out	- 2	run out	- 1
Mr. E. Figgis, b. Hodding	- 2		
Extras	- 0	Extras	- 0
Total	- 42	Total for 3 wickets	38

BATTING AVERAGES, 1894.

Names.	Runs.	No. of Innings.	Times Not Out.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
Capt. J. W. Davy -	176	5	0	109	35'2
Mr. C. H. Cobb -	135	7	0	64	26'4
Capt. G. Williams -	105	7	0	31	15
Capt. P. T. Clark -	89	7	1	36	14'8
Capt. C. E. Fairtlough -	73	6	0	42	12
Sergt. Hodding -	58	6	1	40 not out	11'6
Mr. H. L. Ruck-Keene -	38	3	1	21	19
Sir C. Cuyler -	29	3	0	18	9'6
Corpl. Boon -	42	6	0	16	7
Mr. K. R. Hamilton -	20	4	1	12	6'6
Mr. L. F. Scott -	6	4	2	4 not out	3
Corpl. Roseblade -	13	6	0	10	2'1

BOWLING AVERAGES.

Name.	No. of Balls Bowled.	Maiden Overs.	No. of Runs.	No. of Wickets.	Average.
Capt. P. T. Clark -	270	5	169	19	8'8
Capt. J. W. Davy -	446	25	210	16	13'1
Sergt. Hodding -	315	15	185	14	13'2
Corpl. Roseblade -	345	14	173	12	14'4

COMPANY CRICKET TOURNAMENT.

THE Tournament this season was played on the ground at Portobello Barracks, the final match taking place on the 22nd September.

First Ties.

A (or Captain J. D. W. Davy's) Company beat D (or Captain P. T. Clark's) Company. H (or Captain C. E. G. M. Fairtlough's) Company beat G (or Major J. A. Strachan's) Company. C (or Major F. H. Plowden's) Company beat B (or Major F. J. Eveleigh's) Company. F (or Captain R. W. Porter's) Company beat E (or Captain C. Parr's) Company.

Second Ties.

H Company beat A Company, C Company beat
F Company.

Final.

H Company beat C Company by 10 wickets.

Names of the winning team.—Captain Fairtlough, Mr. K. R. Hamilton, Sergeant-Bugler F. Moore, Band-Sergeant Crawley, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin, Corporals Boon and Aries, Privates Archer and Huckins, and Boy Compton.

REGIMENTAL PONY RACE MEETING.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

Stewards: Lieut.-Colonel W. Clark, Major E. B. Pocklington, Captain R. Fanshawe, Lieut. R. C. R. Owen, Lieut. Wilkie, Lieut. Feilden.
Judge: Colonel Burton, 2nd Bengal Lancers.
Starter: Captain Steele, 2nd Bengal Lancers.
Clerk of the Scales: Captain E. D. White.
Honorary Secretary: Lieut. R. C. R. Owen.

THE Regimental Race Meeting came off on Saturday, 5th January, with great success. The entries were as good as last year, except for the Polo Cup, for which many were shy of entering owing to the class of pony likely to run being too good; it would also have been difficult to find jockeys light enough to ride the weights, the race being a handicap, and all ponies to be ridden by officers of the Regiment. Aaron, who won with some surprise last year, carried top weight, 11st. 9lbs., and won a second time, being ridden hard from start to finish by his sporting owner, who alone knows how to ride him. Dodington won the Novice Stakes on his ancient pony, The Screw, picked up from a dealer in Bareilly—a good all-round pony, being equally good at pigsticking, polo, or gymkhanas. Fanshawe won the Open Maiden Stakes on his Arab pony Bydand, the Kadir Cup winner, beating the renowned Akbar II.; Colonel Clark's Spahi showing himself a much improved pony, running a good second, with Dodington up. The fifth race, the Open Scurry, was won by Mr. Thompson's (37th Regiment) Rory; Owen's mare, Vaseline, upsetting one or two books by getting shut out in the race. The Distance Handicap

for N.C.O.'s and Men in the Regiment resulted in a surprise, being won by Lance-Corporal Hill's Billy, Private Milton's Tommy being a warm favourite. The last race, the Distance Handicap, a gift for Akbar II., was won easily by him. Last year owners gave too much start in this race, and this year too little, so we hope next year we shall have a more even handicap. The lotteries came off the night before, after a big dinner, and better lotteries were never seen in Bareilly, it being difficult sometimes to supply the demand for tickets. Owing to there being other race meetings on at the same time, no "bookies" turned up, but two totalizators did a lot of business.

FIRST RACE.—Hurdle Race. Rs. 49, open, for C. B.'s 14 hands and Arabs 13-3 and under that have never won Rs. 50. C. B.'s 14 hands and Arabs 13-3 to carry 11st. 7lbs. W. I. About 1 mile over six flights.

Capt. Trethewey's (37th Regt.) ch a g Placid Joe,

10st. 12lbs. - - - - - Capt. Cawood 1

Mr. Dodington's (52nd) ch a p Sunbeam, 10st. 12lbs. Owner 2

Capt. Luard's (52nd) g cb m Rebecca, 10st. 6lbs. Capt. Fanshawe 3

Capt. Fanshawe's (52nd) b cb p Elton, 10st. 9lbs. Mr. Owen 0

Lotteries : Tickets Rs. 300.—Elton sold for Rs. 15, Placid Joe Rs. 90, Sunbeam Rs. 40, Rebecca Rs. 10. Placid Joe took the lead from a good start, followed by Elton, the others close up. At about the six furlong post Sunbeam took a long sweep rounding the corner, losing a lot of ground, which he soon began to make up, but was unable to collar Placid Joe, who retained the lead till the end ; a bad third.

SECOND RACE.—Open Maiden Stakes. Rs. 49. Owner's handicap for all ponies. 6 furlongs.

Captain Fanshawe's (52nd) b a p Bydand, 11st. 4lbs. Owner 1

Col. Clark's (52nd) g a p Spahi, 10st. 6lbs. - Mr. Dodington 2

Mr. Wilkie's (52nd) b a p Akbar II., 11st. 7lbs. - Owner 3

Mr. Hick's (37th) b ch m The Pig, 11st. 1lb. - Owner 0

Mr. Owen's (52nd) ch cb m Molly, 10st. 1lb. - Owner 0

Mr. Powys' (52nd) ch a p Marron Glacé, 10st. 10lbs. Owner 0

Lotteries : Tickets Rs. 300.—Spahi sold for Rs. 5, Marron Glacé Rs. 5, Bydand Rs. 100, Molly Rs. 10, Akbar II. Rs. 105, The Pig Rs. 5.

Resulted in a good race between Bydand and Spahi, the former winning by about three-quarters of a length ; Akbar II. a bad third, the remainder nowhere

THIRD RACE.—Novice Stakes. Rs. 49, for Arab and C. B. ponies 13-3 and under that have never won a race of *any* value. Arabs 13-3 to carry 11st. 7lbs. C. B.'s 13-3, 11st. W. I. 3 furlongs.

Mr. Dodington's ch cb g The Screw, 10st. 11lbs.	-	Owner	1
Mr. Feilden's g a p Scarborough, 10st. 9lbs.	Capt. Fanshawe		2
Mr. Crum's g cb m Vanity, 10st. 11lbs.	-	Owner	3
Capt. Luard's g a p Quartz, 9st. 8lbs.	-	Capt. Cawood	0
Mr. Owen's b cb g Phillip, 8st. 12lbs.	-	Owner	0
Mr. Wilkie's b cb g Regret, 10st. 8lbs.	-	Owner	0

Lotteries (2) : Tickets Rs. 300.—Regret Rs. 5, Rs. 10 ; Scarborough Rs. 30, Rs. 30 ; Screw Rs. 90, Rs. 95 ; Quartz Rs. 10, Rs. 5 ; Phillip Rs. 30, Rs. 5 ; Vanity Rs. 25, Rs. 20. Phillip and The Screw took the lead followed by Vanity, Regret and Scarborough being left at the post. The latter, however, struggled hard to make up for lost ground, and came in a good second to The Screw, who kept the lead all through.

FOURTH RACE.—The Fifty-second Light Infantry Polo Cup. A Handicap for *bonâ fide* polo ponies, the property of and to be ridden by Officers of the Regiment. Ponies must have been owned for at least one month before the race, and have been played during that time. 5 furlongs.

Capt. Hughes' b a p Aaron, 11st. 9lbs.	-	Owner	1
Mr. Dodington's ch cb m Bagatelle, 11st. 11lb.	-	Owner	2
Capt. Fanshawe's ch a p Sunshine, 10st. 3lbs.	-	Owner	3
Col. Clark's br cb p Paragon, 11st. 2lbs.	-	Owner	0
Mr. Wilkie's ch a g Typhoon, 10st. 7lbs.	-	Mr. Crum	0
Mr. Owen's g a p Crusader, 10st. 3lbs.	-	Owner	0

Lotteries (2) : Tickets Rs. 300.—Crusader Rs. 55, Rs. 70, Bagatelle Rs. 40, Rs. 35, Aaron Rs. 110, Rs. 110, Typhoon Rs. 55, Rs. 30, Sunshine Rs. 20, Rs. 20, Paragon Rs. 30, Rs. 15. Crusader and Bagatelle led the way to a good start, closely followed by Paragon, till they entered the straight near the half-mile post, when Bagatelle took the lead, Crusader shutting up on being collared ; here Sunshine and Typhoon came along very strong, Paragon dropping behind. About 3 furlongs from home, Aaron, being driven along and severely chastised, gradually worked his way up, collaring Bagatelle about the distance post, when a good race ensued between them, Aaron eventually winning by about half a length, thus winning the Cup for the second time ; Sunshine third. Time 1 min. 18 secs.

FIFTH RACE.—Open Scurry. Rs. 49, for ponies 13-3 and under that have never won Rs. 50. 13-3 to carry 12st., Gymkhana winners 4lbs. and 7lbs. 3 furlongs.

Mr. Tompson's (37th) ch a p Rory, 11st. 3lbs.	-	Owner	1
Mr. Craik's (37th) g cb g Father O'Flynn,			
11st. 7lbs.	- - - - -	Capt. Cawood	2
Mr. Owen's (52nd) b ch m Vaseline, 11st. 5lbs.	-	Owner	3
Mr. Hicks' (37th) g a p Haroun, 11st. 1lb.	-	Mr. Dodington	0
Capt. Steele's (2nd B.L.) b ch m Jenny, 10st. 6lbs.		Native	0
Mr. Carter's (52nd) bk a p Blackbird, 12st.	- -	Owner	0
Mr. Wilkie's (52nd) b ch g Regret, 11st. 1lb.	-	Owner	0
Mr. Bewsher's (37th) ch a p Pale Tail, 11st. 7lbs.	-	Mr. Osborn	0
Capt. Luard's (52nd) g ch m Rebecca, 11st. 5lbs.		Capt. Fanshawe	0
Surg.-Capt. Dunn's b ch g Bob, 10st. 12lb.	- -	Owner	0

Lotteries : Tickets Rs. 300.—Vaseline sold for Rs. 15, Pale Tail Rs. 10, Father O'Flynn Rs. 10, Jenny Rs. 5, Rory Rs. 50, Haroun Rs. 0, Rebecca Rs. 5, Blackbird Rs. 80, Bob Rs. 5, Regret Rs. 5. After one false start Rory and Father O'Flynn got away best, followed by Vaseline and the remainder, except Regret, always a bad one to start, who was left at the post. Soon after the start Rory crossed Vaseline and closed in on Father O'Flynn, thus shutting out Vaseline, who would probably have done better. Rory won by about a length from Father O'Flynn ; Vaseline half a length behind the latter.

SIXTH RACE.—Distance Handicap for horses and ponies belonging to N.C.O.'s and Men of the 52nd Light Infantry. Rs. 70, of which Rs. 20 to second pony, Rs. 10 to third. Catch weights. 5 furlongs.

Lie.-Cpl. Hill's Billy, 90 yds.	- - - -	Owner	1
Cpl. Wallace's Bobby, 50 yds.	- - - -	Owner	2
Pte. Milton's Tommy, 30 yds.	- - - -	Owner	3
Pte. Milton's Jack, 20 yds.	- - - -	Pte. Bishop	0
Lie.-Cpl. Simpkin's Plate Rack, 10 yds.	- - - -	Owner	0
Sergt. Bridgwater's 'Arriet, scratch	- - - -	Pte. W. Harrison	0

Lotteries : Tickets Rs. 200.—Jack Rs. 20, Bobby Rs. 5, Plate Rack Rs. 35, Tommy Rs. 40, Billy Rs. 10, 'Arriet Rs. 15. It was a difficult matter to handicap these ponies, as no one knew their form, and so Col. Burton, 2nd Bengal Lancers, kindly undertook to do it. However, Billy, who had the most start, 90 yds., kept the lead throughout and won easily, though his jockey looked anxiously behind him the whole way up the straight. Tommy struggled hard to make up the distance, but failed. Plate Rack, a great 15 hand "caster," brought up the rear, many lengths behind the remainder. He was given the name "Plate Rack"

owing to there being so much space visible between his ribs that one could almost put plates in between them. 'Arriet, a smart looking mare of Sergt. Bridgwater's, was put scratch, but her smart appearance belied her, and she could neither stay nor make up any ground.

SEVENTH RACE.—Distance Handicap. Rs. 49, for all ponies. Catch weights over 11st. 5 furlongs.

Mr. Wilkie's b a p Akbar II., scratch	-	-	-	Owner	1
Mr. Dodington's ch cb g The Screw, 45 yds. start	-			Owner	2
Mr. Osborn's ch cb g The Moke, 60 yds.	-	-		Owner	3
Mr. Owen's ch a p Multum in Parvo, 90 yds.	-			Owner	0
Capt. Luard's g cb p Jowler, 70 yds.	-	-	-	Owner	0
Mr. Powys' b cb m Psyche, 60 yds.	-	-	-	Owner	0
Mr. Hunter's ch a p Moses, 55 yds.	-	-	-	Owner	0
Col. Clark's b a p Donald, 50 yds.	-	-	-	Owner	0

Lotteries : Tickets Rs. 300.—Moses Rs. 40, The Moke Rs. 5, Jowler Rs. 5, The Screw Rs. 20, Donald Rs. 5, Multum in Parvo Rs. 10, Akbar II. Rs. 70, Psyche Rs. 0. An easy win for Akbar II., though his second race for the day. The Screw ran a good pony, but hadn't quite enough start, The Moke, who also got a place last year, finishing third.

Thus ended a most enjoyable meeting, and we trust next year we may have as good and as successful a one.

R.C.R.O.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE following pictures have become the property of the 43rd Officers' Mess, during the past year:—

Sir John Moore: A full length portrait (size 2ft. 6in. by 1ft. 6in.), presented by Major J. T. O'Brien, late 43rd Light Infantry. This picture is a reduced copy of the portrait at the Dépôt, and Major O'Brien, previous to his death, also gave similar copies to the Sergeants' Mess, and to the Men's Recreation Room of the Regiment.

A Party of the 52nd encamped in the Champs Elysées: A small print (purchased).

Grand Entry of the Allied Sovereigns into Paris on the 31st March 1814: Small coloured print (purchased).

Village of Waterloo: Small coloured print, representing the French cannon being conveyed from the field of battle, 24th July 1815, and reproduced from a drawing made on the spot (purchased).

Portrait of Napoleon: Small print representing Napoleon on the evening before the Battle of Austerlitz. On one side of him are his various despatches and maps, and on the other two groups of piled arms, with the Eagle laid across the top (purchased).

A Private of the 43rd: Water-colour sketch of a Soldier of the Regiment (1815), by Nicholas Condry. Presented by Captain P. T. Clark. Mr. Condry served in the 43rd from 1811 to 1813, and was placed on Half-pay 1818. He then became an artist, and painted, amongst other things, the Group of Officers (1837) with the dog "Chicken," which hangs in the Mess.

Pigsticking: Four artist's proofs, by G. D. Giles. Presented by Mr. J. C. A. G. Mackenzie.

This year, the large picture of Sir John Moore, belonging to the Officers of the 52nd, was transferred from the Junior United Service Club to the Dépôt at Oxford. The following extract from a letter¹ in the possession of the 52nd mess, relates to the picture:—

“The picture of Sir John Moore was painted in 1820–21, by Northcott; the figure of the Corporal holding the General’s horse is a portrait also; his name was Hoby, and I remember the circumstances of his being sent from the Regiment for the purpose of being painted into the picture.

“I sailed in the same ship (*Cato*) that carried it to North America in 1823, and my hammock was slung alongside its huge case in the memorable passage home from Halifax, N.S., to Portsmouth, in the transport, *Marquis of Huntley*, in October 1831.”

The picture was found to be too large for most Mess Rooms (10 ft. by 6 ft., including frame), and there was the danger of its being injured in the constant movements of the Regiment, so, in 1834, with the sanction of the Committee of the Junior United Service Club, it was placed in that Club for safe custody, where it hung for 60 years.

At the Bareilly Sky Races (Captain Fanshawe, Hon. Sec.), held on the 18th and 20th January 1894, Mr. Mackenzie’s “Akbar II.,” ridden by Mr. R. Owen, won the *Pony Hurdles*; Major Odell’s “Atlas” won the *Scurry*, while the following 52nd horses were placed: Captain Fanshawe’s “Bydand,” third in the *Eastern Stakes*; Mr. R. Owen’s “Bachelor,” second in the *Bareilly Steeplechase*; Mr. Mackenzie’s “Rozel,” second in the *Rampur Handicap*; Mr. Mackenzie’s “Akbar II.,” second in the *Pony Hurdles*; Captain

¹ Signed *W. R. Fuller*.

Hughes' "Aaron," third in the *Scurry*; Mr. Mackenzie's "Rozel," third in the *Pony Handicap*; Captain Fanshawe's "Bydand," third in the *Consolation Stakes*; and Mr. Wilkie's "Nomad," third in the *Novice Scurry*. Mr. Owen's grand little animal "Bachelor," after running second in the *Steeplechase*, was seized with colic on reaching his stables and died within a few hours. "Everybody," writes the *Asian*, "sympathises with the owner for his loss."

During the month of April, several fair baskets of trout were caught by the 43rd Officers in waters round Kinsale, the small "March-Brown" being the killing fly.

The 43rd Quoit Tournament was concluded at Kinsale on the 23rd April:—1st Prize, Lance-Sergeant Baldwin and Private W. H. Smith (H Company); 2nd Prize, Lance-Corporal Gallagher (D Company) and Bugler Vincent (H Company).

At the Bareilly Open Gymkhana held on the 25th and 27th April, the 52nd were, as usual, well to the fore:—

The Polo Race.—Major Odell's "Dispute," 1st; Mr. Dodington's "Sunbeam," 2nd; Mr. Crum's "Rufus," 3rd.

The Open Handicap.—Mr. Wilkie's "Akbar II.," 1st; Captain Fanshawe's "Bydand," 3rd.

The Novice Stakes.—Mr. Feilden's "Picture," 2nd; Mr. Watt's "Duststorm," 3rd.

The Maiden Scurry.—Major Odell's "Atlas," 2nd.

The Polo Scurry.—Major Odell's "Atlas," 1st; Mr. Dodington's "Sunbeam," 2nd; Mr. Wilkie's "Regret," 3rd.

The Even Weight Stakes.—Mr. Wilkie's "Akbar II.," 2nd.

The Consolation Scurry.—Mr. Dodington's "Sunbeam," 1st; Mr. Watt's "Biscuit," 2nd; Mr. Crum's Rufus," 3rd.

At the Poona Gymkhana meeting held on the 8th May, Captain Upperton's b a p "Bashan" won the race "for Galloways that have never taken a prize, value Rs. 100." His br a g "Jodha," ran third for "Galloways that have never won an event of any description."

At the Naini Tal Spring Races, 26th May, Mr. Wilkie's "Akbar II." won the *Cheena Plate*, and ran second for the *Ayarpatta Handicap*. Mr. Osborn's "Jim" was second in the *Polo Scurry*, and Mr. Wilkie's "Bob" third in the *Handicap Scurry*.

The following appeared in *Vanity Fair* some twenty years ago, and, if not strictly accurate, is at any rate amusing :—

"REGIMENTAL TYPES.—There are now a large number of Regiments officially styled Fusiliers or Light Infantry; indeed, such titles have become so common as almost to have lost their value. A few Regiments have, however, long been so styled, or have been recognized crack Corps on account of this distinction. There are the 7th or Royal, the 23rd or Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and the 43rd and 52nd Light Infantry; the others have always held, comparatively, quite an inferior position. Of the four Regiments above named, the 43rd and 52nd have pretended to the highest position, their claim being based in great measure on having, with the old 95th, now the Rifle Brigade, belonged to Craufurd's celebrated command during the Peninsular War. The 7th or the Royal Fusiliers at one time ran them hard for a very obvious reason; formerly all the Subalterns in the 7th were Lieutenants, which fact, to a certain extent, assimilated this Regiment to the Guards. There always has been, and still is, a distinctive uniform for Fusiliers and Light Infantry, and it is astonishing how much arrogance is stimulated by a circumstance of that sort. We really believe that, if a General Order were to appear saying that Her Majesty had been graciously pleased to direct that in future the (say) 159th Regiment was to wear a donkey's

tail fastened to the tunic and be called 'the Royal Hee Haughs,' the 159th would at once begin to despise all other Line Regiments. The 43rd and 52nd are less exclusive, perhaps, than formerly, when they considered it a duty to abstain from intimacy with the rest of the Line. A quarter of a century back the Depôt of the 43rd was stationed at Chatham together with the Depôts of many other Corps. The Officers all messed together; that the 43rd could not help, but they determined that no circumstances should make them forget their position, and it was understood throughout the Garrison that the Officers of the 43rd objected to associate with any but Fusilier or Light Infantry Officers. There is less of that sort of haughtiness now; still, Fusiliers and Light Infantry consider themselves a sort of *petite noblesse* in the Army, and, like all members of an inferior aristocracy, they give themselves more airs than persons belonging to the *haute noblesse*. In these days ostentatious arrogance would hardly go down, but they seek to imply rather than proclaim their superiority to other numbered Regiments—speak of the latter as 'the Line,' as if they, too, were not of it, and complacently offer up to Mars a prayer of thanksgiving that they are not as other soldiers, or even as that 'grabby,' as they contemptuously term ordinary Foot Regiments."

Again, the same Paper spoke of us in a more kindly manner:—

"The Regiment is a sort of Juggernaut to the Officers of these two Regiments, and all private feelings are viewed as nothing compared with the credit of the Regiment."

On page 26 of the "Chronicle" for 1892, we omitted the name of Colour-Sergeant W. B. Garland as a recipient of the *Medal for Distinguished Conduct in the Field*. This fine old soldier, who was Drill-Sergeant and Colour-Sergeant in the 43rd, was, until recently, Garrison Sergeant-Major at Dublin, where he is now residing.

The following is an extract from Regimental Orders, dated 28th August, 1866:—

"No. 5. The Commanding Officer has much pleasure in publishing the following letter for the information of the Regiment:—

"Horse Guards,

"SIR,

"21st August, 1866.

WITH reference to your letter of the 16th inst., and to your despatch addressed to the General Officer Commanding the Forces in New Zealand,

dated 21st May 1864, relative to the gallant conduct of Colour-Sergeant W. B. Garland of the Regiment under your command in the action at the Gate Pah, near Tauranga, on the 29th of the previous month, I have now the satisfaction to acquaint you by direction of the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, that Her Majesty has been pleased to approve of the above-named Non-Commissioned Officer being granted an annuity of £15, together with a Silver Medal, as a reward for his highly distinguished and gallant conduct on the occasion above alluded to; the annuity to date from the 6th July 1866, inclusive.

"I have to add that a further communication will be made to you as soon as the medal for 'Distinguished Conduct in the Field,' for Colour-Sergeant Garland will have been received from the Mint.

"I have, &c.,

"(Signed) W. F. FORSTER.

"Lieut.-Col. Synge,

"Commanding 43rd Regiment, Portsmouth."

The following is extracted from the *Sunday Reporter*, dated May 10th, 1801 :—

"DIED,

"A FEW days ago, at his house in Mansfield Street, of a cancer on his tongue, which he bore with true Christian patience and resignation to the will of the Supreme Being, General Cyrus Trapaud, aged 87 years, Colonel of His Majesty's 52nd Regiment of Foot, and the oldest General in His Majesty's Service, in which he served 67 years. He was related to the Marshal Turenne, the reigning Duke of Bouillon, and the Duke Lasoaree. His family came to this country in the reign of Queen Anne: his father having a Regiment in France, Her Majesty gave him a Regiment of Dragoons, which he commanded at Portugal. The General served under His late Majesty George II. in the Battles of Dettingen, Val, *alias* Lafeldt, in Germany; also the memorable battles of Fontenoy, Falkirk, Culloden, and Guadaloupe."

General Trapaud was transferred from the 70th Regiment to the 52nd as Colonel-in-Chief on the 14th May 1778, and at his death was succeeded by Major-General John Moore (8th May 1801).

A short history of the Regiment, accompanied by a coloured plate, appeared in the *Army and Navy Gazette* of 7th July 1894.

Captain E. D. White bagged four tahr, two black bears, and six gooral, during a recent short trip to the Himalayas.

Captain G. F. Mockler, shooting this summer in Lahoul and Ladak, bagged three snow bear, two tahr, one ibex, seven gooral, two burrell, six chinkara, one kyang, and four Tibetan gazelle, one of the latter bearing *record* horns.

Messrs. Feilden and Dodington made the following bag, near Chamba, between August 15th and October 15th :—one leopard, one black bear, four tahr, five gooral, one black buck, and a number of Himalayan pheasants.

The following were omitted from the list of plate (belonging to the Officers, 43rd Light Infantry) given in last year's "Chronicle" :—

Silver Cup.—S.I.R.A., 1876, Bangalore Cup, won by the 43rd Light Infantry. Score 393 points. Captain R. B. R. Williamson, Quartermaster-Sergeant McEwen, Sergeant Instructor of Musketry C. W. Campbell, Colour-Sergeant G. Gepp, Sergeant W. Trotman, Sergeant Smith, Bugler Jobson, Private W. Jones.

Centre-piece.—A magnificent work of art, modelled in silver, the gift of W. Egerton, Esq., in memory of his son, who was killed by the collapse of a race-stand at Lismacrony, Ireland, in 1848.

The monument is 36 inches in height, and stands on an ebony pedestal four inches high. The base is triangular with concave sides, and the angles cut off. From the centre of this rises a cylindrical block, which supports a hexagonal base, from which again rises a fluted column. Surmounting the column is a kneeling figure (winged) of Victory, in an attitude of grief, with trumpet in one hand and laurel-wreath in the other. At the angles of the triangular base stand three figures

(representing an officer, a bugler, and a private of the Regiment in the uniform of the period) in an attitude of mourning. Height of figures, 13 inches. On each concave side of this base is a sword and torch (flame downwards) entwined with laurel wreaths. The cylindrical base behind the figures is draped with a pall, lifted between the figures, to disclose the following devices and inscriptions:—Between the bugler and private, the Regimental badge on a shield; between the bugler and officer, a shield with the arms of the Egerton family; between the officer and private, the following inscription:—

Presented by
Wilbraham Egerton, Esquire,
of Tatton Park, Cheshire,
to the Officers of the 43rd Light Infantry
as a remembrance
and a mark of his esteem and regard for a Regiment
to which his son, Major Egerton, was so much attached,
and in which, on 10th April 1848,
after twenty-four years' service,
he ended his life.

On the hexagonal block, above the cylindrical one, are chased, on three sides the Battles, Vimiera, Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes d'Honor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Nive, Toulouse, Peninsula, and on the remaining three sides lions' heads. Resting on the top of the hexagonal block and surrounding the fluted column are three flags, each crossed with a bare flag-pole having a palm branch entwined with it. Two of the flags have the Union Jack and names of Battles engraved, to represent the Colours of the Regiment, and the third is plain.

The clock which hangs on the wall of the men's library (43rd) was presented to the Regiment in 1878. The case is of teak wood handsomely carved, and is two feet

high by one foot nine inches broad. Across the face (which is nine inches in diameter) is inscribed in black letters "43rd Light Infantry," and at the foot of the case there is a silver plate bearing the following inscription:—"Presented by the Inhabitants of Madras to the men of H.M. 43rd Regiment Light Infantry, for services rendered in extinguishing a fire in Popham's Broadway, Madras."

At the Ranikhet Gymkhana held on the 11th October, Mr. A. C. Edwardes won the *Singlesticks on Horseback*, Captain Stanton being second; the latter also took second prize in the *Heads and Posts*, taking a peg with a sword.

Mr. Charles Booth (son of Lt.-Colonel Henry Booth, K.H., and brother of Lt.-Colonel H. J. P. Booth), has this year made a valuable present to the 43rd in the shape of a stand of their old Colours. The Colours in question came into the possession of Mr. Booth's mother when her husband succeeded to the command of the Regiment, but there is no record as to their date. It is more than probable that they are the Colours which were presented to the 43rd by Lady Blakeney at Valenciennes in 1818, and which were replaced by a new set presented by Mrs. Haverfield at Gibraltar in 1827. It was customary in those days for the lady presenting new Colours to receive the old ones, and it is therefore imagined that Mrs. Haverfield received these Colours, and that, on the death of her husband (while in command of the Regiment), she handed them over to his successor, Colonel Booth. Both Colours are in an excellent state of preservation, though the King's Colour appears to have been more used than the Regimental one. "Peninsula" is the only *distinction* on the Colours.

During the past Autumn, Mr. Wilberforce, late 52nd Light Infantry, published a book, entitled, "An Unrecorded Chapter of the Indian Mutiny" (*Murray, London*); it was very well noticed by the press, and has reached a second edition. Several old 52nd Officers, however, have discovered inaccuracies in the work, and propose publishing a thorough review of it, which we hope to be able to reproduce in the next number of the "Chronicle."

"On the 15th November 1894, at St. James's, Piccadilly, Lieut.-Colonel J. F. Girardot, late 43rd Light Infantry, and Adjutant 4th Battalion Sherwood Foresters, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late James S. Evans, of Trevaughan, County Carmarthen."

Colonel Girardot, it will be remembered, was one of the survivors from the wreck of the *Birkenhead*.

Captain H. R. Davies (Intelligence Department, Simla), has left India for Yunnan, with a passport from the Chinese Government.

Bareilly Open Gymkhana, 11th December 1894:—*Polo Scurry*, Captain Hughes' "Aaron" 3rd; *Steeplechase*, Mr. Dodington's "Bagatelle" 1st, Mr. Powys' "Marron Glacé" 2nd; *Novice Stakes*, Col. Clark's "Spahi" 3rd; *Rampur Stakes*, Captain Hughes' "Aaron" 2nd; Mr. Wilkie's "Akbar II." 3rd; *Lilliputs*, Mr. Wilkie's "Typhoon" 3rd.

On the 27th December 1894, at Sandford Church, Crediton, by the Rev. L. J. White-Thomson, cousin of the bride, assisted by the Rev. F. J. Coleridge, Rural Dean and Vicar of Cadbury, GEORGE NORTHCOTE COLVILE, Lieutenant Oxfordshire Light Infantry, eldest son of Lieut.-General F. Colvile, C.B., late 43rd Light Infantry, to ELEANOR HARRIOTT, eldest daughter of Mr. A.

Ferguson-Davie, of Stokeleigh, Surrey, and niece of Sir John Ferguson-Davie, Bart., D.L., J.P., of Creedy Park, Crediton, Devon.

Captain E. T. C. Bower's appointment as Assistant-Inspector of Signalling, which expired on 27th July, was extended to 31st December 1894.

The last letter received from Captain A. B. Thruston, with the Uganda Commission, took five months in reaching England. When it left (August 6th), he was at Hoima, Unyoro, and he writes:—"I have charge of the country between the Albert Nyanza and Uganda, but only 500 soldiers to hold it with, and am, therefore, continuously engaged in *chasse aux nègres*, but I hope to get to England next summer."

Later news has, however, since come to hand, and the following appeared in the *Times*:

"On August 27th Captain Thruston, the Officer commanding, hearing of a proposed attack by King Kabarega, marched out with 120 Soudanese rifles, meeting the forces of Kabarega, composed of 800 rifles and some thousand spearmen, about two miles from the fort, and after two hours' sharp fighting routed the Unyoros, who left some 200 dead, including several important chiefs, on the field. In view of his complete defeat it is unlikely that Kabarega will make any further raids for some time. Some of Kabarega's men were, strange to say, armed with repeating rifles."

On Boxing Day the men of the 43rd held a most successful Smoking Concert at Ship Street Barracks. The most noticeable items in the programme were a really capital display with Indian Clubs by Sergeant C. Baldwin, a recitation by Sergeant Pears, a nigger sketch by Privates Thompson and Frewen, and Bugler Vincent, and an excellent comic song "The Irish Jubilee" by Bugler Crowley, in which the singer not only displayed great vocal abilities, but also proved himself to be possessed of a very marvellous memory.

A letter from the 52nd, at Bareilly, dated 31st December, says:—"We are practising hard for the Lucknow Polo Tournament: team, No. 1, Dodington; No. 2, Fanshawe; No. 3, Colonel Clark; No. 4, R. Owen. Everyone is well, except Feilden, who has had enteric fever, but is getting better every day, and Edwardes, who was down with sunstroke, also doing well."

During Christmas week, Captain White and Mr. Trench, shot 11 black buck at Bhurtpore, with horns averaging $19\frac{1}{2}$ inches; while Messrs. Crum and Dodington, at Aligarh, bagged 21, with horns of a somewhat shorter average length.

CHANGES IN EQUIPMENT, ISSUE OF CLOTHING, &c., 1894.

DURING the year, the only change of any importance has been the issue of the new pattern cap, which was taken into wear on the 1st April, in place of the old Glengarry. The badge on this cap is a small and neat bugle.

Cleaning rods have been withdrawn from the men's rifles, with the exception of four per Company, which are carried by the Sergeants. The "pull-through," contained in the butt of each rifle, is considered sufficient for ordinary cleaning purposes.

The system of clothing has been entirely altered under the revised Clothing Regulations. Briefly, the following are the principal changes:—

(1.) Issues are made on the anniversary of the soldier's enlistment.

(2.) Clothing is divided into Personal clothing and Public clothing. Great-coats, helmets, havresacks, and leggings are Public; everything else, Personal.

(3.) All Personal clothing is issued new, and, when worn out, becomes the property of the soldier. Public clothing can be issued "part-worn," and is always the property of the State.

(4.) Full compensation is issued if the man is in hospital, *i.e.*, on the anniversary of his enlistment, and on his return to duty he has to purchase any articles which he may require.

A new form of *monthly pay list*, containing a clothing account, has been introduced, and, under the present arrangement, the responsibility of clothing the men has been more or less transferred from the Quartermaster to the Company Officers.

ANNUAL DINNERS, 1894.

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

THE Dinner took place at the Hotel Metropole, on the 18th June, when the following were present :—

Lt.-Colonel J. Johnstone, commanding the 43rd Light Infantry, in the chair; Viscount Bangor, Captain E. T. C. Bower, Colonel J. Colebrooke Carter, Lord Eustace Cecil, Lt.-General F. Colville, C.B., Captain H. R. Stapleton Cotton, Captain C. R. Day, Major R. Eccles, Captain C. E. G. M. Fairtlough, Captain A. C. French, Lt.-Colonel Girardot, Major Grant, Lieut. K. R. Hamilton, Lieut. F. J. Henley, Captain Shaw-Kennedy, Lieut. Ruck Keene, Captain F. Lamotte, Lt.-General the Hon. R. Monck, Lt.-Colonel A. C. Money, Captain T. H. Pearson, Lieut. P. S. Stanhope, Major F. A. B. Talbot, Major H. C. Talbot, Captain H. A. Terry, Lt.-General F. Green-Wilkinson, Captain J. Hanbury-Williams, Mr. Gerald Young.

There are at present sixty-five members of the Club, and the following constitute the Committee :—Lt.-General F. Colville, C.B. (*Hon. Sec.*), Lt.-General the Hon. R. Monck, Colonel Count de Morel, Lt.-Colonel A. C. Money, and Major J. A. Strachan.

Since the Dinner of 1893, two members, we regret to say, have died, viz. : General the Hon. Sir Augustus Spencer, G.C.B., and Mr. Vere Fane Bennett-Stanford.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

THE Annual Dinner took place at the Savoy Hotel on the 22nd June, the following being present :—

Lt.-General Green-Wilkinson, Colonel of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, in the chair; Colonel H. C. Adams,

Major-General Bailie, Major J. A. Bayley, Major C. J. Boyle, Lt.-Colonel Brownrigg, Lt.-Colonel the Hon. G. H. Windsor-Clive, Lt.-Colonel C. K. Crosse, Captain A. T. Crosse, Major the Hon. A. E. Dalzell, Lt.-Colonel H. M. S. Douglas, Captain H. G. Fane, Surgeon-Major H. A. Gogarty, Deputy-Surgeon-General C. A. Innes, Lt.-Colonel J. Johnstone, Colonel H. Kingscote, Captain E. A. E. Lethbridge, Major R. M. Pulteney, Lieut. F. W. M. D. Scott, Captain A. G. Scriven, Captain W. J. Stopford.

Last year there were twenty-two subscribers to the dinner, nineteen of whom dined ; this year the number of subscribers has increased to forty-eight.

A subscriber pays 1*l.* 1*s.* *per annum*, whether he dines or not, with such an addition, if he dines, as the state of the Fund may require (usually about 5*s.*). A gentleman qualified to dine, though not being a subscriber, pays 2*l.* 2*s.*

The annual gathering always takes place on the Friday in Ascot week.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROLL OF COMMANDING OFFICERS, 43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

Charles Crosbie (or Crosby)	-	29th January 1740.
Demetrius James	- -	2nd February 1757.
John Dalling	- - -	27th February 1760.
Gervase Remington	- -	4th December 1767.
George Clerk	- - -	8th February 1775.
James Marsh	- - -	28th August 1776.
George Hewitt	- - -	12 October 1787.
James Drummond	- -	23rd April 1794.
George Denniss	- - -	

[Commanded the Regiment in the absence of Colonel Drummond, prisoner of war and on leave, 1794-97. Colonel Drummond again took Command in 1797, but in May of that year became Brigadier-General, Commanding at St. Lucia, when Colonel Denniss resumed Command until 1799.]

William Montgomery ⁽¹⁾	- -	26 July 1799.
Richard Stewart (<i>1st Battalion</i>)	-	5th November 1800.
William Sorell (<i>2nd Battalion</i>)	-	25th November 1804.
William Gifford	- - -	

[Commanded the *2nd Battalion* 1807, and in 1809 was transferred to the Command of the *1st Battalion*. In the same year he went on the Staff, but subsequently returned to the command of the *2nd Battalion*, which he continued to hold until 1814.]

Edward Hull ⁽²⁾	- - -	
----------------------------	-------	--

[Commanded the *2nd Battalion* 8th September 1808; transferred to the Command of the *1st Battalion* 1810.]

⁽¹⁾ Died in Command.

⁽²⁾ Killed in Command.

Charles M ^c Leod ⁽¹⁾ (1st Battalion)	16th August 1810.
Daniel James Hearn (1st Battalion)	14th May 1812.
Christopher Patrickson (1st Battn.)	17th June 1813.
John Wells (2nd Battalion) -	4th August 1814.
Thomas Pearson (2nd Battalion until disbanded) -	16th November 1815.
William Haverfield ⁽²⁾ -	29th August 1823.
Henry Booth ⁽²⁾ -	29th June 1830.
James Forlong -	7th May 1841.
Henry Skipwith -	17th October 1851.
George Talbot -	7th November 1856.
James Maurice Primrose -	20th March 1857.
H. J. P. Booth ⁽¹⁾ -	11th February 1862.
F. H. Syngé -	1st May 1864.
F. M. Colvile -	20th September 1871.
F. A. Smith -	1st December 1875.
H. S. Cochrane -	16th February 1878.
H. A. Brett -	1st July 1881.
S. Crozier -	1st July 1885.
G. F. Vesey -	1st July 1887.
A. C. Money -	1st July 1891.
James Johnstone -	16th March 1892.

ROLL OF COMMANDING OFFICERS,

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

John Mompeson -	15th December 1755.
Alexander Mackay -	21st December 1755.
Valentine Jones -	4th March 1760.
M. Campbell -	15th January 1776.
Christopher French -	3rd November 1777.
Turner Straubenzee -	5th October 1778.

⁽¹⁾ Killed in Command.

⁽²⁾ Died in Command.

Colebrook Nisbett	-	-	-	12th June 1789.
George Brodie	-	-	-	1st September 1795.
John Vesey (<i>1st Battalion</i>)	-	-	-	6th September 1798.
S. H. Lumley (<i>2nd Battalion</i>)	-	-	-	29th November 1798.
A. Dirom (<i>2nd Battalion</i>)	-	-	-	6th June 1799.
Kenneth Mackenzie (<i>1st Battalion</i>)	-	-	-	27th February 1803.
Robert Barclay	-	-	-	-

[Commanded *2nd Battalion* on its formation, 8th August 1804, until 29th May 1806, when he was transferred to the Command of the *1st Battalion*.]

John Ross (<i>2nd Battalion</i>)	-	-	-	18th February 1808.
H. Arbuthnot (<i>1st Battalion</i>)	-	-	-	9th May 1811.
John Colbourne (<i>1st Battalion</i>)	-	-	-	18th July 1811.
E. Gibbs (<i>2nd Battalion</i>)	-	-	-	8th April 1813.
James Fergusson	-	-	-	2nd June 1825.
William Blois	-	-	-	6th June 1839.
Richard French	-	-	-	16th June 1846.
H. S. Davies	-	-	-	21st May 1850.
Cecil W. Forester	-	-	-	22nd August 1851.
George Campbell	-	-	-	27th May 1853.
T. Leslie Dennis	-	-	-	1st April 1858.
A. L. Peel	-	-	-	25th October 1864.
E. G. Curzon	-	-	-	19th February 1870.
W. B. B. Barwell	-	-	-	1st November 1877.
T. M. Bailie	-	-	-	8th July 1881.
Howard Kingscote	-	-	-	8th July 1885.
H. C. Adams	-	-	-	8th July 1889.
William Clark	-	-	-	27th July 1891.

A HISTORY OF REGIMENTAL HEAD-DRESSES.

THE Light Infantry soldier has not always been unrecognizable from his brother of the Line, for, until the introduction of the present pattern helmet, the Light Infantryman generally wore something to distinguish him as such. Now, although Highlanders, Riflemen, and Fusiliers wear hats of varied pattern, the Light Infantry soldier has to content himself with a "shade of green" which, at half a dozen yards, might be blue or black. The powers that arrange such minor details doubtless have good reasons for their disregard of Regimental feelings; but if we can boast at present no head-dress worth speaking about, at any rate we can have the satisfaction of looking back at the hats of our ancestors, who doubtless, in donning them, had feelings akin to the Pharisee, and thanked God that they were not as other men.

To attempt to record every little change in a century and a half would be almost an impossibility, yet we have, by carefully searching all available records, been able to collect a certain amount of information regarding the head-dresses worn at different periods by the 43rd and 52nd, and, with the assistance of our artist, we now lay down our kits for inspection.



1741.



GRENADEIER COMPANY, 1741.

To go back to the earliest times, we find that from 1741 to 1763 the three-cornered hat was the universal

head-dress of the Infantry of the Army. Fusilier Regiments and the Grenadier Companies of all Regiments wore the conical Grenadier hat. The men's head-dress was bound with white lace, and the Officers' with silver lace both in the 43rd and in the 52nd. The Grenadier hats were made of cloth, stiffened with buckram. The front was white in the 43rd and black in the 52nd; the back was scarlet in both Regiments, and elaborately embroidered in coloured silks and worsted. The front flap was scarlet in both corps with *Nec aspera terrent* and the "White Horse" embroidered in white. The turn-up back flap was of the colour of the Regimental facing, like the front of the hat.



1768.



GRENADEER COMPANY, 1768.

In 1768, as will be seen from the sketch, the "cock" of the hat was considerably altered, and the Grenadier cloth hat was superseded by a bear-skin hat with black japanned plate in front, on which the King's Crest and *Nec aspera terrent* appeared in relief, in white metal for the men, and silver for the Officers of both Regiments.

At this period a Company was formed in each Battalion, called at first the "Picquet," afterwards the "Light" Company. A great variety of head-dresses, differing regimentally, was worn by them; some wore helmets similar to the Light Dragoons, others ordinary beaver hats with bear-skin crests, but what patterns the 43rd

and 52nd adopted unfortunately the records do not say. Later on, about 1790, certain Regiments were permitted to wear feathers in their hats of various colours. This was conferred for distinguished services, and hence probably arose the expression "a feather in his cap."

In 1792 the "cock" again changed, and in 1798 the hats increased to colossal proportions, and a red and



1792.



1798.

white feather was ordered to be worn universally, except by the Grenadiers, who wore white in their bearskins, and the Light Companies, who wore green in their helmets or hats.

In 1800 the shako was issued to all infantry soldiers, even the Grenadiers, who, however, wore bearskins on great occasions. The Officers still wore their huge cocked hats, but fore-and-aft instead of broadside on. The Officers of Light Companies and Light Infantry Corps were ordered to wear shakoes like their men, with a green feather.⁽¹⁾ The first pattern (worn in Egypt) was straight up and down, and received the nickname of the "smoke-jack." In



1805.

⁽¹⁾ *General Order*.—"In future, the use of hats is to be entirely abolished throughout the whole of the Infantry of the Army, and instead thereof caps are to be worn, of which a sealed pattern has, by order of His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief,

ensuing years it became more conical in shape, and was in use in many corps as late as Waterloo. Our illustration represents this as worn in the Regiment in 1805.



43RD OFFICER.



1809-16.



52ND OFFICER.

The next change which we have to notice occurred in 1809, when a new pattern shako (closely copied from the head-dress worn at that period in the Austrian army) was issued, and ordered to be worn by both the Officers and the men; it was of felt, with a "false front" and a leather peak. The late Rev. J. R. Gleig, who was an authority on these matters, described the pattern worn by Light Infantry Regiments as having a much lower

been deposited in the office of the Comptroller of Army Accounts, there to be had recourse to as occasion may require.

"His Majesty is pleased to permit the Colonels to engrave the number of their respective Regiments on each side of the lion on the lower part of the brass fronting; and likewise to the Regiments which are entitled to that distinction His Majesty grants permission to bear their badges in the centre of the Garter. The Grenadiers, who are allowed to wear these caps occasionally, when they do not use their proper Grenadier caps, may, if the Colonels choose it, bear the grenade in the same manner as Regiments entitled to them wear their badges. It is His Majesty's pleasure that the tufts used by the Grenadiers shall be white; those of the Light Infantry (who are likewise included in this order) dark green.

"All soldiers shall wear the button of their respective Regiments in the centre of the cockade except the Grenadiers who will use the grenade.

"The caps are to be made of a sufficient size to come completely on the soldiers' heads; they are to be worn straight and even, and brought forward well over the eyes.

"The Field and Staff Officers, as also the Officers of Battalion Companies, are to continue to wear hats as usual. The Grenadier Officers are permitted to wear hats when their men do not parade in dress caps. The Officers of the Light Companies are to wear caps similar to those ordered for the Light Infantry."

front, and as being much smaller at the top, than that worn by the Line; the badge was a bugle-horn in brass, and the feather and cap-lines were green; the men's feathers were worn at the side, while those of the Officers' were worn in front; the peak of this shako could be worn up or down. There was a slight difference in the shako worn by the Officers of the 43rd and 52nd, that of the former being conical, with a



green feather and a gilt bugle as a badge, while that of the latter was cylindrical in shape, with a stiff peak, small neat green feather, and a silver bugle badge. There is in the Print Room of the British Museum a coloured plate (published in 1812 by Hamilton Smith, who was an Assistant Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards) in which a private of the 52nd is shown as wearing a similar shako to the Officer; this, however, is certainly an error. The undress (or forage-cap) of this period was somewhat peculiar, and resembled a night-cap; it was of white with the number in front. With this head-dress was worn the sleeved white waist-coat having Regimental facings.

Throughout the Peninsular War the head-dress remained unchanged, but shortly after Waterloo the broad-topped shako was issued. Light Infantrymen wore long green hackle feathers, brass chin-scales and badges, black cockades with Regimental buttons, and neck-guards at the back, which could be let down in bad weather. The Officers of the 43rd wore heavy drooping plumes (green), silver lace round the top of the shako, silver ornaments, and black cockade



1820.

and cap-lines. The 52nd Officers wore a similar shako with high green hackle feathers, and silver lace and mountings.



52ND, 1826.



43RD, 1826.

In 1830 the black cockade was abolished, and in 1831 a smaller shako was introduced both for Officers and men; this was surmounted by a green ball-tuft

for Light Infantry Corps, and a white feather for others.

The plate was a large star of brass for the men and of gilt metal for the Officers, the Regimental number



1832.



1832.

appearing within (for Officers); chin-metal as the plate. date at which a cap was adopted previously wearing it was of dark



1832.

a bugle (silver scales of the same. This was the first recognized forage-by Officers (they any cap they liked); green cloth, with a Regimental facing,

but without badge or numeral. About 1836 this band was changed to one of black oak-leaf lace.

The broad-topped shako remained in use until about 1846, when the Albert shako, surmounted by a green



1852.



1852.

ball, was introduced. The men's plates were circular, the Regimental number appearing within a laurel wreath under a bugle; the chin-strap was of black leather with brass bosses. The Officers' shako was ornamented with a gilt star, chin-chains replacing the scales. At



PRIVATE, 1852.

this period the men wore round woven-worsted forage-caps with brass badges (bugle and number beneath), and the crowns of the Officers' forage-caps were greatly reduced.

In 1857 the Albert shako was altered in shape, and the pattern was the same for both Officers and men, the

latter, of course, wearing brass mountings. A drooping green goat's-hair plume superseded the ball-tuft, and the Officers wore leather chin-straps like the men. The Officers' forage-cap now had a straight peak, and was



1857.



1856-80.

much smaller in the crown than formerly. This pattern continued to be worn until 1880, but in later years was somewhat smarter in appearance and "capped" to fit the back of the head.

In India, where both the 43rd and 52nd were serving at this time, the Officers and men wore forage-caps with peaks, and white quilted covers and neck-guards. The sun-helmet had been introduced in some corps, but it was not worn by either the 43rd or 52nd until some years later.



1857.

About the year 1862 the shako, hitherto of beaver, was replaced by a much smaller one of cloth, quilted all over and rather soft in the crown; it had a ventilating button at each side near the top, and a very small star in front. The Officers and men wore the same pattern, except that the Officers' badge had the Regimental number within the bugle.



1862-70.

About 1866 the men's round forage-cap was superseded by the glengarry, dark green in colour, and with a badge consisting of a bugle and the Regimental number within. The Officers' cap badge at this date was a bugle with strings, and the Regimental number *underneath* in gold embroidery. The Officers of the 52nd continued to wear this cap badge until the abolition of numbers, but the Officers of the 43rd, in 1869, adopted a badge with the number *within* the bugle.



1866-94.

In 1870 a stiff-crowned shako, with a laurel wreath plate, took the place of the old soft-crowned shako. The men's shako was ornamented with a light green line



1878.



1878.

round the top and two similar lines round the base, while the Officers had two lines of gold braid (one line of gold *lace* for Majors, two for Colonels and Lt.-Colonels), and single lines round the base and sides. The hair plume continued in wear for several years, but was eventually superseded by the black ball-tuft.

In 1872 the 43rd went to India, where the Officers and men wore the white sun-helmet, with brass chin-chains but no other ornaments. The helmet was given a glaze by means of white-of-egg and pipe-clay,



1872.

and the puggaree consisted of two rolls of padded cloth (also glazed); brass spikes were worn on full-dress parades. On the introduction of *khaki* uniform, a cover of that colour was issued for the helmets and worn on "*khaki* parades."

In 1880 the Officers' forage-cap underwent a change, a new pattern being introduced. "Dark green cloth, straight up, three inches high, with black patent leather drooping peak. The peak ornamented with half-inch full gold embroidery. Band $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide, of black oak-leaf lace. Field-Officers a gold French braid welt instead of green cloth round the top of the cap. Badge, a bugle with strings and the Regimental number inside, in gold embroidery on a green cloth ground."



1880-94.

1881 saw the introduction of the helmet (a modified form of the German head-dress) which is still worn. On 1st July of this year, all numbered badges, both for Officers and men, were abolished, and the forage-cap badge became for Officers a bugle with strings, and for the men a bugle within a circle, on which was inscribed "Oxfordshire Light Infantry." At this time a second, or undress, cap was authorised for the Officers, "for active service and peace manœuvres"; it was a glengarry similar to that worn by the men, except that the badge was a plain silver bugle.



1881-94.

In 1885 the Officers of the 43rd adopted a "field service" cap of the pattern of the men's present forage-cap, with a white welt round the top and a green and white cord boss in front. About the same time the

Officers of the 52nd adopted a somewhat similar cap, having a button and gold cord in front and at the back. These patterns remained in wear until 1892, when the



43RD, 1885.



52ND, 1885.

present "field service" cap was introduced into the two Battalions; it is almost identically the same cap as worn by the men, except that it has a black cord boss in front and the badge is a silver bugle.



OFFICER, 1892.



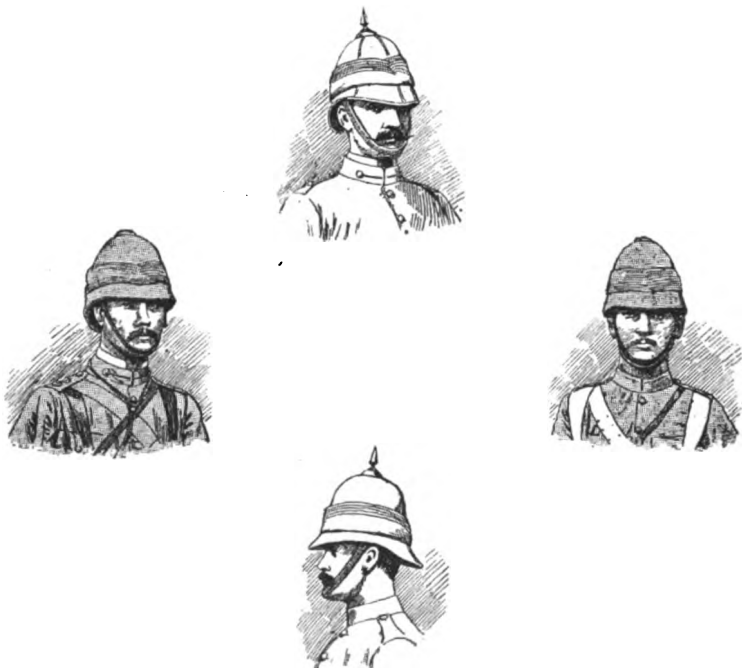
PRIVATE, 1894.

The helmet worn at home at the present day, and referred to above as having been introduced in 1881, is of the same pattern Regiments, except green instead of blue. The Officers' badge is as follows:— "In silver, on a ground a bugle with universal scroll, 'The Oxfordshire Light Infantry.' The plate is of gilding, not of gilt metal." The men's helmet is very similar to the Officers' but without the metal bindings.



1881-94.

The Battalion abroad wears the ordinary white helmet, with white cloth puggaree, brass spike and curb-chain. With *khaki* clothing a *khaki* cover is worn on the helmet, and a button takes the place of the spike, a *khaki* puggaree also being worn instead of the white one.



Our illustrations are from drawings by the well-known military artist, Mr. R. Simkin, to whom we are also indebted for much valuable information regarding the different changes in the head-dresses.

PRIZE SHOOTING, 43rd LIGHT INFANTRY, 1876-91.

THE following is a list of the principal Prizes won by Officers and Men of the Regiment at public Rifle Meetings :

Year.	Meeting.	Place.	Competition.	Winners.	Remarks.
1876	Southern India Rifle Association.	Bangalore.	Bangalore Cup, inter-regimntl., value Rs.600.	43rd - - -	Score 393 points. Team :— Capt. R. B. R. Williamson, Q.M.S. McEwen, S.I.M. Campbell, Serjts. Trot- man and Smith, Colr. Serjt. Gepp, Bugler Job- son, Private W. Jones.
1876	Do. - -	Do. - -	Running Deer -	Capt. R. B. R. Williamson.	—
1876	Do. - -	Do. - -	Medal of Hy- derabad Rifle Association.	Capt. R. B. R. Williamson.	—
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	Bangalore Cup -	43rd - - -	Score 444 points. Team :— Capt. Williamson, Lieut. A. G. Burn, Q.M.S. Mc- Ewen, S.I.M. Campbell, Colr.-Serjt. Gepp, Bugler Jobson, L.-Serjt. Smith, and Private Jones.
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	Tankard for the best shot in the Bangalore Cup.	Capt. William- son.	—
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	Viceroy's Cup -	Bugler Jobson -	—
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	Champion Plate	Capt. William- son.	—
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	Non-Commis- sioned Officers' Cup.	43rd - - -	—
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	Diana Plate -	Lieut. Burn -	—
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	S.I.R.A. Stakes -	Lieut. Burn -	Capt. Williamson, 2nd.
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	Empress Plate -	Bugler Jobson -	—
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	Running Deer -	Capt. William- son.	—
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	Sportsman's Contest.	Capt. William- son.	—
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	National Rifle Association's Medal.	Bugler Jobson -	—
1877	Do. - -	Do. - -	Northern India Rifle Association's Medal.	Lieut. Burn -	—

PRIZE SHOOTING, 43RD LIGHT INFANTRY—*cont.*

Year.	Meeting.	Place.	Competition.	Winners.	Remarks.
1877	Southern India Rifle Association.	Bangalore	Hyderabad Rifle Association's Medal.	Lieut. Burn	—
1878	Do. . .	Do. . .	Non-Commissioned Officers' Cup.	43rd . . .	—
1878	Do. . .	Do. . .	Officers' Plate	Capt. Williamson.	—
1879	Do. . .	Do. . .	Bangalore Cup	43rd . . .	Score 470 points. Team:— Capt. R. B. R. Williamson, Lieut. P. T. Rivett Carnac, Sergt. Trehy, Sergt. Liebermann, Sergt. Kimberley, Q.M.S. McEwen, L.-Corporal Jobson, Private Credland. Six other Regiments competed.
1879	Do. . .	Do. . .	Tankard for the best shot in the Bangalore Cup.	Sergt. Liebermann.	Score, 65 out of 70 points.
1879	Do. . .	Do. . .	Officers' Plate	Capt. Williamson.	Lieut. Rivett-Carnac, 2nd.
1879	Do. . .	Do. . .	700 yards . . .	Q.M.S. McEwen	—
1879	Do. . .	Do. . .	Rifle Derby	Sergt. Liebermann.	—
1879	Do. . .	Do. . .	Celerity and Precision.	Capt. Williamson.	—
1879	Do. . .	Do. . .	Empress Plate	Sergt. Liebermann.	—
1879	Do. . .	Do. . .	Viceroy's Cup	Q.M.S. McEwen	—
1879	Do. . .	Do. . .	Commander-in-Chief's Prize.	Q.M.S. McEwen	Sergt. Liebermann, 2nd.
1879	Do. . .	Do. . .	N.R.A. Medal	Q.M.S. McEwen	—
1879	Do. . .	Do. . .	S.I.R.A. Medal	Sergt. Liebermann.	—
1882	Do. . .	Do. . .	Bangalore Cup	43rd . . .	Score 447 points. Team:— Capt. J. A. Strachan, Lieut. Rivett-Carnac, Lieut. G. F. Mockler, Sergt. Kimberley, Sergt. Coshall, Sergt. Burton, Sergt. Rodwell, Corporal Jobson.
1882	Do. . .	Do. . .	Volley Stakes	43rd tied for 1st prize with the Madras Volunteer Guards.	—
1882	Do. . .	Do. . .	Spade and Rifle Competition.	43rd . . .	2nd and 3rd Prizes also taken by the Regiment.
1882	Do. . .	Do. . .	Field Firing Contest.	43rd . . .	—
1882	Do. . .	Do. . .	Empress Plate	Lieut. Rivett-Carnac.	—

PRIZE SHOOTING, 43RD LIGHT INFANTRY—*cont.*

Year.	Meeting.	Place.	Competition.	Winners.	Remarks.
1882	Southern India Rifle Association.	Bangalore	Officers' Plate	Capt. Strachan	—
1882	Do. . .	Do. . .	Aggregate—200, 500, and 1000 yards.	Lieut. Rivett-Carnac.	A silver cup, value Rs.300.
1882	Do. . .	Do. . .	Aggregate—900 and 1000 yards.	Sergt. W. Parkinson.	—
1882	Do. . .	Do. . .	S.I.R.A. Medals	Lieut. Rivett-Carnac and Sergt. Parkinson.	—
1882	Do. . .	Do. . .	Celerity and Precision.	Lieut. G. F. Mockler.	—
1883	Do. . .	Do. . .	Volley Firing Stakes.	43rd . . .	—
1883	Do. . .	Do. . .	Commander-in-Chief's Prize.	Q.M.S. Grant and Private J. King tied for 1st Prize.	—
1883	Do. . .	Do. . .	Revolver Prize	Lieut. G. F. Mockler.	Lieut. Rivett-Carnac, 2nd.
1883	Do. . .	Do. . .	Nursery Stakes	Private Byrne	Bugle-Major Liebermann, 2nd.
1883	Do. . .	Do. . .	Spade and Rifle Contest.	43rd . . .	Also won the 2nd Prize.
1883	Do. . .	Do. . .	Revolver Pool	Lieut. G. F. Mockler.	Greatest number of bullseyes.
1884	Do. . .	Do. . .	Bangalore Cup	43rd . . .	Score 448 points. Team:—Lieut. Mockler, Sergt. Burton, Bugle-Major Liebermann, Corporal Credland, Sergt. Jecks, Sergt. Nye, Sergt. Armourer Harrison, Bugler Jobson.
1884	Do. . .	Do. . .	Spade and Rifle Competition.	43rd . . .	Also won 2nd and 3rd Prizes.
1884	Do. . .	Do. . .	Nursery Stakes	Sergt. Jecks	Private Beedies, 2nd.
1884	Do. . .	Do. . .	Rifle Guineas	Sergt. Jecks	—
1888	National Rifle Association.	Wimbledon	The Hillhouse	Major R. B. R. Williamson.	Double Rifle. Score 28 points. Beat the record.
1889	Southern District Rifle Meeting.	Portsmouth	Mew-Langton Challenge Cup.	43rd . . .	Score 40 points. Team:—Major Williamson, Capt. Mockler, Col. Sergt. Warren, Sergt. A. Roberts, Corporal Jobson, Corporal Turnbull, L. Corporal Guise, Private Billington.
1889	Do. . .	Do. . .	Soldiers' and Sailors' Prize.	Corporal Turnbull.	—
1889	Do. . .	Do. . .	Officers' Prize (Emmanuel and Sons).	Capt. Mockler	—

PRIZE SHOOTING, 43RD LIGHT INFANTRY—*cont.*

Year.	Meeting.	Place.	Competition.	Winners.	Remarks.
1889	Southern District Rifle Meeting.	Portsmouth	Revolver Competition.	Major William-son.	—
1889	National Rifle Association.	Wimbledon	The Hillhouse	Major William-son.	Score 27 points, beating all former records. This record remains unbroken (1894) at all competitions with double rifle, using both barrels on each run, and the deer running four times.
1889	Do. . .	Do. . .	Field Rifle Company.	Major William-son.	Score, 33 out of 35 points.
1890	Do. . .	Bisley	The Pfungst (Revolver).	Major William-son.	—
1890	Do. . .	Do. . .	"Daily Graphic"	Major William-son.	Score 34 points, beating the record.
1891	Do. . .	Do. . .	Holland (Sporting).	Major William-son.	—
1891	Southern District Rifle Meeting.	Portsmouth	Pike-Spicer Challenge Cup.	43rd . . .	—
1891	Do. . .	Do. . .	Portsm'th Challenge Shield.	43rd . . .	—
1891	Do. . .	Do. . .	Simond's Shield	43rd tied with Depôt Rifle Brigade for 1st Prize.	—
1891	Do. . .	Do. . .	Sergt.'s Match	Sergt. Ellingham.	—
1891	Do. . .	Do. . .	Commissioned and Warrant Officers' Prize.	Lieut. F. G. L. Lamotte.	—
1891	Do. . .	Do. . .	Sharpshooting Prize.	L.-Corporal Baldwin.	—

WITH THE 52ND AT DELHI.¹

ON the 14th August 1857 we marched into camp before Delhi 650 strong, but cholera and fever, the seeds of which had been sown during our unavoidable exposure to sun and rain in the Punjab, and during the march down, soon made their appearance, and reduced our strength so much that on the 14th September, just one month afterwards, we could only parade 240 men for the assault. In May, June, and July, we had the protection of our tents by day; but they were struck at sundown and we slept on the bare ground, and on awakening were generally wet through with the heavy dew. We were Brigaded with the 1st Battalion 60th Rifles, and the Sirmoor Battalion of Ghoorkhas. The pluck had been thrashed out of the Pandies before our arrival, and no serious attacks were made by them while we were there. As soon as our camp was pitched I went with Crosse and Stopford on the ridge by the Flagstaff Battery to look at the town, but it was difficult for a new-comer to make out the positions; some of the batteries fired a gun now and then, which was immediately replied to by the other side. We were soon put to work, and out of the thirty days preceding the assault I passed thirteen on picquet, and a great part of the remainder on courts-martial, military commissions, and working parties.

For those who kept their health, the work, though hard, was pleasant enough. Beyond the fire from the batteries, and occasional skirmishes at the breastworks, there was no fighting; still, we were always on the look-out, and, to a certain extent, under fire.

¹ From "Reminiscences of School and Army Life," by Major J. A. Bayley, late 52nd Light Infantry.

Patrolling up towards the town at night with neighbouring picquets of guides and Ghoorkhas—all on the look-out for a shot at something—was unpleasant, but we soon got accustomed to the whistling of bullets, which, on first acquaintance, was very disagreeable.

When in camp we had hardly any time to visit our friends; but, of course, as a considerable portion of the force was English, matches at cricket were somehow got up, and I think I heard that our old antagonists, the 60th, played some other Regiment; but our Captains being few in number, my time was fully occupied, and I had but little opportunity to look about me. More lucky than many, my health was very good, and while some could make no breakfast, I was always ready for a pound of boiled beef, and a plate of souji porridge while the beef was on the gridiron.

As is customary in war time, every sort of “shave” was current in camp.

One day, the sepoy had no more powder; another, they had expended their store of copper caps; if this latter report had been true, it would have made a great difference, for caps could only be procured from Europe, while they could make powder of an indifferent quality.

Eventually, it turned out that they had more of both than they could get through. Every day something new was reported by the spies:—The city was to be evacuated at once; a large force was to attack us in front, while one still larger was to get round our right flank, and fall on our rear when we were hard pressed and tired by the fighting in our front. One day it was a great Mahomedan festival and an attack was to be made on us; another, it was something else; but these prognostications were hardly ever verified by the result.

From time to time visitors from the upper provinces made their appearance in camp, and Lord Frederick

Hay, among others, stayed a few days with our Colonel.

The firm of — and — was about the best house in the North-West; it was represented at Umballa, at Jullundur, at Simla, and, I think, at Kurrachee. Originally only chemists and druggists, they had, following the custom of traders in the East, extended the scope of their business until pretty nearly everything was to be found in their catalogue.

The mutiny having come to a head at Delhi, and all available troops having been despatched thither, business at Umballa doubtless became dull; and the change of climate, resulting from the rains succeeding the hot winds, having caused some intestine commotions in young Mr. —, a prominent member of the firm, it was determined, with the doctor's sanction, to send him in charge of a cargo of soda-water, tobacco, eau-de-Cologne, and other necessities to the camp at Delhi, where it was thought that he might, without much danger, see something of the "glorious pomp and circumstance of war," and, in addition to gaining health, add something to the credit side of the ledger.

On his arrival he set up his tent and displayed the various articles which he had brought down, for which he found a ready sale; but he saw nothing and heard very little of the siege, as the intervening ridge, on which the picquets were stationed, prevented his getting a view of the town; so, one morning, leaving the eau-de-Cologne, &c., in charge of a deputy, he donned a frock-coat, tall hat, and white kid gloves—articles of apparel never before seen in camp—and, mounting his best horse, started for the top of the ridge. Having found his way to the rear of the Flagstaff Battery, he for some time surveyed the scene in silence. The walls of the city, about a mile off, were hardly distinguishable; Delhi was

there sure enough, but where it began, and where it ended, was not so easy to discover. There were houses, mosques, and trees, with here and there clouds of smoke, but the outline of the walls was not apparent at a first glance. Suddenly he heard a cry of "Look out! Shell!" and a sergeant of artillery ran past him and ensconced himself under a neighbouring rock. A hideous scream and a loud crackling explosion made him catch his breath, and his horse plunge. Then all was quiet, and the sergeant came out and shook himself. After considering for a few moments, Mr. ——— remarked, "That was a bad shot, my friend." "Well! I don't know," said the sergeant, "it was pretty near us." "Why," said Mr. ———, "that was one of our guns, was it not?" "Our guns!" said the sergeant, "that came from the Moree Bastion." "Then," said Mr. ———, "we are under fire here, and might be killed." "Well, your honour," said the sergeant, "many a man has been sent to kingdom-come by the fire of that cursed Moree; and only yesterday, my old comrade, poor Pat Callaghan, was took in the small of the back by a round shot just where your honour is sitting, and had only time to say to me, who stood beside him, 'Mickey, there's fifteen rupees in my jacket, see that the old woman gets them, those beggars have done for me,' when he was dead; and to think that only that minute he had been saying what a glorious rouse we would have this very night, when we got off duty, with these same rupees, which he got off the body of a Pandy during a scrimmage in the Subzee Mundee the day before we came up here."

Mr. ———, horrified at what he heard and at the dangerous position in which he so suddenly found himself, was silent for a few minutes, and the sergeant, thinking of his dead comrade and the old woman, did not speak. At last, turning his horse's head towards camp, Mr. ———

remarked, "Well, I daresay war is an exciting thing at first, but I should imagine it would soon pall upon the senses."

On the 23rd or 24th the rebels sent out a force with some guns to our right, as if they intended to attempt to carry out their often repeated threat that they would cut off our communications; but Nicholson, with a brigade, met them at Nujufghur, thrashed them to their heart's content, and took most if not all their guns. If they had had the pluck to send a large force of cavalry, which in Delhi was useless, to make a broad sweep round us and march up the road in our rear, they might have caused great trouble, as, with the exception of a few small armed posts, there were no troops to speak of between us and Umballa, which place also had but a slender garrison. The fact was that, during the earlier part of the siege, their attacks, which were often repeated and sometimes well pushed home, had been invariably defeated with heavy loss. They were now no longer joined at short intervals by fresh bodies of mutineers, whose recognized duty it was to go out the next day and attack the Feringhee picquets, and each rebel was beginning to look out for himself. The Subzee Munde, the suburb on the right of our position, which had been the scene of many fights, had been levelled to the ground, and no longer afforded the cover in which the native soldier delights. They were fairly losing heart, and were no longer dangerous, as, from their greatly superior numbers, they had been at first. Their large force of Cavalry, which was composed entirely of Mussulmen, and was therefore the most mutinously inclined, was stated by the spies to be looked down upon and abused by the infantry and gunners, who said they consumed more provisions than they were worth, as they did no work. They used, therefore, to make their

appearance at the Caubul Gate on our right, and gallop under the fire of our 'guns along the road close under the walls to the Cashmere Gate on our left. Each time that this was repeated; a few—but, I regret to say, only a few—were knocked over, and, except for the purpose of showing that they were in existence, the manœuvre was utterly useless.

Nicholson, who was appointed to the Command of the 1st Brigade, was very energetic, ever in the saddle, visiting the outposts and questioning the Officers in Command of them.

One morning, when on duty at the Subzee Mundee, it was reported to me that an English woman, accompanied by a native, had made her escape from Delhi and reached the picquet. I went down and found a half-caste woman, who said she was the wife of a writer, and a swaggering, thievish-looking rascal, apparently an Affghan. We gave them some breakfast, and while I was deliberating how I should send them into camp Nicholson made his appearance. He at once called them before him, and talked for a long time in a language of which I could not understand a word; but I noticed that the man's swagger soon evaporated as he answered Nicholson's questions, standing on one leg, round which he nervously twisted and untwisted the other. Presently Nicholson called me up, and said, "I can't quite make this man out, but I think that he is a spy. I know the village near Peshawar from which he comes; I know his father and I know his brother, but I don't know him. I'll take him into camp with me, some of my fellows will be sure to know him;" and away he took both of them, with what ultimate result I never heard, but for three days after the Affghan was seen sitting in the sun in front of Nicholson's tent, in the hope that someone would identify him. The

woman was hospitably entertained by the wife of one of the staff.

On the 16th, two gun lascars were brought up for trial before a Military Commission, of which I was president, on the charge of tampering with the service ammunition. The first had gone roughly to work and substituted broken glass and gravel for powder in the cartridges; the second was more astute. On the right of our line of picquets we had some five-and-a-half-inch mortars in position, which were used for shelling the sepoys in the suburb beyond the Subzee Munde, and according as they advanced or retired, smaller or larger charges of powder were required for the cartridges. The powder was weighed out by a sergeant, and poured into the bags through a paper funnel which was held by a lascar. The officer after awhile, finding that his shells alternately fell short of and went beyond the mark, sent an angry message to the sergeant, who, having his suspicions roused by it, a few minutes later seized the lascar's hand, and found that, by pinching the paper funnel while the powder was being poured through it, he had managed to diminish the charge in one and increase it in the next. This being the first time that I had tried anyone on a capital charge, it was at least an hour before the proceedings terminated and the prisoners were sentenced to be hanged, and, on leaving the tent, I was accosted by an old stager who said, "Well! you've been a precious time polishing off those rascals, — of the Carbineers, would have hung a dozen in half the time." Certainly, as I afterwards found out, most cases were disposed of under the "Summary Procedure Act." One morning, when in command of the Mosque picquet, as I was sitting down to breakfast, two of my men came and asked to be allowed to use my telescope, and, when I went out afterwards, I found that they had taken

prisoner the man who had charge of our mess goats, whom they said they had watched into a house under the town walls, which I well knew was always occupied by the enemy. I heard their story, and shortly afterwards sent the prisoner down to the provost-marshal with a letter stating the circumstances and offering to have the two witnesses relieved from picquet and to send them down into camp to give evidence. In the course of an hour or so I received, to my astonishment, a most polite reply, informing me that my report was quite sufficient, and that the man had been hanged.

Meanwhile our approaches were pushed nearer to the walls, especially on the extreme right, to which point, although it was enfiladed, it was thought judicious to attract the enemy's attention; but more reinforcements having joined and the siege train having come in, on the night of the 7th September a large force of working parties and armed guards were pushed down to our left front. My party was employed in the Khoodsia Bagh, about 250 yards in front of the Water Bastion, to cut down trees and fill sandbags for a battery which was to be constructed there. We paraded at the Engineer Park at 7 p.m., but, continually receiving contradictory instructions, did not get to our post until past midnight, and soon after 5 a.m. we returned to camp. The enemy did not know what we were about, and, being somewhat protected by a wall, we suffered no loss; some of the other Brigades were less fortunate.

After this the works on the left—the real point of attack—were pushed forward as quickly as possible. We lost a few men, and Atkinson had a narrow escape, being knocked over by the explosion of a shell. On the 8th, the breaching batteries opened on the Cashmere and Water Bastions, to which the enemy replied, and bringing out rocket tubes, gave us a pretty display of fireworks.

On the 13th September, at midnight, I was awoken by Stopford, who told me I was wanted at the Colonel's tent. There I learnt we were to assault at 3 a.m., and that I was to command the storming party of the third Column. I saw a map of the place with our route marked out, and the Colonel gave me full instructions as to what I was to do. It was arranged that we were to go down in the dark, accompanied by an explosion party of engineers, and blow in the Cashmere Gate, of which I was to take possession.

At 3 a.m. we paraded, but were left standing about and wasting the precious hours of darkness in consequence of somebody or something not being ready; at last, but after daybreak, we found ourselves close to Ludlow Castle, from which a straight broad road, about a quarter-of-a-mile in length, led to the Cashmere Bastion and Gate. The 1st Battalion 60th Rifles, which was to cover the advance, was in front, then my storming party of fifty of the 52nd, behind which came the supports under Crosse, consisting of fifty men from each of the Regiments composing the Column, viz.:—the 52nd, the Kumaon Battalion of Ghoorkhas, and Coke's Regiment. In rear of the supports was the Column, the whole under Colonel Campbell, commanding the 52nd. The batteries around us were playing furiously on the breaches and curtain, and some thirty mortars were shelling the houses inside the walls. The enemy replied as well as they could, and occasionally sent a shot among us. At last, at about 6 a.m., the signal to advance was given, and the 60th dashed down the road, breaking into a loud cheer when ordered to extend and keep down the fire from the walls. The stormers, accompanied by an explosion party, followed them at a distance of fifty yards, and on reaching the glacis, the former laid down under a pelting fire of musketry, while the sappers rushing up

to the gate laid the powder bags against it and blew it off its hinges, not, however, before five out of seven, the number of which the explosion party consisted, had been stretched on the ground by the enemy's fire. Hawthorne, a bugler of the 52nd, who accompanied the powder party, then several times sounded the Regimental call as a signal that the explosion had been successful, but the rattle of musketry from the walls was so loud and incessant that the bugle was inaudible where we were, but about half-a-minute after the explosion we made a rush for the gate, the lower part of which was hidden from us by a rise in the ground. A few moments afterwards a bullet smashed my left arm just below the elbow joint and knocked me over; I was up at once, and hardly knew that I was wounded, but, during the slight delay caused by my endeavouring to pick up my sword and hat, my men had rushed past me and were furiously crushing through the narrow opening in the glacis which was partly closed by a mantlet. The supports, which had come up while the powder was being laid, now joined the rear of the stormers, and closely followed by the Column, rushed headlong through the gate, most of the defenders of which had been killed or disabled by the explosion. They were all soon inside, but Crosse, who had run forward on seeing that I was wounded, was the first to enter.

The Column, being speedily reformed, cleared the Cashmere and Water Bastions with the bayonet, and then set to work to fight their way through the narrow streets to the Jumma Musjid on the farther side of the town. Three other Columns, which had assaulted on our left, were now inside the walls, and the fifth, consisting of the picquets from the ridge and the Cashmere contingent, had orders to capture the battery at Kishengunge on the right and then join Nicholson, who, with

the first Column, after entering by the breach in the Cashmere Bastion, was to clear the walls to the right ; but the fifth Column met with so determined a resistance that they failed in their attack and had to retire, the Cashmeerees losing some guns, and Nicholson, after passing the Caubul Gate, found that he could get no further; and there, in making a final attempt, he received a wound from the effects of which he died a few days after.

Meanwhile our Column pushed quickly through the town driving the enemy before them and not meeting with any very serious resistance ; and here they were greatly assisted by Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, who behaved most gallantly throughout the day, and whose perfect acquaintance with the streets of the city was of the utmost service to the colonel in command.

On approaching the Jumma Musjid the gates were found to have been built up, and there was no powder at hand to blow them in. The enemy in its neighbourhood were very numerous, and their fire from the surrounding houses very hot. It was plain that we could not force our way in, but Colonel Campbell would not at once retire, as he was loth to give ground before the rebels, and naturally expected that the Columns in rear would soon be up ; but, after waiting some time and losing some men, he decided to retreat to the Begum's Bagh, which he held for a considerable time, until, there being no sign of the reinforcements which he had asked for, and his men falling fast by the fire from the houses around, he was at last compelled to retire on the main body at the church at 1.30 p.m.¹ As it is impossible for anyone to give a correct account of what took place where he was not engaged, it is better not to

¹ In 1876 General Campbell, speaking to me on this subject, said : " I retired in obedience to an order brought by a Staff Officer."—J. A. B.

hazard a conjecture as to why we were not supported. The result was that that night we held only a small part of the town just inside the breaches by which we had entered.

Considering the number of the 52nd engaged our losses were considerable; Colonel Campbell, Atkinson, and I were wounded, and Bradshaw was killed while gallantly charging a gun, while 22 men were killed and 62 wounded out of 240 who paraded for the assault.

After the Columns came in I returned to Ludlow Castle, as my wound was becoming very painful and I was losing blood fast. On my way back I had a narrow escape from a shrapnel, which, bursting just behind me, severely wounded a man who was leaning on my shoulder.

Under a wall I found an assistant-surgeon of the 61st, who bound up my arm and offered me some brandy, which I refused as I did not feel faint, at which he seemed much surprised. I gave him the contents of my flask and he then put me into a dhooley, the bearers of which he ordered to take me up to camp; but they had previously been told to carry all wounded men to the hospital, in which, in spite of my remonstrances, I soon found myself placed just under the amputating table, at which the surgeons were already busily employed. It was a horrible scene; around me were more than a hundred dhooleys, each containing a wounded man. Next to me was a poor fellow of the 60th, the lower half of whose face had been entirely carried away; to the left, one shot through the body; next to him one minus an arm; while above me on the table was a Sikh, whose leg was being amputated at the thigh. Luckily it was not long before Innes, our "long Scotch doctor," as he was called by the men, found me out, and after a slight inspection forwarded me on to camp. There I paid a

visit to Ingham, one of our assistant-surgeons, who was on the sick list. He endeavoured to stop the bleeding of my wound, but without success. The native servants in camp seemed very uneasy, having received some private information which led them to expect a raid from the enemy's Cavalry—as all the troops, with the exception of fifty European convalescents, were in the town. It was very exciting, the firing in Delhi being as loud as ever, and no one for some time returning to report progress. In the afternoon a dhooley appeared, and stopped at the tent next to mine. Atkinson, thought I, and seeing him lifted out stiff and stark by the head and heels, I thought that he must have been killed very early in the day. On going into his tent, however, I found him lively enough, though unable to move, the stiffness having been caused, first by his having been upset into a cactus bush, then by a rap in the ribs from a spent shot, and finally by the unusually severe pedestrian exercise to which he had been subjected during the day's fighting, he being a mighty rider and not given to walking, except at such times as duty required and he could not help it. From him, and afterwards from a few others, I got an inkling of what was going on in the town, and afterwards, in the evening, I received a visit from Colonel, afterwards Sir Hope, Grant, of the 9th Lancers, who had taken command of the camp after having been exposed to a heavy fire from the walls and suburb on the right during the whole morning.

Fearing a raid from the enemy's cavalry I did not go to bed, but lay down in my clothes with a revolver handy, and on the third night, amidst frightful yells and cries of “*Māro! māro!*” (“kill! kill!”), I found myself standing outside the tent, revolver in hand, with the rain falling in torrents. Here they are at last, thought I, and was about to run for the ridge when the noise

ceased and all was quiet. In the morning I learnt that a robber had been discovered in the Colonel's tent by a servant, whose cry of "Māro" had been taken up by the syces, who, with the Regimental tattoos, were located in rear of my tent.

In the town our outposts were continually advanced, and one position after another being taken from the enemy, who resisted strongly, on the 20th the Palace was occupied by the British troops, and the mutineers evacuated the city.

Hodson, with his Regiment of Irregular Horse, made the King of Delhi prisoner, and brought him in with the bodies of his three sons, who, on being captured, were at once shot.

THE BANDA AND KIRWEE LOOT.

IN January, 1858, it will be remembered, the 43rd started from Bangalore, in Southern India, on its extraordinary march through the Deccan and the Central Provinces. Taking the route by Secunderabad, Kamptee, and Jubbulpore, the Regiment reached Banda on the 27th May,¹ where, after completing probably the longest continuous march ever undertaken by British troops, it joined Brigadier-General Whitlock's Column for field service.

Banda and Kirwee were captured, their Rajahs taken, and the treasure found in the palaces appropriated. With regard to the loot, there are various stories as to the way in which portions of it were discovered. Amongst others, we may mention that of a 43rd sentry posted in a *taikhana*, or underground chamber, of the Kirwee Palace. With a laxity of duty remarkable in a 43rd soldier, he whiled away his tour of "sentry-go" by scratching his name with the point of his bayonet on the whitewashed walls of the apartment, when, to his astonishment, he found that beneath the whitewash there was something uncommonly like gold. This (perhaps not unnaturally) he considered "an unusual occurrence," and therefore promptly "alarmed the guard." On investigation, it was discovered that the chamber was lined throughout with bricks of solid gold. Perhaps this story is no more true than a dozen other

¹ The Editor, curiously enough, twenty years later, undertook identically the same journey, though under somewhat different circumstances. As far as Kamptee he proceeded by rail, which occupied five days instead of three months. From Kamptee he marched (with a native regiment) to Banda by the route followed by the 43rd. At Banda he remained for eighteen months, during which time he endeavoured, though without success, to discover the whereabouts of treasure still supposed to be buried in the old forts and palaces of Banda and Kirwee.

similar ones that have been handed down to us ; the fact, however, remains that the actual booty taken was immense.

In the Official Copy of the 43rd Records (kept in the Orderly Room) there is a rough memorandum of the amount of the loot, as follows:—

								Lacs. ¹
" Silver rupees taken -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	32
Gold bars -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10
Jewels -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	40
Other property -	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	5
								—
							Total -	87

" Besides an immense quantity of Government Paper."

As was customary in those days, the loot became the property of the troops taking it, and accordingly this vast sum was divided ratably among all ranks, though it was not until Christmas Eve, 1867, that the men of the 43rd received their share. There were then only 120 men still serving in the Regiment who had participated in the capture, and these were paid (sergeants 100*l.* and privates 50*l.*), and forthwith sent on furlough.

The Government Paper, which formed a part of the loot, became afterwards the subject of lengthy and costly litigation, the troops claiming the amount as legitimate prize. Twelve years have now elapsed since the final appeal was made in the case, and, as it is improbable that it will ever be re-opened, it may be considered as at an end.

The following extract from the *Morning Post* (April 17, 1894) gives a full and interesting account of the distribution of the booty:—

" Her Majesty, taking into consideration the aforesaid captures, signified her gracious pleasure that such property and the proceeds thereof should be granted to and distributed amongst the forces concerned in the operations. By Order in Council, dated 16th June 1864, her

¹ A lac of rupees was then valued at 10,000*l.*

Majesty was pleased to order 'that the claims of all parties whomsoever to the property captured during the said operations, and the proceeds thereof, should be referred to the Judge of the Admiralty Court, who should take into consideration, if it should appear to him to be necessary for the purpose of justice, any capture that might have been made of any property during the said operations by any of the claimants, and should make such order as to him might seem meet.' The cause came on for hearing in January 1866, no less than 35 counsel being engaged for the various claimants. The following June, the then President of the Admiralty Court, Dr. Lushington, in an elaborate judgment, held that the general rule for the distribution of booty was the rule of actual capture, but that, as the line must be drawn somewhere, the course most analogous to the rule of the naval service, most in conformity to military usage, and most likely to work satisfactorily in the case of an army consisting of several divisions, was to draw the line between division and division, and he came to the following conclusion:—'That Lord Clyde and his staff, personal as well as general, are entitled to share in the booty captured at Banda and Kirwee, and, subject to this right, I award the whole of the booty to General Whitlock and his forces, including amongst the latter the troops under Colonel Keating and any other troops left by General Whitlock on his march, but who at the time of the capture formed a portion of his division, and were still under his command. I disallow all other claims.'

"The claimants do not appear to have been satisfied with the result of the litigation, for in 1869, Colonel North, M.P., moved for a return on the subject, which resulted in the presentation to Parliament of a document which occupied 114 pages, headed:—'Copy of all financial papers now in the India Office relating to the amounts realised on account of Banda and Kirwee Prize Fund, including all documents relative to the Kirwee Promissory Notes, and all explanatory correspondence,' from which it appears that the list of Kirwee jewels made over to the Allahabad Treasury comprised, among other valuables, the following:—109 diamonds, 28 diamond and pearl bracelets, 25 gold neck chains, a splendid pearl necklace in nine strings, 17 strings of pearls, several diamond earrings, one armlet with 60 brilliants, 22 handsome rings, 31 strings of pearls, 29 small pearl necklaces, two very handsome pearl necklaces, with 196 pearls, and two diamond bracelets with 132 brilliants. The gold coins comprised 69,537 Venetian coins, many thousands of Calcutta mohurs, and 431 sovereigns. The total number of gold coins was 85,622. The gold bullion comprised 250 bars of gold; also many chains and massive bracelets of the value of about 10 lacs of rupees. The silver bullion was valued at 10,000*l.*, and rupees

at 210,000*l.* Among the list of articles forming part of the Banda loot were diamond and gold armlets, strings of diamonds, a dagger set with precious stones, emerald necklaces, &c.

"In October 1859, a list of all the property, not included in the foregoing lists, was prepared. This list comprised landed property, houses and temples, the Palace at Kirwee, houses at Banda, gardens at Kirwee, elephants and trappings, bungalows, and numerous gold and silver ornaments. Next is given a list of Government promissory notes valued at 250,000*l.*, and amount of cash in charge of collectors and others 50,000*l.* In February 1860, the prize agents asked for authority to dispose of the Kirwee jewels and a large amount of gold and silver bullion lying idle in the Allahabad Treasury. The amount realised by sales of portions of the booty was about 430,000*l.* In July 1865, the amount of interest due on the booty was 70,000*l.* From 1865 to 1868 there were a series of despatches, abounding in technical details, and in the latter year the following document was issued :—

**"BANDA AND KIRWEE PRIZE FUND.—FINAL STATEMENT OF SUMS
PAYABLE TO PRIZE AGENTS AND COMMANDERS.**

	Rs.	A.	P.	Rs.	A.	P.
Total amount at credit of fund	6,831,418	9	7			
Less law expenses - - -	581,571	15	4			
				6,249,846	10	3
Deduct agency commission at 1½ per cent. - - -				93,747	11	2
				6,156,098	15	1
1-20th to commanders - - -				307,804	15	1
Being 4-5ths to Lord Clyde -	246,243	15	4			
1-5th to General Sir George Whitlock - - -	61,560	15	9			

"It will thus be seen that in 1868—more than ten years after the Mutiny—the fund was about to be distributed. The question arose as to whether the promissory notes before referred to could be considered booty of war, and eventually, by a Treasury minute of May 31, 1869, the Lords of the Treasury declined to treat the promissory notes as prize of war. A vast amount of discontent still continued to exist as to the disposal of these funds, and in July 1873, the late Lord Cairns moved for a return showing 'the amount of all movable property of enemies or insurgents in the territories of Oudh or Kirwee, or of the proceeds thereof, which may have passed into the possession of the authorities in India since the outbreak of the war in 1857, distinguishing the

funds which have been distributed amongst the troops, and the funds which have been retained or otherwise disposed of by the local Government.' This led to the presentation to Parliament in 1876 of an elaborate document, setting forth the result of twelve days' sale of 'gold and silver bullion, consisting of Venetian, Roman, and Portuguese coins, bars, bricks, and gold leaf, silver ingots, jewellery, gold and silver ornaments and utensils.' The details of this return are similar to those of 1869. The last of this celebrated case was heard by way of Petition of Right, decided before Mr. Justice Fry in 1882. His Lordship declined to allow a reconsideration of the promissory notes question."

RARE MEDALS.

THERE exists in the valuable collection of Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Gaskell (of Roseleigh, Woolton, Liverpool) a unique medal, the following description of which is worth recording :—

Silver Medal.

Obverse.—The Regimental number "43" within the cords of a suspended bugle, raised upon a boss contained within a garter inscribed "Monmouthshire Light Infantry" in raised characters, a royal crown above; the ground engraved with floral decoration.

Reverse.—Inscribed "Distinguished Conduct in Action" within a laurel wreath; the ground engraved with close horizontal lines.

Ribbon.—One and a half inch wide, crimson with pink edges. To the ribbon are attached silver clasps inscribed (in old block type) "America," "Flanders," "Portugal," "Spain," "Peninsula," "Pyrenees," "France," "Bayonne, 23rd November 1813."

The last inscription is engraved on the same clasp as "France," but on the underside of it.

Engraved on the edge of the medal is "COLOUR-SERGEANT R. JERMY, 1841."

The present possessor received this medal (together with Sergeant Jermy's six-clasp Peninsular medal) indirectly from the recipient's relative and namesake, Robert Jermy; and there can be little doubt that it was ordered to be struck and presented by the Officers of the Regiment, as was the case with Private Wharton's medal.

Colour Sergeant Robert Jermy was born at Mettingham, a small village about two miles from Bungay, in Suffolk. After many years of trying service, he retired with a pension of 14s. per week, and was elected a member of the Royal Body Guard, St. James's Palace, in recognition of his distinguished services.¹

Colonel Gaskell also possesses the following 43rd and 52nd medals:—

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY.

Robert Jermy, Colour-Sergeant.—Peninsular medal with six clasps for "Vittoria," "St. Sebastian," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Toulouse."

E. Jones, Sergeant.—Peninsular medal with clasp for "Badajoz."

Ed. Cooper.—Peninsular medal with two clasps for "Salamanca," "Vittoria."

James Murray.—Peninsular medal with ten clasps for "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Toulouse."

C. D. Blakeley, Colour-Sergeant.—South Africa, 1850–53.

¹ Enlisted at eighteen in the East Suffolk Militia; served as private June 1809 to November 1810; volunteered to 43rd (2nd Battalion) 4th May 1811; served in Portugal, Spain, France, and America; received gun-shot wound in shoulder. Corporal 1812; Sergeant (2nd Battalion) 1813; Private (1st Battalion) 1814; Corporal 1815; Private 1816; Corporal 1820; Sergeant 1821; Private 1822; Corporal 1826; Private 1827; Corporal and Sergeant 1832. Discharged 30th June 1841; appointed Yeoman of the Guard, 1849. Died 10th June 1857.

52ND LIGHT INFANTRY.

W. Holliwell.—Peninsular medal with five clasps for “Ciudad Rodrigo,” “Badajoz,” “Salamanca,” “Vittoria,” “Toulouse.”

Henry Clark.—Peninsular medal with nine clasps for “Vimiera,” “Fuentes d’Onor,” “Ciudad Rodrigo,” “Badajoz,” “Salamanca,” “Vittoria,” “Nivelle,” “Orthes,” “Toulouse.”

William Delicote.—Peninsular medal with eleven clasps for “Talavera,” “Busaco,” “Fuentes d’Onor,” “Ciudad Rodrigo,” “Badajoz,” “Salamanca,” “Vittoria,” “Nivelle,” “Nive,” “Orthes,” “Toulouse.”

John Hall.—Peninsular medal with nine clasps for “Fuentes d’Onor,” “Ciudad Rodrigo,” “Salamanca,” “Vittoria,” “St. Sebastian,” “Nivelle,” “Nive,” “Toulouse.”

John Hall.—Waterloo medal.

James Dayton.—Waterloo medal.

The following extract from Messrs. Spink and Sons’ “Monthly Numismatic Circular” refers to Private Wharton’s medal :—

“*Regimental Medal.*”

“43RD (MONMOUTHSHIRE) LIGHT INFANTRY REGIMENT.”

“On the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th May 1882, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, sold, in their well-known sale-rooms in Wellington Street, Strand, the valuable and important collection of Historical and Naval and Military War Medals of the late Captain J. Hamilton and James Sanders, Esq.

“The very interesting series of Regimental Medals then sold included one for the above Regiment, described in the catalogue in the following words :—

“‘524.—43rd Foot, Monmouthshire Light Infantry, Crown above bugle and 43; around, *awarded, &c. to Henry Wharton, &c. for good conduct and long service.* Reverse.—Inscription stating that the recipient was present at fourteen Battles and one Siege during the Peninsular War, *R 2. 1, ribbon, crimson with blue edges, exceedingly rare.*’

"This medal was purchased at the sale by a Mr. Marsden, and it appears from Capt. Tancred's excellent book 'Historical Record of Medals and Honorary Distinctions' that either *it*, or a very similar medal presented to the same individual, is now in Chelsea Hospital.

"This exceedingly rare medal is represented in the cabinets of some collectors by a plaster-cast."

With reference to the above, we would point out that (as mentioned in the "Chronicle" of 1892) the original medal in question was presented to the Officers of the 43rd by the Governors of Chelsea Hospital; and Colonel Gaskell writes that he has authority for stating that the medal sold at the auction was merely a plaster-cast silvered over.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Spink and Sons (Numismatists and Medalists, 2, Gracechurch Street, E.C.) for the loan of the blocks from which our illustration of Colour-Sergeant Jermy's medal has been produced.

On the 13th November 1894, the following Peninsular Medal was put up for auction by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, and sold for 25*l.* 10*s.* :—

Edward Byrne, Colour-Sergeant 52nd, with thirteen clasps for:—"Corunna," "Busaco," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Ciudad Rodrigo," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vitoria," "Pyrenees," "St. Sebastian," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse."

STANDING ORDERS OF THE 43RD REGIMENT
1795.

THESE Standing Orders, a copy of which has recently been brought to light, were the first ever printed for the use of the Regiment, and are consequently of considerable interest. The book contains some 130 pages of closely-written Regulations, a glance at which shows how carefully the interior economy of the Regiment was looked after even a hundred years ago. Nothing appears to have escaped the attention of Lt.-Colonel Denniss, who, in an introduction, sets forth the reasons for issuing the Regulations :

The good order and discipline of a Regiment require that fixed rules and directions should be laid down for the conduct of each individual. That new Officers may know where to apply for a knowledge of the customs and practice of the Regiment, and that old Officers, by a frequent revision of articles so various, may the more readily pay and enforce a due obedience to them.

The Orders are "arranged under separate heads for "the more easy observance of the several members of the "Corps in every department," and it is, perhaps, an interesting fact, that the arrangement has apparently served as a model for other editions of Standing Orders which have at different times been issued to the Regiment.

On studying these old Regulations, one cannot help being struck by the few material changes which have taken place in the general system of soldiering during the past century. In little matters the Army has, of course, had to march with the times, and the Regiment with the Army; but, even now, the discipline and interior economy of a Corps would suffer little in following the Regulations of 1795.

It may be interesting to remark on certain of these old-time Orders—for Officers now serving will, doubtless, like to know how things were carried on in the childhood of the Regiment—but it may, perhaps, be observed that the latest Standing Orders of the 43rd are, in many instances, copied word for word from the Orders of 1795.

The first section of the book relates to *Divine Service*, at which one Officer per Company was required to attend, the Orderly Officer being the responsible person, marching “in the rear going, and in the front coming back.” The latter part of this Order is quaint, but speaks for itself.

The next section deals with *Officers* in terms almost identical with the latest Orders, though the following is now considered unnecessary :

No man shall be beaten or struck on any occasion—not even by the Officers or Non-Commissioned Officers appointed to exercise or drill any part of the Regiment—more than just sufficient, at least, to rouse their attention.

The *Officers' dress* is provided for at some length :

The Officers are, in obedience to His Majesty's directions, always to appear, when at Quarters, dressed in their uniform ; the lappels of the coat constantly buttoned back, and the skirts hooked back.

White cloth or Kerseymere waistcoats and breeches, with regimental buttons (or white leather breeches with regimental buttons), and black-topped boots, agreeable to patterns, to be constantly worn on duty, and at all morning parades ; nankeen or coloured breeches of any sort, or turned-down boots are never to be worn with regimentals. In the afternoon, and at evening roll-call, if the Officers *chuse* it, they may wear shoes and buckles.

None but regimental swords and knots are to be permitted, and they are to be worn uniformly over the coat when on duty, and over the waistcoat when off duty ; light buff leather gloves to be regimental.

The hair of all the Officers (the Grenadier Officers excepted), to be uniformly clubbed close to the head, with a rosette, agreeable to pattern, and the side hair to be kept at a moderate length.

Every Officer also (Field Officers and Adjutant excepted), to be provided with black cloth leggings, to be worn at reviews, on garrison guards, or when otherwise ordered.

No other than black leather stocks, buckled behind, are to be worn, and without any false collars, or shirt turned over; white stocks are on no account to be worn with regimentals.

Sashes and gorgets to be worn on all guards and field-days, courts-martial, and marches; on other duties, the sashes only. The gorget is to be hung by crimson roses of the colour of the sash to the buttons of the collar, and as high as the upper part of the lappels.

Every Officer to be provided with a regimental great-coat (made of blue cloth, agreeable to the pattern fixed on by the Commanding Officer, and no other to be worn at Quarters with regimentals), over which the sword-belt is always to be worn, and sash when on duty.

With regard to the *young Officer*, the Orders say :

He must learn the manual exercises, and to march, from the Sergeant-Major, that he may sooner acquire the air of a soldier, know how to teach the men of his Company, and the easier make himself familiar with the words of command. He will also learn from the Adjutant the sword exercise, etc.

The duties of the *Orderly Officer*, *Adjutant*, and *Quartermaster*, were almost exactly similar to those of the present day; in the Quartermaster's department, however, there was rather a strange order relating to the pioneers of the Regiment. "These," it says, "are to be chosen by the Officers commanding Companies from the oldest men who are stiff and awkward under arms and unsightly."

Particular instructions were laid down for the *Paymaster*, as well as for the *Surgeon* and his *Mate*; the latter two gentlemen being cautioned to be always strictly sober.

The orders on the subject of *recruiting* are most detailed, but hardly worth quoting. At this date it was customary to recruit by sending parties of men under Officers to various country towns, where they remained billeted for some time. The bounty for each recruit was

three and a half guineas, and "drunkenness and licentiousness of every sort, by way of getting men," was strictly forbidden.

After describing at length the multifarious duties of *Non-Commissioned Officers* and their conduct towards the soldier, the matter of dress is gone into :

The *Sergeants* are to wear at all times their uniform with a white buff shoulder belt over their coat, regimental swords and sword-knots, and light buff-coloured leather gloves, to appear remarkably clean, and by their uniformity of dress to show a proper example to the men. They are to carry canes or sticks of a regimental pattern, and leather strings and tassels when off duty, and, when on duty, fastened in a uniform manner to a button of the coat. Corporals are at all times to be dressed in their uniforms only. All Lance-Corporals to wear a distinction on the side of their right arm above the elbow made of white worsted lace formed in the shape of the letter V reversed. Lance-Sergeants to have two of those marks on the right also.

Under the heading of *Music*, we are told that the "Master of the Band" was considered as a Sergeant of the Regiment, and the musicians were entirely under his direction. Provisions are made for the hire of the Band and payment for the same :

In order to prevent disputes relative to the division of any money which may be given to the Band, it is ordered that all money may be divided into one more share than there are of the Band present, of which, each is to receive one, and the Master of the Band two. Cymbals, bass-drum, tambourine, etc., when employed, are to be considered as belonging to the Band and receive their share, as also Drummers and Fifers, when employed with it.

There was at that time a Drum-Major as well as a Fife-Major, each having charge of his own department and ranking as a Sergeant :

The *Drum-Major* is to receive half-a-guinea for every boy he completes in his beatings, which is to be paid out of the bounty-money of boys enlisted for the purpose—the same to be paid for every boy taught to play the fife.

The *Drummers and Fifers* are to pay two pence per week to the Drum-Major, according to the custom of the Army, which is to be stopped from

the Companies by the Paymaster whether the Drummers be absent or present or whatever duty they may be employed on. Drummers and Fifers are to wear their hair boxed the same as the Grenadiers.

In the section *Respect to be paid to Officers*, are given the various manners in which men are to salute Officers, "whether dressed in uniforms or coloured clothes":

All Non-Commissioned Officers, Drummers, and private soldiers, without arms, in passing Officers, are to raise the hand briskly to the hat, with the elbow square with the shoulder, and look at the Officer with that degree of confidence which becomes a soldier.

Private soldiers passing with arms are to carry their firelocks well shouldered, march past with life, and look the Officer full in the face; Non-Commissioned Officers are to carry their arms advanced.

A Non-Commissioned Officer or soldier with arms, coming up to speak to an Officer, is to march up boldly and deliver his message with shouldered arms without fear or diffidence, and while speaking to him, to stand perfectly still and upright as if on parade, and when done, return behind, or pass him.

A Drummer or private man having occasion to speak to a Sergeant or Corporal, is to put his hand to his hat first, but is then to drop it, and stand properly; the latter, with arms, is to stand shouldered. The same to be observed by a Corporal speaking to a Sergeant.

The orders relating to the Private contain much excellent advice; the most important paragraphs, however, are still to be found in the Regimental Standing Orders of 1890.

Economy of Companies is dealt with at considerable length, and it is particularly impressed upon Non-Commissioned Officers "to be very attentive to the conduct and appearance of their men, to instruct them how to tie and powder their hair, to dress themselves," &c.

We now come to the men's *necessaries*. Each man was required to be in possession of the following:—four good shirts, three pairs of stockings, three pairs of good shoes, two pairs of black cloth leggings, one foraging cap, one good black leather stock and clasps, one knapsack with slings and straps to put on

uniformly, four brushes, one black ball, a worm, turn-key, brush and wire, a buff-stick for cleaning his arms, a comb, and hair-leather.

Particular attention was ordered to be paid to the material and cut of the men's shirts :

It is found by universal experience that it is no kind of economy to buy coarse linen for shirts ; in Ireland none should be bought under sixteen pence a yard at least. The shirts may be made sufficiently large, and are to fit well about the neck so as not to fall down under the stock, and the sleeves are to be long enough for the wrist-band to appear below the cuff of the coat, and without ruffles. The frills must be made of good cambric, very full, and two inches broad.

The charge for washing was fourpence per week.

The men must keep their arms and accoutrements in the highest possible order with respect to polish and cleanliness ; no excuse can ever be taken for the contrary. Every man must be supplied with a buff-stick and other necessary articles for the purpose, and any man caught polishing his barrel with his ramrod, or piece of iron, will be punished for it.

The Non-Commissioned Officers are, at all times, to pay great attention to the men's flints, and see that they are properly fixed in their pieces.

The system of messing is laid down in detail :

The Orderly-Sergeant of each Company, having received the week's subsistence from the Captain or Pay-Sergeant, will parade at least two men of each mess when the drum beats for the purpose, and the whole will march regularly to market together. Having superintended the purchase of the provisions of their respective Companies, they will, when that is finished, each of them conduct their men back to the Barracks.

The men dined at two o'clock, and the N.C.O.'s were responsible that they sat down " perfectly clean and " well-dressed, with their clothes on, and their hats off, " and, above all, their hair tied."

Every mess is to be provided with three coarse table-cloths, a knife and plate for each man ; and every Barrack-room with three towels, one of which is to be fastened on a roller behind the door for the men to wipe themselves with.

A clean table-cloth and towels were ordered to be supplied three times a week.

The minutest orders are laid down for *Guards and Centinels*, their duties being considered the most important of the service. Cells were in these days termed the "black-hole," and it was "fitted up for the reception" of prisoners who are not to be brought to a Court—"Martial."

Confinement in the black-hole was limited to seven days, while confinement to barracks was awarded for lesser offences. Desertion, acts of dishonesty, or selling necessities, as well as any crime which brought discredit on the Corps, were punished by the cat. Sentence of corporal punishment was always carried out before the whole Regiment, and the Drum-Major was responsible for its proper infliction.

No man is ever to be punished with the same cat with which another man has been punished on the same day.

When a prisoner has received all his punishment, and is released, but not so bad as to be sent immediately to the Hospital, the Company he belongs to must furnish a centinel over him in his room for forty-eight hours, to be answerable that he drinks no spirituous liquors.

It was probably at this time that the Regiment commenced the training in marching which afterwards fitted it for the arduous work of the Peninsular War,¹ and the instructions laid down on the subject are most minute.

There is no part of the service more material, and nothing which shows the discipline of a Regiment in a stronger light, than the regularity and good order of a march. It is one of the principal criterions of well-disciplined soldiers and intelligent Officers.

The whole arrangement for the *march* is described in lengthy paragraphs, commencing with the inspection and telling-off of the Company. Bayonets were not fixed except when the Colours were uncased, and then only when marching through a town. Officers were permitted

¹ For orders relating to marches, *vide* "Instructions of Major-General Crauford for Marches, as issued to the Light Division in the Peninsular War." A copy of these orders will be found in *A Précis of Modern Tactics* (Appendix II.), by Colonel R. Home, C.B., R.E.

to ride when the Colours were cased or when bayonets were unfixed, but they were at all times to pay the greatest attention to their men. It may, perhaps, be here remarked, that during the Peninsular War the Officers usually rode on the march, the idea being that they were thereby better able to look after their men, and were fresher for work at the end of the day.¹

From *marches*, the Orders pass to *furloughs*. No man was permitted to have a furlough until he had served two years, and, if he was "discovered to have appeared " in any manner derogatory to the character of the " Regiment, either as to dress or behaviour," he was not permitted to go on furlough again.

Officers were desired to select their *servants* from their own Companies :

The steady old men, or the lowest boys of the centre or rear rank who have been twelve months dismissed from drill, are recommended to Officers to be taken as servants ; no front rank men, or growing boys of five feet six inches, or who have not served at least one year and is not perfect in his exercise and every part of his duty, will ever be suffered to act in that capacity.

One shilling per week was the pay recommended to be given by an Officer to his servant.

Under *transferences* are laid down the various orders relating to the transfer of men from one Company to another, and the posting of recruits :

Whenever a private soldier is promoted out of one Company into another, the Company receiving him (if not a flank Company) is to give

¹ "Sir John Colborne always strongly advocated the importance of Infantry Officers, when on active service, having riding-horses, and used to say that, if from insufficiency of income they found it difficult to manage this, still, they should stint themselves in wine and in everything else in order to keep a horse, if possible. As mounted Officers they were more useful under very many circumstances ; they were less tired at the end of a day's march and more ready for any duty which might be required of them ; they could be more effective in bringing up stragglers on a long and weary march ; some of them might be usefully employed when extra Staff-Officers were required. I think, on the long march of upwards of fifty miles which we had from Quevres-au-Camps to Waterloo, all but two of the Officers of the 52nd were mounted."—*Leck's "Lord Seaton's Regiment."*

any man of the same rank fixed on by the Commanding Officer of the Company from whence he came, with the exception of two men only, who may always be received at pleasure.

When a Corporal is promoted to a halbert in another Company, the Commanding Officer of the Company from which he was promoted has a claim to the same choice, unless the man appointed Corporal in his room is taken from another Company; this Company, in such case, has a right to the draft from the Company who received the Sergeant.

The Grenadier and Light Companies were composed of men specially selected from other Companies, and apparently, the Light Companies wore a special uniform, since it was ordered that Light Infantry men transferred to other Companies were to leave their jackets behind them.

Clothing was issued to the men on the 5th July, annually, to the extent of one suit to each man, or in the event of a man not requiring new clothes, he received one guinea instead.

The fitting of the clothing commenced on the 1st September, and was done regimentally in the tailor's shop, which was conducted much in the same way as at present:

The Master Taylor is to be allowed four pence out of the sum allowed for Regimental Work, for his trouble in cutting each suit of cloathing and skirt ornament.

There was a Master Shoemaker in charge of the shoemaker's shop; and the women of the Regiment made the men's shirts.

In those days men were permitted to follow a trade in the town apart from soldiering, and were apparently struck off Regimental duty for the purpose.

The Standing Orders conclude with instructions concerning *drills* and *parades*. The latter were of the most formal description, Companies taking half-an-hour to

form up. The following will prove what attention was paid to the minutiae of parade movements :—

FORMS OF LODGING OR RECEIVING THE COLOURS.

Before the Regiment is dismissed, if wished to Lodge the Colours in form, the Ensigns carrying them will be ordered to the right of the Grenadier Company, and the Officer commanding the Company directed to proceed with them ; he will order the Grenadiers to *advance arms, close ranks*, and either wheel them to the right in two Divisions, or march them forward in one, the Colours being in the front in either case, and move in *ordinary time* ; the Drum-Major, with the Grenadier Drums and Fifes, will go with the Company. The Commanding Officer will order the remainder of the Battalion to *present arms*, Officers salute the Colours as they pass, and the Music play "*God save the King.*"

As soon as the Grenadiers have arrived at the Quarters where the Colours are to be lodged, they will be *halted, rear ranks opened, shouldered, present arms* ; the Drum-Major will receive the Colours inside the house. Grenadier Officers salute, and Drums beat a *point of war* ; the Ensigns will draw their swords and post themselves as before ; the Grenadiers will be ordered to be dismissed there, or march back to their post in Battalion.

The same directions to be observed when sent for the Colours, if in form ; the Battalion *presenting arms* as soon as they come on the flank of the Battalion ; the Ensigns with the Colours march in front of Officers, who salute, and the Grenadiers between the ranks, in file, in ordinary time ; music and drums playing and beating as already directed.

THREE BROTHERS IN THE LIGHT DIVISION.

IN "A Narrative of Events in the South of France,"¹ there occurs the following passage in connection with the embarkation on the Garonne of the Light Division for England:—

"This was the last of the Light Division. The separation now came. Though amongst the Regiments which composed it there existed an unanimity which was almost without a parallel in war, yet there was a shade of difference between them—a something peculiar to each corps distinguishing it from the others—which was the more remarkable as amongst them there was a sort of fraternal compact, and it has occurred that three brothers held commissions at the same time in the 43rd, 52nd, and Rifle Corps.

"The 43rd were a gay set—the dandies of the army; the great encouragers of dramatic performances, dinner parties, and balls, of which their head-quarters was the pivot.

"The 52nd were highly gentlemanly men of a steady aspect; they mixed little with other corps, but attended the theatricals of the 43rd with circumspect good humour, and now and then relaxed, but were soon again the 52nd.

"The Rifle Corps were skirmishers in every sense of the word; a sort of wild sportsmen, and up to every description of fun and good humour. Nothing came amiss; the very trees responded to their merriment, and scraps of their sarcastic rhymes passed current through all the camps and bivouacs.

"In this way the brothers of the three Regiments met together, each being the very type of the Corps to which he belonged. Amongst them are to be enumerated the Napiers, the Maddens, the Booths, the Rowans, the Whichcotes, the Maynes, the Dobbs, the Patricksons, the Harvests, and others."

This extract, although probably not new to any reader of the "Chronicle," is yet of such peculiar interest that we have thought it worth quoting. Moreover, it serves the purpose of introducing the brothers who form the subject of this article—the Booths.

¹ By Captain J. H. Cooke, late 43rd Light Infantry, 1835.

William Booth of the 95th, Charles Booth of the 52nd, and Henry Booth of the 43rd were Subalterns in the three Regiments at the same time, *i.e.* from September 1806 to September 1809, and served together under Sir John Moore in Spain and at Corunna. The following account of them, excepting matters of record and unless otherwise specified, is extracted from a considerable series of private letters from the three brothers which are before us, more especially from those of Charles and Henry Booth.

William Booth, the eldest, entered the army the last, joining the 95th Rifle Corps in 1806. He served with the Expedition to Copenhagen in 1807 ; with Sir John Moore in Spain, retreat and battle of Corunna, 1808-9 ; with the Walcheren Expedition, 1809 ; transferred to 15th King's Hussars September 1809 ; landed in Portugal as Captain with the Hussar Brigade (10th, 15th, and 18th), 1813 ; in the affairs between 30th May and 21st June, *viz.* :—Ford of Almendra and Villa Perdrices, Movales, Osma, etc., and at the Battle of Vittoria, 21st June 1813 ; in the affairs in and about the Pyrenees, near Pamplona, etc., and at the Battle of Orthes, 27th February 1814 ; in the affair at St. Germain, etc., and at the Battle of Toulouse 10th April 1814 ; landed at Ostend from Cork 19th May 1815, and at the Battle of Waterloo (horse shot), where the 15th lost three officers killed and seven wounded. He became Major 15th Hussars. Retired from the Service 1824.

His description, gathered from the letters of his brothers, is that of a man of fine figure and stature, and of great muscular strength ; a popular and lively companion ; in quiet times unstable and restless, but on active service, in which he delighted, whether as Rifleman or Hussar, "an active and useful officer." As Lieutenant 95th Foot and as Captain 15th Hussars

he received the Peninsular medal with clasps for Corunna, Vittoria, Orthes, and Toulouse, and as Captain 15th Hussars the Waterloo medal; and was the only one of the brothers who lived to receive a medal at all.

In Charles Booth of the 52nd and Henry Booth of the 43rd we are more nearly interested.

Charles Booth joined the 52nd as Ensign from the 1st West York Militia in May 1805 at the age of eighteen. Lieutenant (2nd Battalion) June or July 1805. Joined the 1st Battalion in July 1806; in the Expedition to Sicily 1806-7; in the Expedition to Sweden under Sir John Moore 1808; in the Expedition to Spain under Sir John Moore, retreat and Battle of Corunna, 1808-9. It is noticeable that within two years and eleven months (1st August 1806 to 27th June 1809) he was actually on board ship with the 1st Battalion for upwards of 370 days between England, Sicily, Sweden, and the Peninsula. In the march of the Light Division to Talavera, 1809; in the Skirmish of Alameda and Attack on the Marialva pickets, 4th July 1810; at the Combat of the Coa, 24th July 1810; at the Battle of Busaco, 27th September 1810. Conveyed his brother of the 43rd, dangerously ill, from Valle to Lisbon; attended upon him there for two or three weeks, and shipped him for England, December 1810 to February 1811—the only time at which he appears ever to have taken any leave of absence. In the pursuit of Massena and all the engagements of the Light Division from 6th March to 6th May 1811; viz., Skirmish at Pombal, 11th March; Combat of Redinha, 12th March; Affair of Foz d'Arronce, 15th March; Action of Sabugal, 3rd April (slightly wounded—"a bit of a clink, narrow escape, spent ball"), and Battle of Fuentes d'Onor, 5th May; at the Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, January 1812.

Writing home from El Boden, 15th January 1812, he says :—

“No officer was allowed to volunteer his services at the storming of the Fort (Fort Francisco) or your humble servant would have been one. If there is any more volunteering at the storming (of the City) I should like to get my company this way in preference to waiting another seven years. Don't say anything of this to the female part of the circle.”

And again he writes (Guimaldo, 19th February 1812):—

“Gurwood was a month beforehand with me in volunteering the ‘Forlorn Hope,’ or I don't know what would have been the case. I sent in my name for the Storming-party, but Young who was senior was taken.”

He volunteered for the Storming-party and was killed at the Storming of Badajoz, 6th April 1812, aged twenty-four years.

Shaw (afterwards Shaw-Kennedy), of the 43rd, wrote on the following day to break the news of his brother's fate to Henry Booth. Aldrich, of the 95th, cut off a lock of his hair “as he passed him in the ditch amongst heaps of slain,” to send to his brother (the lock of hair still remains in the letter in which it came), and George Napier of the 52nd, then in England and travelling through Yorkshire, with characteristic kindness, turned out of his way to condole with Mrs. Booth, his mother..

The following are extracts from Henry Booth's letters home, relating to the sad event :—

“He has fallen like a good and brave soldier. . . . His virtues and most noble character were known alike to all ; but to me, who from my situation while on service with him have more particularly experienced his affectionate care and attention under much suffering, this is indeed a painful trial.

“He received a musket-ball through the head after he had entered the ditch and was making his way towards the breach. . . . His sufferings (if so they may be termed) were but instantaneous. Poor Charles was observed to be in more than usual good spirits before the assault.

He had heard a report of my arrival in Lisbon, and desired all his things might be kept for me in case any accident should befall him. He also left a full and clear statement of his Company's accounts (of which he had the command and payment) with the Adjutant of the 52nd ; also some memorandums of a few private accounts with his servant and others, all so clear and distinct that they can be easily settled. All his effects were sold, from the impossibility of their being taken charge of on the march from Badajoz to the North ; his gun, however, and two pointers and spyglass were preserved for me. . . . His sword, poor fellow, was lost in the ditch when he fell, and his body was with difficulty recognised amongst heaps of slain. . . . I need not say how deeply he is regretted by all who knew him both as an excellent soldier and a good and worthy man.

" Few indeed are to be met with like him. All deplore his loss, both officers and men. His life was without blemish.

" Major Napier,¹ who now commands this Battalion (1st Battalion, 43rd), showed me a letter which he had received from his (Napier's mother), being an exact copy of one which came to her from Colonel Napier,² whose most intimate friend Charles had been for a number of years, and also in the same Company with him when Captain. He speaks of poor Charles in such feeling terms of friendship and respect for his memory, that one could not help being affected by it."

Charles was a man of iron constitution ; his health and strength never failed. Except for the two or three weeks when he attended on his brother at Lisbon, there is no trace of his ever having been absent from the 1st Battalion from the day of his joining it to the last—nearly six years. Through heat and cold, hardship and exposure—in the deadly climate of the Alemtejo and the banks of the Guadiana, through all the arduous service of the Light Division in 1808-11, and up to the night of Badajoz in 1812—through all this, he appears never to have had an hour's illness. He continually adverts to his health and strength in a curious tone of cool confidence : " I am grown as tall as a giant "—" as strong and sound as Hercules "—" completely weather-

¹ William.

² George.

proof," and the like. "My health," he writes on the 11th June 1811, "no one, who is acquainted with my constitution, habits of life, morals, etc., can ever suppose to be otherwise than the very best." Again, writing from Saugo on the Sierra di Gata, August 19th, 1811, "We are knocked about from North to South, and East to West as usual, without the slightest prospect of ever finishing this tedious campaign. However, we keep up our spirits; there are even some who have grown fat upon contentment, and amongst the latter, thank God, I can number myself; my constitution, I really believe, growing every day stronger." And, thirteen days before his death, in the midst of severe work and weather in the trenches before Badajoz, "I don't care for the hard work a pin, nor for the climate, nor the danger, for thank God, I have a constitution to bear ten times as much as I have already suffered and the will to bear it."

Over the welfare of his younger and less robust brother, Henry, who had been placed by his agency in the 43rd, Charles had watched with touching constancy. "You well know," he says, "the interest I have always taken in regard to Harry, from his being in great measure put under my charge and direction in the earlier period of his military career, and from his invariable good conduct and excellent disposition I feel an attachment to him which a close acquaintance and strictest friendship for many years back has been continually increasing."

It is clear from the correspondence that it was due to Charles' influence, supported by the brilliant and heroic Colonel of the 43rd, Charles McLeod, that Henry Booth was enabled to take the field again after his brother and McLeod, fallen in the same hour, were both in their graves.

We now come to the third and youngest of the three brothers. Henry Booth obtained his commission as Ensign in the 43rd (by the agency of his brother Charles of the 52nd), at the age of fifteen, 6th March 1807. Became Lieutenant 11th June 1807; was Acting Adjutant of the 43rd (2nd Battalion), and hotly engaged in the Battle of Vimiero 27th August 1808.

He writes from Hythe, 3rd July 1808, "Our 2nd Battalion this morning received orders of readiness for immediate embarkation. Spain is our destination beyond doubt. Since writing the above the Company I have hitherto had the honour to command now devolves to a senior officer, but in compensation for this the Commanding Officer has appointed me to do the duty of Adjutant from this day, which, by-the-bye, on service is no joke." At the same time, Charles wrote about his brother, "The gallant Henry, one of the best officers in His Majesty's service, is going to accompany us; his merits are so well-known in the 43rd that he has been appointed to act as Adjutant to the 2nd Battalion of his Regiment, now about to join this expedition; they are in our brigade."

He served with Sir John Mocre's Expedition into Spain, Retreat and Battle of Corunna, 1808—January 1809; in hospital with fever at Plymouth from the hardships of that retreat, February 1809; in the march of the Light Division to Talavera, July 1809; ill with fever and ague and brought round by the care of his brother Charles, of the 52nd, at Campo Mayor, November 1809. At the skirmish of Alameda and attack on the Marialva pickets, etc., 4th July 1810, and hotly engaged in command of a Company at the Combat of the Coa, 24th July 1810; at the Battle of Busaco 28th September 1810; engaged at the surprise of Alemquer 10th October 1810.

Charles Booth, writing from Camp near Arruda, 9th November 1810, says :—

“ Harry I reckon as having narrowly escaped on several occasions during the retreat. At Busaco he was in Captain Lloyd’s—the left-hand Company of the 43rd, and one of those who met the head of the French columns in the charge. His Captain, who was close to him at the time they reached the enemy’s column, was on the point of being bayonnetted, but knocked down the fellow attempting it. Harry, no doubt, must have had a shave or two of the kind, as he could not prevent himself from being in the very thick of them, but he speaks only of the actions of others. At the Coa, near Almeida, H.’s was one of the Companies that covered the retreat of the Division across the bridge, and had it not been for the gallant manner in which this detachment (*principally* 43rd) behaved, most of the Division would certainly have been taken prisoners or forced into the river, where they must inevitably have perished. The officer in command of this Company (Lieutenant Hopkins) had been wounded in the early part of the day whilst in conversation with H. respecting their unfavourable position. H., of course, took command of the Company for the rest of the day, which was by far the most trying part of it—having been amongst the last of the few who escaped over the bridge after the retreat of the principal body of the covering party. Had any person of interest been inclined to have taken proper notice of his conduct and that of a few others on that day and represented it properly to Lord Wellington, a Company would have been the least he could have been rewarded with. The day of our retreat to our present position, H.’s (Captain Lloyd’s) Company was on the rear-guard on the most stormy disagreeable day I have ever witnessed. The enemy had come upon us whilst snug at our dinners at Alemquer. Some considerable degree of confusion ensued on our leaving the town, for the enemy’s riflemen were actually entering it before the 43rd had assembled. H. was in rear of all with a section of the Company, and obliged to blaze away in all directions in order to keep them in check, so great was their impudence and spirits at seeing us retreat in so confused a manner.”

Soon after this Henry Booth broke down and was dangerously ill. In December 1810 was taken from Valle to Lisbon and attended upon there by his brother Charles; invalided to England, February 1811, and temporarily attached to the 2nd Battalion 43rd, much

against his will. He rejoined the 1st Battalion in Spain May 1812; gazetted Captain 43rd, 25th June 1812. ("What a pleasure," he writes, "to command a Company of such fine fellows! and what an honour!").

He was present at the Battle of Salamanca, 22nd June 1812; in the Retreat of Burgos, and Combat of the Huebra (struck twice by spent balls), 15th November 1812; at the Affair of St. Milan, etc., June 1812, and Battle of Vittoria, 21st June 1813; in the Affairs on the Bidassoa and the actions called the Battles of the Pyrenees, July 1813, and at the Passage of the Bidassoa and the Attack on the Heights of Vera, October 1813. Gazetted Major 1822, and Lt.-Colonel 43rd 1830; made K.H. 1835; Commanded the 43rd in the Canadian Rebellion 1837-8, and made the winter march from New Brunswick to Quebec across the Portage of the Madawaska, December 1837. Died 6th May 1841.

The following obituary notice appeared in the *United Service Journal*, June 1841:—

"May 6th, at Northallerton, aged fifty-one, while on leave of absence for the recovery of his health, Lieut.-Colonel H. Booth, K.H., 43rd Light Infantry. We are happy to record the following just tribute to the above lamented soldier, from the pen of a distinguished brother officer:—

"In affording a place in your pages for a brief tribute of respect to the memory of the late Lieut.-Colonel Henry Booth of the 43rd, you kindly meet the wishes of several officers, who, having enjoyed the happiness of serving under his command, feel acutely his loss, and are desirous that a few words of more familiar detail than is usually found in your obituary notices may be offered to the character of that excellent soldier and man.

"The well-fought fields of Vimiera and Corunna, the Coa, Busaco, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Vera, lend their laurels to his name, and to the Regiment in whose ranks he began, continued, and concluded his long period of service. Colonel Booth's several commissions bear the following dates:—Ensign, 6th March 1806; Lieutenant, 11th June 1807; Captain, 25th June 1812; Major, 29th August 1822; Lieut.-Colonel, 29th June 1830—all in the 43rd Regiment

—a constancy to one corps, which, together with many brilliant, sterling and amiable qualities, gained for him, during the later years of his life, the well-merited title of the 'Father of the Regiment.'

"His excellent system of command, derived originally from the gallant leader of the Light Division, General Craufurd, pervaded the Battalion throughout. His spirit was infused into its smallest details. The 43rd Light Infantry and Colonel Booth seemed part and parcel of each other. Just, generous, humane, and warm-hearted, his rule was at once vigorous and lenient; and none knew better than himself the occasion, as well as the manner, of applying the stimulus of praise, encouragement, and reward to the deserving. That much-enduring and rarely commiserated being, the soldier's wife, never pleaded in vain to his charity; and it was common to see the child of the soldier—with that insight into character peculiar to infancy—hurry into the path of the Colonel, certain of receiving some little gift, caress, or kindly notice at his hands.

"In his demeanour towards his officers, the dignity of the Commandant and the suavity of the Friend were happily blended; and that delicate line of demarcation between the 'official' and the 'familiar' was traced with rare tact and refinement. His messmates had continually before them, in Colonel Booth, a perfect model of the gentleman and the man of honour.

"The skill, rapidity, and spirit of Colonel Booth's field movements were famed throughout the army. When engaged in the science in which he delighted, the men seemed to share in his enthusiasm. His evolutions invariably displayed a portion of the earnestness of actual service; and few of those officers and soldiers lately instructed by him but will remember the energetic manner in which he threw his skirmishers into cover. 'Dash in like foxhounds!' was the favourite exclamation of the old soldier and sportsman. It is not too much to say that the most ignorant spectator of a field-day of the 43rd would at a glance discover whether or not the Battalion were wielded by the skilful and peculiar hand of the late Lieut.-Colonel.

"Colonel Booth was eminently qualified by nature for the profession of which he was an ornament. With a figure of unusual stature and power, and a countenance handsome and expressive, he possessed an eye of wonderful quickness, a voice loud and cheering as a trumpet, and an eloquence and aptitude in addressing soldiers rarely equalled.

"A severe illness, contracted in leading the arduous advance of the 43rd from New Brunswick to Lower Canada in the winter of 1837, inflicted upon his naturally vigorous constitution a shock from which he never wholly rallied. As an officer of first-rate ability, the loss of

Lieut.-Colonel Booth will be generally and severely felt in the British Army; and as a staunch and true friend and delightful companion, he will be deeply lamented by those who enjoyed his more intimate acquaintance."

There is little more to be said. All ranks of the Regiment came forward to raise a monument to the memory of their Commanding Officer, and a tablet was placed in the Church at Northallerton.



MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE 52ND WITH THE NILE EXPEDITION, 1885-86.

By F. W. MONTAGU-DOUGLAS-SCOTT.

Late Lieutenant 52nd Light Infantry.

IN August 1885, while the 52nd were stationed at the Citadel, Cairo, volunteers were called for from the Infantry regiments in garrison to furnish a company of Mounted Infantry.

The company was to consist of four divisions, each of thirty N.C.O.'s and men, under a subaltern. Four regiments supplied the volunteers, viz., 42nd Royal Highlanders, 46th Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, 52nd Light Infantry, and 106th—the 52nd under myself.

The company mustered at Abbassiyeh early in August and was stationed at the Infantry Barracks. It was under the command of Captain Briggs, 19th Foot, who had served with the Mounted Infantry in the Campaign of '85, and the entire command was invested in Lieut.-Colonel Barrow, 26th Cameronians, who had also served in the same Campaign; the Adjutant was Lieut. Nason, also of the 26th. Captain Briggs died of enteric fever in September, and his place was taken by Captain Rathborne, 49th.

The training commenced with daily riding school in the *manèges* outside the Cavalry Barracks, and also foot parades in Mounted Infantry formation. Morning parade was held at 4.45 a.m., and it was a curious fact that the subalterns of the divisions usually met earlier—on the way out from Cairo—arriving in barracks just in time to change into uniform and gallop on to parade. Under these circumstances, we (the subalterns) were not usually feeling very well, but it would have churned the

dull mood of less youthful natures to look on at the British Infantry soldier learning to ride on half-broken Syrian and Russian ponies. The sight was full of a quaint but rich humour—the noise alone was stirring. Most, or nearly all of the ponies were entire, and rare intervals of silence were broken by many choral squealings, both peevish and acrimonious. It is out of place to criticise, but there is much room for it, both at this stage of the training and also later when the fruit of the instruction was to be looked for in the operations preceding and after the action of Ginniss.

After about a fortnight of the foregoing routine, the men were taken out into the desert and exercised by divisions under the rough-riding sergeants led by the subaltern. Galloping and dismounted practice were the chief exercises. Proficiency in the latter was often acquired without instruction. When the volunteers were called for, it was stated that men of slight build and light weight were to be preferred, provided they were marksmen; also selection was to favour men who had been accustomed to horses. This latter clause led every man who had, previous to enlistment, undertaken the arduous duty of tending a plough or riding the leader of a hay-cart team to volunteer, with a confidence in his own fitness and a pardonable pride which is an Englishman's heritage where the horse is concerned, that was highly commendable, but not an absolute guarantee of horsemanship. Nevertheless there were two or three men in the 52nd division who were very fair horsemen, and who, had the training been prolonged, would have held their own, and the same remark applies of course to the other divisions.

When we had trained for about three weeks, and, as may be readily imagined, were very far from perfect in the field, with only a rudimentary gleanings of stable

duties, the order came to send the company up the Nile to the front.

Two days of frantic bustle and much superfluous excitement in teaching the men to pack kits, roll blankets, and get ready for marching order. There was a lot of side-long humour in this, but we ("we" always refers to the subalterns—I am still a "Sub." in spirit and partly in the flesh) were obliged to wear *officially* a serious and even warlike aspect—"a swashing and a martial outside" in fact.

I can't collect dates, but one morning early we marched off from Abbassiyeh, with the band of the 19th Hussars leading us, like a procession of elevated Christmas trees. We embarked on board the paddle steamer *El Masr*, formerly of Messrs. Cook's tourist flotilla, men on the upper deck, officers below, and the horses on two barges lashed together and towed astern.

We had laid in a most elaborate store for mess necessities; engaged a really good, also really expensive, native cook; but the *bandobast* was certainly sound. I like to dwell on this because Ferrier-Kerr, 42nd, and I fixed it up.

We took 28 days to reach Assuan—I do not mean to appear boasting about this; it is only a fact. We were obliged to stop 48 hours at Siût to repair the mangers; the horses fed well, but they seemed to prefer wood to ordinary diet. We ran aground every day, sometimes twice and three times a day, according to the taste and fancy of the pilot. After the first week we got really clever at it. Of course we had nothing to do with this; natives did it, and did it well; it gave the crew an opportunity for bathing. After puzzling over it a little I thought this really was the reason, though they did not seem anxious to be clean in other ways. I was not in a hurry to get to Assuan, nor were the rest of us, except to fight of course, but that sort of excitement will always keep. It was rip-

ping—but everyone has been up the Nile now, and knows what it is like, yet not everyone has done it as a picnic at Government expense. Picnics are slow and out of date, of course, but I should like to have that one over again. It was an even pleasant life; no cares, and very little irritation—only flies. It was a bore being Orderly Officer and having to spend the day on the barges, but the horses were interesting and the supply of French novels unlimited. No excitement hardly, but about the third night from Cairo the steamer was fired at from inland—we hauled up every night, close to the bank—a belt hanging on a rail on the upper deck was cut through by the bullet.

As we went along we were always careful to run aground opposite any place of interest, such as Thebes, Karnak, &c. I missed Luxor, because I was Orderly Officer; that is just my luck. If we had hauled up by a vast sandy plain I should have been free; still, in ordinary conversation, I discuss Luxor with Egyptologists from a scientific and personal point of view.

One night when we were playing cards as usual in the stern, someone made the customary joke about a man overboard; I listened, and heard an unmistakable gurgle. “By G——,” I exclaimed, “there is a man overboard.” The doctor, Caldwell, disappeared over the side “all accoutred as he was” in pyjamas. Now this is promptitude in emergency. Why did not I plunge into the outer and wetter darkness instead of wasting time in exclamations? The man was rescued, but not before Rathborne had gone down, unintentionally, but gracefully and perpendicularly off the rudder—like Faust in the final scene—holding a lighted candle bravely above his head. Rathborne was rescued too.

We reached Assuan one evening at the end of October. Then a funny thing happened. The Commander-in-Chief

of the British Army of Occupation was on tour. There was to be a big review next morning at 6.30 a.m.; we arrived the previous evening—late. Orders were sent to us to disembark early and join the parade; we tried very hard to be there, but, from want of experience and other things, we only succeeded in reaching Philae in time to lunch with the Commander-in-Chief on his *dahabeah*.

We spent a week at Philae—horses picketed under a *tope* of palms. Amusements—bathing and an inspection by Sir Francis Grenfell. We reached Wady Halfa in about eight days after sailing—not forgetting to run aground opposite the temple of Abu Simbel, which, to me, is the most interesting of all the great Egyptian temples, being hewn out of a solid mountain.

Arrived at Halfa, a woeful thing occurred—we had to part with our cook: the café Bignon without Henri is an imaginary parallel. This disaster was forced on us by being split up into detachments. The 52nd remained at Halfa a week; grand gallops here, and nice soft falling for the men, who still persisted in confusing the command to halt with that to dismount. Then the 52nd and 106th divisions proceeded by march route across the desert to Akasheh, about 80 odd miles, where we were stationed, self in command. Head-quarters, consisting of the 42nd division, remained at Halfa, and the 46th division marched to Sarras. Both farriers belonged to the 52nd, so one was sent to Sarras and the other left at Head-quarters; the Farrier-Sergeant, an artilleryman, and the field forge came on to Akasheh, where the 50th Regiment and sundry details were encamped. We had nothing very much to do here, except to patrol the vicinity daily. Akasheh was picturesquely situated on the Nile, and at night we were lulled to sleep by the music of the great river, which sang sweetly at this

season of the year. As one lay under the stars blinking down through the feathery palms, life seemed a good and a pleasant thing. *Labuntur anni!*

The daily patrols, furnished by the Mounted Infantry, were some five-and-twenty strong, and the chief duty consisted in following the course of the single line of rail connecting Akasheh with Wady Halfa, which latter was practically the base of the frontier operations. The first station out from Akasheh was Tanjur—about eleven miles. The suspicion prevailed that some attempt might be made from the desert to cut the rail, which was duly confirmed later. A series of temporary forts built of sandbags was erected at intervals from Sarras to Akasheh.

One morning while out on patrol a passing instance of the incompleteness of our conversion occurred. We commenced to trot; I omitted, perhaps negligently, to give the caution "Steady the Mounted Infantry," but a horse forged ahead, and, disregarding the caution, then evidently too late, fairly bolted. He carried his rider with him, which was unusual. We smiled at first and watched. In a little while we noted a small white cloud issuing from the rider's head; it expanded and glistened in the early morning sun, and the effect was not bad; it grew rapidly and hid what was between it and the ground. Then I realised what a graceful thing a puggaree really was, when you knew how to use it, and I thought of Miss Kate Vaughan and other scenes many weary miles away. While we strained our eyes we remarked how the man's legs were getting confused; the cloud had floated away. This new phenomenon, which I at first attributed to a *mirage* trick, turned out to be due to the "parting of the putties." Finally we could see nothing but a faint cloud of dust, and that was soon lost on the horizon. We then began to feel anxious, and to collect with care as much as we could of what we had

lost. We gathered the "cloud" pretty soon; three hundred yards further on we annexed one putty; it took some time to come up with the other. By following the track with patience we came upon a belt, the side-arm a little distance from it; near the site of this discovery, a helmet; in another half-mile we were rewarded with a rifle. The track was now marked out with spilt cartridges, and at length ended in a very hot man who seemed a little ruffled, swearing at a bandolier which was strangling him. We caught the horse about a mile further; then we halted.

While at Akasheh there was really little time for regular parades. We used to go out and gallop in the desert (which seemed to me the best chance of shaking the men into their saddles—or out of them—in a short time) and practise dismounting and firing, remounting and galloping off as quickly as possible. It would have been mere waste of time messing about with parade movements.

One day, when we had been at Akasheh about three weeks, we got the order to march at night with a troop of the 20th Hussars (which had arrived from Halfa) to Tanjur, and thence to scour the desert in search of some Dervish Sheikh who was supposed to be cruising around. The Mounted Infantry division from Sarras (46th) joined us, still rather imperfectly trained. They had an involuntary formation of an advanced guard, consisting of three men, who came up at the gallop and fell off in succession as their horses halted. We had a long fatiguing day under a hot sun. Once a camel with a man on it was reported a long way off, but we could make nothing of it. I had been seedy just before this day out, and it finished me—result, dysentery, which kept me in bed for a week. One night I thought I was bad; I got up and saw the sky fairly dancing with stars;

I began to reckon up my drinks, but arrowroot couldn't account for "jumps," I thought. It turned out to be a striking display of falling stars, which I afterwards learnt was attributed in some learned quarters to be the tail of the missing Biela's comet, due about this time; but the explanation left me nervous and I swore quietly at Biela. Eventually I had to go to hospital at Halfa; I was there a fortnight with nothing to do after I got well. There were six sick horses there, which we had left behind, and two men; I used to spend my mornings with them. Meanwhile the Dervish had made a raid and cut the line at Ambigole Wells.

For a few days communication with Akasheh was cut off; when it was re-established I heard that the Mounted Infantry—which had reunited at Akasheh before the attack on the line—had proceeded, under command of Rathborne, 22 miles south along the Nile to Ferket, which was a day's march north of Kosheh, our advance post, held by the 79th. While at Ferket the Mounted Infantry had gone out to reconnoitre, had met the enemy, and were obliged to fall back with the loss of two horses. One man, Smith, G Company, 52nd, and a man of the 106th, who was dismounted, were missing; they came in after spending two nights out in the desert. Of course I missed all this, which was unlucky—not the spending two nights in the desert, but the skirmish.

About this time Colonel Barrow came up from Cairo, and, as soon as the line was repaired, we went on to Akasheh. The Commanding Officer went to Ferket, leaving me at Akasheh to send on stores by boat. I had a return of dysentery here (having had to ride to Ferket and back twice in two days), which I cured by dining, on Christmas night, with the 49th, off roast turkey and champagne, and making a night of it on mulled beer: doctors please note.

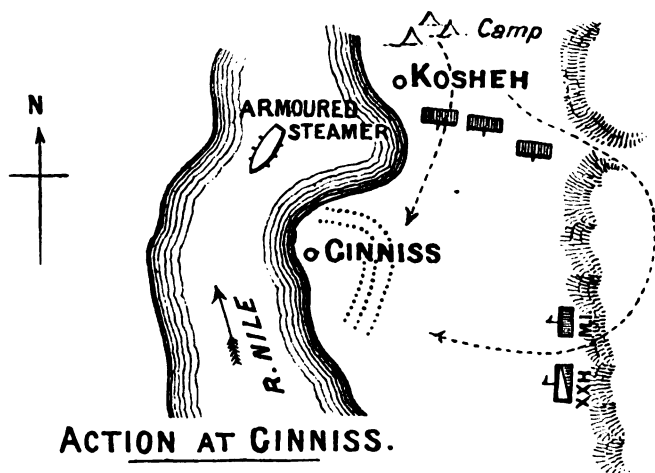
Before I got to Ferket there had been another reconnaissance, Barrow in command; more firing, but no one hurt. On this occasion they got to rather close quarters—about 200 yards. Under such circumstances and in moments of excitement the Mounted Infantry soldier (imperfectly trained) sits on his horse and fires rapidly with a high elevation—backsight varying from 500 to 1,000 yards. The casualties among the Dervish were not heavy—a chief was slain by a revolver shot and a horse was captured.

When I arrived at Ferket I found the mess established in a palatial mud house. To vary the diet of tinned beef we bought a sheep, and shut him up for safety in the back parlour. The first night the sheep spent bleating badly; we bore this impatiently, but no one would be the first to get up. The sheep must have got bored in the back parlour, for he got out and walked about till he trod on a nose. The owner of the nose got up then and showed the bleater the door, and we never saw it again. Of course, we abused Rathborne in the morning, because his nose betrayed him, and mutton was uncommon and expensive.

Half-way between Ferket and Kosheh was Fort Mograkeh; fort here means a space enclosed in a mud wall. Here was stationed an Egyptian regiment under two British officers in the Khedive's service. There was another "skirmish," by moonlight for a change, round here. It resulted from an evening patrol of the Mounted Infantry. The patrol returned to Ferket reporting the sheen of spears and a dervish standard opposite Mograkeh; a strong reconnoitring patrol was therefore sent out to obtain more accurate information. When this patrol came near the spot, the garrison of Mograkeh, mistaking in the darkness the approach for Dervish, opened fire. Report of the Mounted Infantry (imper-

fectly trained), who retired rather hurriedly: "A large force of Dervish near Mograkeh." Facts elicited afterwards, the mistake stated above; also, that the Dervish standard was the flag marking the site of the men's latrines of the Mograkeh garrison.

Finally the British force collected at Ferket advanced in the afternoon of the 29th December to Kosheh, and encamped on the south side for the night. The orders issued were to advance at 3 a.m.—Infantry direct against Ginniss; Cavalry and Mounted Infantry to outflank the enemy by marching south-east, *i.e.*, away from the river, and to descend from the high ground in rear of Ginniss.



We dined well, and turned in early; the morning was cold and very dark. I skinned one side of my face against the hide of a palm tree trying to pull on my boots, but as silence was strictly enjoined I only said "bother" very low. My fingers were so numbed with cold that I could hardly buckle my spurs. Things happened that might have made me laugh, only I didn't feel that way. A man was trying to mount, close to me, when the horse plunged; the man fell on his nose, with

a great rattle of accoutrements, and the horse disappeared in the darkness. I wondered vaguely whether the horse would ever be seen again; it wasn't one of mine, but I rather envied the man (if his nose wasn't broken), because he could stay where he was. How we ever got together and formed up in this Egyptian darkness (which could certainly be felt as of old—witness the palm tree and the other man's nose) I don't know, but we were gradually becoming "trained."

We sat shivering in our saddles for fifteen minutes, then, with the 20th Hussars in front, began to advance. Words of command were given in low tones and passed on. We wheeled in column of fours and filed up a *wadi* to our left, *i.e.*, in a south-easterly direction; then advanced for some distance and halted at the base of rising ground, over which we could not see. It was now daylight. We could see nothing of the Infantry force on our right, or, indeed, anything but the sand-hill in front. The artillery opened fire; shortly after, a heavy musketry fire began. We sat still, drawn up in column of divisions. The firing on the right grew momentarily heavier and Remington bullets came singing over our heads from Ginniss. I looked to the rear and saw them kicking up little dust spots all over the place just behind us, and felt myself turn green. I remember wondering if this change of tint was perceptible, as I have what is called a fresh colour (my "pals" call it a vermilion face, and it is true I can find my way through a thick fog easily). The men (*i.e.*, boys) looked serious. Just then a man on the right flank of the 42nd division, in front, was hit through the right shoulder, and borne to the rear. The 20th Hussars had two or three men and a horse or two hit, and a bullet scooped a hole in my bugler's *numnah*. Thanks to the friendly hill we escaped any worse, but it was warm enough to suggest a move. We

advanced, crossed the hill and some 400 yards of open ground, wheeled to the right in a hollow and dismounted for action; the Hussars on our left did the same.

On surmounting the rising ground, we beheld a forest of flags bristling out of a hollow about 300 yards off, and a few camels browsing—peace and war side by side. The men began loosing off at once, wildly; then the officers began quoting from the “Firing Exercise.” It worked fairly on the whole. I saw one camel fall; the rest went on browsing. Then I recognised the red saddles, and knew the camels were those of the Egyptian Camel Corps. We ceased fire and listened to the others. The flags in the hollow began to wave and someone said a charge was coming; the firing grew suddenly heavier, and I saw three Dervish rush madly towards the direction it came from; I also saw them fall. From our position and the nature of the ground we could not see the British Infantry, and the only view of the intervening space between them and the Dervish was through a narrow gorge between two sandhills. I learnt afterwards that a charge of spearmen took place at the juncture I am speaking of. This point was about the centre of the action. The brunt of the fight was on the extreme right, in the village of Ginniss.

The flags remained waving in about the same spot; suddenly there was a show of Dervish facing us, and at closer range; they fired a few rounds; we replied, and they removed. Presently the flags began to disappear; the bearers were evidently thinking it *moosh quies* (Arabic for *poor game*). We had ceased fire and things were getting dull, when we advanced about 200 yards, but were still in the gallery. Shortly someone applauded; till then we had felt inclined to throw oranges. Now a Dervish could be seen, close to us, doubling to his rear; he had about 150 yards to go to

get round the angle of a hill and so out of sight. Every rifle was levelled, for they were all jealous shots; I could see (through my glasses) the bullets strike all round him. Would he get round the shelter in time? Secretly I felt I was backing the running man. I won, and I own I was glad. The next excitement was caused by Private Locke, of my division—no relation, I fancy, to the gentleman who wrote about the human understanding. He was on his feet, and firing, with his rifle pointed at about where the Southern Cross would appear that night. Nothing could stop him—questions were idle; but eventually, with the patient use of glasses, a Dervish horseman could be defined on a hill about two miles off; he also escaped.

Now came the order to mount; we mounted and galloped wildly due south. Here another instance of imperfection arose. We were in marching order, of course, with blankets rolled, and were carrying rations for two days. After going 200 yards, tins of bully-beef began to fly. This was really the most dangerous part of the day's work, especially when one happened to be the rear division in column. The blankets came unrolled and floated picturesquely; we looked like a stampede of Mexican horsemen with *ponchos* flying, and, as we were, should have been worth 10*l.* a week per head on the stage at Drury Lane—a better business than supers in the military spectacle of hunting Dervish over the sands of the Sudan. Men who visited the scene when we halted on the return journey, told me the ground was thick with tins of meat.

Eventually we crested the hills overlooking the Nile, and then saw for the first time the panorama of the action. We were supposed to have outflanked the enemy, and certainly we were in rear of Ginniss, but we had been too slow getting there; the Dervish could

be seen in hundreds, squatting on their hams on the other side of the river looking on, and the bulk of them had already passed south.

There is really nothing more to tell; the action was over, the Dervish in full retreat. We came down from the hills, moving cautiously dismounted, and advanced in skirmishing order on a collection of mud houses. We were fired at in a desultory way, but, when we fixed bayonets and rushed in, the place was empty; not a sign of a black man anywhere. It was better than a conjuring trick, because the surprise was thoroughly appreciated.

What was to be done next? No orders; no enemy; the sun was hot, and we were thirsty. Why not lunch? Of course. It was like partridge shooting in September—a bad year, when there are no birds. We lunched comfortably, and drank from the Nile. It was a “low Nile” next year.

While we were browsing, someone caught a stray camel doing the same, only he differed from us in having a few hundred dollars about him; the camel stuck to us—the dollars didn't. Later we fell in and marched south, about four miles, halting at the village of Amara—ten minutes allowed for refreshments. Then the 52nd division was ordered on in support of a troop of Hussars and Egyptian Cavalry that had started in pursuit. We overtook three Hussars with a prisoner grinning at the joke of his capture; they asked me what they were to do with him. “Spank him,” I said, “and let him—no, take him to the rear” (it's a stock phrase and a safe place). We met the Cavalry returning—enemy *mafeesh*. We lay on the ground at Amara that night. This was not new to us, and we were weary, but we were also “jumpy”—just a little. Challenges came out of the darkness from unexpected places, and generally unanswered. One, that

seemed near at hand and rather irritable, was repeated so often that it got on my nerves, and I was glad when the shot was fired, though it entailed springing up and standing to arms for twenty minutes. We laid down outside the picket after that—Walker, 46th, and I—and the tussle between sleep and “jumps” was interesting—sleep won.

After this it was really a ten days’ picnic. We marched in a violent hurry, and, when we halted, orders usually came to advance at once, just when one had made contrary dispositions, and was sitting in eighteen inches of Nile, blushing in the sun and hugging a sponge—and this was annoying.

After one welcome halt I had just sat down to browse, when the order came to proceed *at once*, as usual, in support of the advance reconnoitring party, and I started with my gullet bubbling over with *erbswurst* in command of the 52nd division, half the 42nd division, and half a troop of the 20th Hussars, under Lieut. Clementson, 19th Hussars. We halted at Useyed Effendi, about two hours’ march, and had a peaceful rest. Even after the General had been to look at us, and though he expressed high approval of our halting place, and told us we were not to move again, he sent an A.D.C. back just as he was disappearing from view to tell us to march south at once for three hours, so there must have been a joke somewhere; being a Scotsman perhaps rendered the fun a bit obscure to me. I marched; perhaps I should have wiped a stigma from my race and shown a truer appreciation of wit if I had sat still.

It took four hours to find another convenient halting place; we passed the night there. About an hour after midday the advance party appeared returning, and bearing as a captive an infant Dervish, aged about three years. He (it was a boy) was carried triumphantly on the

Mounted Infantry Sergeant-Major's saddle-bow, and a jolly crowing little sportsman he was. We used to give him mugs of milk when he came to pay us a visit at the mess afterwards, and it was funny to see him looking sorrowfully at the bottom of the mug when it was emptied and to hear him cry plaintively *mafeesh*.

When the advance party had come in, we turned our noses to the north. The north! There was a ring of home in the word; we never turned south again. Not many days after, we found ourselves at Akasheh once more; and, within a week, orders came up to relieve the 52nd division, to rejoin at Cairo, as the Regiment was under orders for India.

We handed over our horses and accoutrements, and the night before proceeding by train to Halfa, I sat at a farewell dinner. It took quite a long time to hit off the door of my tent that night—like making a losing hazard at billiards; I went off the cushion at last and only stopped at the bottom of the pocket.

We went down by "stern-wheeler" to Assuan, and on to Siût, thence by train to Cairo; a week later, I went home on leave.

My reflections on the work of the Mounted Infantry were, briefly, these:—That the Mounted Infantry did nothing that regular mounted troops would not have done equally well, and, as it happened, the Hussars who were present did very much better. We were "imperfectly trained" it is true, but to make us perfect would have required as much, if not more, training than a Regular Cavalry Regiment. If Mounted Infantry get into a tight place, they have no chance in making a dash, and no weapon to cut their way through; *ergo*, Mounted Infantry is—"Oh, I say, what rot!"

We got the medal and Khedive's star.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A 43RD VETERAN.

It is not often that one has the chance now-a-days of meeting with an old soldier whose early service was spent in the comradeship of Light Division heroes, yet we have this year been fortunate enough to discover such an one in Mr. Thomas Logan, late Quartermaster-Sergeant of the 43rd, who, although in his 88th year, is still enjoying excellent health at Coventry.



THOMAS LOGAN, AGED 74.

Thomas Logan enlisted in September 1824, and, after holding the appointments of Schoolmaster, Orderly-room Sergeant, and Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Regiment, was discharged to pension in November 1851. From that date he continued to fill excellent situations until, in 1887, at the age of 81, he retired from business, being then confidential clerk to a firm of solicitors in Coventry. He has still a lively recollection of Regimental matters, and his letters are marvellously written and full of interest—so much so that we have thought that extracts from them are worthy of appearing in print.

COLOURS.

“With regard to the Colours presented by Mrs. Haverfield, it was a very hurried affair, the notice being so short. The ceremony took place on the Alameda on Sunday evening, and we embarked next day on board the *Melville*—74; she is now Hospital Ship at Hong Kong. I don't know what became of the old Colours, which must have been those presented by Lady Blakeney at Valenciennes in 1816 or 1817 when her husband was Colonel of the 7th Royal Fusiliers. Sir Edward Blakeney

was Commander of the Forces in Ireland in 1850-51, and I remember seeing him at a Levée held by the Lord-Lieutenant in Dublin, when the Sergeants of our Regiment were detailed to act as yeomen of the guard.

"When the new Colours were presented in 1847, the old ones were given to our Head Colonel, Sir Hercules Pakenham. I heard they were patched up afterwards by Lady Pakenham, and made quite respectable, the new parts being stained to make them in keeping with the old."

OFFICERS' DRESS.

"I never heard any allusion made by the old soldiers, and three-fourths of the Regiment were Peninsular men when I joined, of our officers wearing a 'sling jacket.' They had a different uniform for ball dress, viz.:—scarlet jacket and white facings, with epaulets instead of wings, a dress sword worn underneath, white kerseymere trousers with silver stripe and scarlet down the sides, and a large plume of green feathers in their hats instead of the ball tuft."

ROBERT JERMY.

"With regard to my old friend Bob Jermy, I don't see anything in his record about saving the life of an Officer of the Regiment, Lieut. Madden, the same who consecrated our new Colours at Portsmouth in 1847. I never heard about it from Jermy himself, but it was the common talk of the barrack-room, soon after I joined, among the old soldiers who had been present in the Battle (one of the Actions fought on the Pyrenees). The story was that after the wounded had been removed, Jermy found this Officer, and believing there was life in him, carried him on his back to the rear and delivered him to the doctors. If this was a fact, and I have no reason to doubt it, it should have been entered in his record of services, and the particulars given of his 'Distinguished Conduct in the Field.' The last time I met old Bob was near St. James' Palace, when he was a yeoman of the guard. Soon after his discharge he obtained a situation (he and his wife) as caretaker of the premises belonging to the Royal Agricultural Society in Hanover Square. He wrote a letter to the 'Times' on a matter then in discussion about the Battles in the Peninsula, and signed himself 'An Old 43rd Man.' This came to the notice of Sir William Napier, who went to the 'Times' office and got his name and address, which ended in procuring for him the berth of Yeoman of the Guard. So much for old soldiers writing to the Press!

"As to his medals and clasps, he was not in possession of a medal, so far as I knew, when he left the Regiment. I think Sir William Napier and the Officers must have had a hand in the 'Distinguished Conduct' medal."

GEORGE GARLAND.

"I saw Wharton's medal in Chelsea Hospital when I first visited Captain Garland. He saw me from his window as I passed, and before I could knock or ring the door opened and he caught me by both hands. It was just a quarter of a century since we had seen each other, and he knew me in a moment. He attended my school when he was servant to Lient. Primrose. By desire of his master he went to his duty in the ranks, and when I parted from him at Cork, in 1851, he was Colour-Sergeant. His old master never forgot him."

OLD GROUP OF OFFICERS.

"I little thought that my old eyes would ever be gladdened again by the sight of a copy of a picture I know so well, and which has hung in the Officers' Mess nigh on sixty years. It was painted by an old Officer of the Regiment, Lieut. Condry, who had retired from the service after the war and settled in Plymouth. The Officers represented are :— Major Forlong on the right, then Ensign Bruere, next Lieut. Johnson Ford (6 feet 4 inches), Sergeant-Major James Wasp (5 feet 11½ inches), Ensign Hon. C. H. Lindsay playing with 'Chicken,' and Lieut. George Talbot on the chair. The latter made me a present of a handsome double inkstand in bronze ; the last I heard of him he was Adjutant-General at Madras. Colonel Forlong was a Waterloo man, wounded in the Battle, the ball smashing his collar-bone and lodging in the muscles of his back. He carried it with him to his grave, unless it was cut out after he was dead. He came to us from the 33rd as Captain in 1826, when we were quartered in the South Barracks at Gibraltar."

PORTRAITS IN THE "CHRONICLE."

"I recognise, among the illustrations, General Wilkinson. He was my Adjutant when I was promoted Quartermaster-Sergeant out of the Orderly-room, where I had been for twenty-one years. He made me a present of a silver mustard-pot and two salt-cellar, which I still possess and set store by. General Primrose, who also made me a present of a writing-desk and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hale's 'Ireland,' and, lastly, Colonel Synge.

"The seal I use on this letter (the Regimental Badge and 'T.L.' underneath) was given me by General Sir Percy Herbert when, as a very young Officer, he was appointed Acting-Adjutant at the Depot. I took great pains to initiate him into the rules and regulations of the Service, which from my long experience as Orderly-room Clerk I was able to do, and he never forgot it."

HIS OWN SERVICES.

“When I arrived at Gibraltar I was very ill, and after being told off to a Company (Captain Fraser's), I was sent to hospital. It leaked out that I was a scholar, and a quarrel or fight took place between two Sergeants, neither of whom could read or write, as to who should have me for comrade. It came to the Captain's ears, and he made them draw lots for me; Sergeant Stiles lost and Sergeant Tudor won. He used to clean all my appointments and turn me out on parade like a new pin. In those days plenty to drink was all the old Peninsular men cared about. After work was over everyone went to the wine-house, and on the anniversary of Battles (and they seemed to come pretty often) Major Booth would give an order, ‘No parade or roll-call till tattoo.’ Then the men would get an advance from their Pay-Sergeants, and you can guess the scene at tattoo. My foreign service ended when I disembarked at Portsmouth from Gibraltar in January 1831. I was left behind as Orderly-room Clerk at the Depôt when the Regiment embarked for Canada in 1835, and I left the service when it went to the Cape in 1851.

“When we were quartered in Plymouth in 1837, I got acquainted with a respectable young woman; we kept company for twelve months, and then we agreed to get married. This was the turning point in my life, for before that I had been unsettled and not over steady. A fortnight after marriage I was put in orders as Lance-Corporal, and in ten months I was full Sergeant, and never went back an inch but forward, till, ten years later, I was promoted out of the Orderly-room (over the heads of ten Colour-Sergeants) Quartermaster-Sergeant of the Regiment, gaining the respect and esteem of all my Officers till the time of my discharge.

“When stationed at Armagh in 1840, a warrant was issued for the appointment of a Schoolmistress in each Regiment. My wife was appointed Schoolmistress at a salary of 30*l.* a year, and continued to hold the appointment until the service Companies joined the Depôt at Dover in 1846. She died here (Coventry) Christmas 1890. She was a good and loving wife, and helped to keep me in a straight path.”

THE 43RD AND 52ND TOGETHER.

By a curious coincidence, both Regiments were originally numbered "54," though neither retained the number for more than a few months.

1775.—The 43rd and 52nd fought side by side at Bunker's Hill, and served together until 1778 at New York, White Plains, Fort Washington, Rhode Island, and Brandywine.

1803.—The two first Regiments to be made Light Infantry.

1804.—Brigaded together at Shorncliffe Camp and trained under Sir John Moore until 1806.

1807.—Expedition to Copenhagen—in the same Brigade.

1808.—Both Regiments took part in the Expedition to Portugal, and fought together in Anstruther's Brigade at the Battle of Vimiero. Later in the year they were again brigaded together in Beresford's Brigade, Fraser's Division, and marched on Salamanca. Both Regiments took part in the Retreat and Battle of Corunna, 1809.

1809-14.—The Regiments were never separated, being continuously on active service with the Light Division.

1815-18.—Both formed part of the Army of Occupation in France.

1833.—The 52nd relieved the 43rd at Beggar's Bush Barracks, Dublin.

1847.—The 43rd were quartered at Portsmouth when the 52nd landed there in August from Canada, and for a month both Regiments formed part of the same garrison.

1851.—At the beginning of this year the two Corps met again in Dublin.

Digitized by Google

1861.—The Depôts of the 43rd and 52nd were together at Chatham.

1870.—The Depôt 52nd was attached to the 43rd Light Infantry in Ireland.

1872.—The 43rd, proceeding to India, met the 52nd at Malta, and were entertained by them.

1881.—The Regiments united as the Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

1886.—The 52nd, on arriving in India, took over quarters at Bangalore from a detachment of the 43rd, and, on passing through Poona, met and were entertained by the Headquarters of the 43rd.

THE MAINTENANCE OF DISCIPLINE.

By LT.-COLONEL W. CLARK.

To my very deep regret, I am approaching the end of my long Regimental career, which has been passed entirely in the 43rd and 52nd Light Infantry, and I should like to record in the pages of the Chronicle what impressions I have gained in my thirty-three years of Regimental life as to the way in which discipline is kept up, and my ideas on the same, in the hope that some of those who come after me may find a benefit in the perusal of what I now jot down.

For twenty-seven years I served in the 43rd, and for nearly six years I have now been in the 52nd. I found the system of discipline in both Battalions identical, though differing of course in many little matters of detail.

Now I should like first of all to ask what do we mean by "Discipline." Each of us may have a different way of defining it. I take it that the truest definition is to call it, *the spirit engendered by cheerful and unhesitating confidence from the lowest to the highest.* Take one or two examples. It was through the discipline engendered by confidence that, in 1813-14, the French troops were, as a rule, victorious when Napoleon was their leader, and the reverse when he was away. But it is not necessary to look further than our own Regiment for a striking example, for it was the discipline of confidence that animated and inspired the hearts of those British soldiers who stood steady in their ranks on board the sinking ship *Birkenhead*. There was no murmur, no questioning, while they stood there and saw the women and

children placed in the boats ; and then the boats pushed off, leaving those glorious soldiers steady in their ranks and waiting an almost certain death, and, as the warrior historian Napier wrote : “ Surely the occasion was great and noble, and the heroism unsurpassable in the most noble of the noblest.”

Our Regimental system of Discipline was framed in 1803 by Colonel Mackenzie, then Commanding the 52nd Light Infantry, and was inaugurated in the Regiments that formed the famous English Light Division by Sir John Moore, K.B. That discipline nobly upheld the test of many years campaigning in the Peninsula, and still remains in our Regiment. The principles of it were, that until the Officers were thoroughly efficient, the Non-Commissioned Officers and Men could not be expected to be so, and that it was by zeal, knowledge, good temper, and kind treatment, that soldiers should be made to do their duty. Great power was given to Officers Commanding Companies. The men were taught to look to them for nearly everything, their drill, their food and clothing, their rewards, and most of their punishments. No light and trivial crimes were ever brought before the Officer Commanding the Regiment. It was firmly impressed on all that the great duty was to prevent crime, and then there would be no occasion for punishment.

Such was the system carried out, and it so impressed Sir John Moore that he is reported to have said that he was prouder of the zeal and earnestness of all ranks of his Regiment, the 52nd, to do their duty, than he was of his “ Order of the Bath.”

But in Sir John Moore, England had an exceptional soldier, and we cannot do better, in striving after the maintenance of discipline, than to keep him and his work before us as an example.

The General Orders of 1st February 1809 thus spoke of him :—

“The Troops found in their Leader a striking example of the discipline he enforced on others. During the time of peace, his time was devoted to the care and instruction of the Officer and the Soldier. The life of Sir John Moore was spent amongst the Troops.”

What higher eulogium could be passed on any man ?

A good general rule for enforcing discipline is to forbid nothing where disobedience of the command can, with tolerable certainty, be predicted, and to command nothing, which, with equal certainty, is likely to be unfulfilled. It does not matter so much *what* demands we make on the soldier, as to *how* we make them. Time is a factor that bears a leading place in producing discipline, and yet not a long period of years is necessary. Confidence is soon learnt when all set themselves really to work to gain it ; then it is a plant of quick growth, but when the work is only done in a half-hearted manner, then confidence comes but slowly, and discipline comes equally as a laggard with it. Unhesitating obedience will only come through high discipline among the Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers and the intimate knowledge of the soldiers under their orders.

It is the fashion in these days to say there is no time given to learn anything of our soldiers,—they are here to-day and gone to-morrow. Do not let us fall into this error, it is only an excuse for slackening in our duty. It is true that now-a-days a constant effort is required from our Officers to maintain discipline, but it *can* be done. The task can be accomplished while the Army of England is composed of its present material.

Enforce discipline from the very beginning—from the first day of a soldier's life. Let it be a just form of discipline, and it will sit lightly on the soldier, and

make his life a happy one. He will know what is required of him, and the sure consequences of non-fulfilment—but there will be *no* non-fulfilment. Happy the Regiment in which this discipline is found. When they march to battle to render their cheerful obedience, the light of victory will be seen on their faces, begat of confidence—confidence in their leaders, and in each comrade's discipline.

Again, I would maintain, that the great example must come from the Officers. A German writer said of the army of Frederick the Great, that the soul of the Prussian Army was in its Officers. Another wrote as follows: "Influence over soldiers must be gained in time of peace Before all else, must come care for the well-being of the soldier. A decay in the Officer's influence arises so soon as he begins to trouble himself no longer about the soldier, and confines himself to merely giving orders. When his authority is only enforced in this way it is but feeble."

In these days of Short Service, the discipline of the soldier is only undergone for a short period. A future in civil life is always dangling before the eyes of our young soldiers; but we must take care that, while they are with us, they are contented with their lot, and, when they draw comparisons with their brothers in civil life, the result shall be in favour of the soldier's life, or, at all events, equally favourable.

Let us glance for a moment at the material of which our soldiers are formed. The people of the three kingdoms of England, Scotland and Ireland, who give us soldiers, are the hardiest and most headstrong people in the world. They are people taught to consider independence as a virtue, and, too often in the present day, to look upon the higher classes as their enemies. These men become soldiers; at once they must abandon all

these ideas, and yield implicit obedience to restrictions on those habits and feelings. The soldier's life at home is, at best, a monotonous one. On service his life is one of hardships and privations; his pay is small, his rewards are few, and his life is one irksome to his natural feelings. Here we see what we have to face to promote and maintain discipline.

Short Service has produced a revolution in discipline. The position of the soldier is improving yearly. Remember what Napier wrote of the soldier of his time: "He fought under the cold shadows of aristocracy. No honors awaited his daring; no despatch gave his name to the applause of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was unchequered by hope, and his death unnoticed."

We lose our soldiers now when they are at their best, but we must deal with them as we have them. In dealing with him, try easy methods before you punish; bear in mind he is little older than a schoolboy in many cases. Punish hard for insubordination and theft, but treat trifles with a light hand, and remember that it is the *crime*—not the *punishment*—that degrades the man in the eyes of his comrades.

From Napier's brother Charles we have the following advice: "Do not worry men about small irregularities, but when you punish for a serious crime, let it be Hail! Thunder!! and Lightning!!!"

One great secret of discipline for Officers and Non-Commissioned Officers is for them to know how to make the most familiar intercourse with their men compatible with absolute authority, for if you attempt to keep up discipline by all in authority holding aloof from those under them, you only maintain discipline by *fear*, and not the true discipline inspired by confidence and affection. To quote Napier once again: "Who shall

say that the British Soldier can only be worked on by fear because he is insensible to honor? Shame on such a thought! Fear is a thing he is most insensible to." Lay these words to heart, and remember that to keep up true discipline, we must be able to look into the hearts of our soldiers.

With our soldiers no Officer or Non-Commissioned Officer ever lost one jot of authority by mixing freely with his men in their sports and amusements. Those who do this bring to bear an influence which has just the opposite effect; it strengthens their position; the soldier learns not to fear, but to respect his superior. Then, when he has given that respect and lost all fear, he turns to that Officer or Non-Commissioned Officer in whom he has learned to have confidence, and, when trouble comes, he looks to him for help and counsel as his natural adviser.

The Commander of a Regiment has indeed a difficult part to play. He must on one hand avoid the Scylla of trying to do everything himself; and, on the other hand, he must steer clear of the Charybdis of letting things slide. A good Commander must make his Regiment his *fetich*—his every thought must be for the good of his men; he must realize what a responsibility is on his shoulders, and see that all concerned are competent to carry on and keep up the good name of his Regiment engendered by a good system. Like Sir John Moore, his life should be spent with his Troops.

The Captains of Companies are the people to whom the Commanding Officer chiefly looks for support. They change so often and so quickly now-a-days that the men learn to look more to the Commanding Officer, Adjutant, or Quartermaster, for all their wants, rewards, and punishments. This is a faulty system, but the requirements of modern soldiering make it more or less a necessity.

No complaint should be too trivial to be brought to the notice of the Company Officer. Once the Private soldier realizes that his Commander merely does the routine-duty forced on him, he will never confide his wants and troubles to him. This applies especially to our young soldiers on joining, and we should remember that as the twig is bent, so will the tree grow. I am sure that all Officers see that their men get justice and their rights, but I also think that sometimes the recruit is too much allowed to shake himself down in his new life, either for good or evil, as the instincts of the man lead him.

As I have tried to describe in this paper, such were the principles instilled into me when I joined the 43rd as a boy of eighteen. Such are the principles that I have tried to carry out all my life. Such are the principles that made Napier of the 43rd describe the 52nd as "A Regiment never surpassed in arms since arms were first borne by men."

Think what a proud sentence that is. Think of the heritage those words bequeath to us, and the work we have to do, so as not to fall from that high position! Let us remember the proud place of vantage that we hold, and if we all do our best, we need not fear but that, when the opportunity shall come, the 43rd and 52nd will again be found foremost in valour and discipline. Let every Officer, Non-Commissioned Officer, and Soldier of our Regiment remember that these traditions of a glorious past are handed down to his keeping for the present and the future, and that it is our duty so to maintain them by discipline and courage, that it shall ever be said of us, as was said of the Spartans in old time:—

"These won for *England* Fame thro' endless day."



WATERLOO—AFTER EIGHTY YEARS.

By CAPTAIN G. S. F. NAPIER.

EACH year sees the publication of some new work in which the Battle of Waterloo is discussed, and since, from time to time, erroneous statements as to the action of the 52nd continue to appear, it may perhaps be interesting to consider the subject from a Regimental point, and sum up briefly the various authorities on the Battle. This may not be considered superfluous when it is remembered that since the *Historical Record of the 52nd* and *Lord Seaton's Regiment at Waterloo* were published, there have appeared several important and valuable additions to the literature of Waterloo, and many points, on which the earlier writers were at variance, have been thoroughly and impartially gone into.

The battlefield has undergone a change during the past eighty years, yet the visitor can still follow out the course of the fight, and still occasionally pick up an old button or some such relic. The first object which arrests the eye is the Belgian Monument—a mound of earth 150 to 200 feet high surmounted by a bronze lion—which has been erected at the point where the Ohain—Braine-la-Leud Road forks. The material of this mound is said to have been obtained by removing the surface earth from the surrounding country outside the main limits of the battlefield in order that the lie of the ground might not be thereby altered. As a matter of fact, however, the appearance of the battlefield has been altered very much indeed, not only by the removal of earth,

but also by the very existence of the mound, whose base spreads over a considerable area and prevents one from seeing the form of the crest and the incline to the front at the very point to which the Imperial Guards were advancing when attacked in flank and driven back by the 52nd. The only advantage offered by the mound is, that from its summit the remainder of the battlefield is spread out at one's feet like a map, but even this advantage is questionable, as it gives a totally erroneous idea of what was actually visible from the position of the Allies.

Still, the aspect of the country has not changed so much as might have been expected considering the increase in the population since 1815.

On the left of the position, to the west of the Charleroi Road, a dozen or two yards of half-dead bushes still mark the site of the hedge which covered Wellington's front. In rear of La Haie Sainte the north side of the sand-pit still remains. At this point two monuments have been erected, the one on the east side of the road being to the German Legion, that on the west side to Colonel Gordon, Wellington's Aide-de-Camp.

The orchards of La Haie Sainte and Hougomont have lost many of their trees, and the wood in front of the latter place has disappeared. The roads are wider and better than in 1815, but their position is unchanged. A few more houses have been built, notably an hotel in rear of the Belgian Monument (where an excellent luncheon can be got), and one or two buildings on the right of the position. The ground, as in 1815, is mostly devoted to the cultivation of corn and clover.

Victor Hugo likened the Battlefield of Waterloo to the letter A—the left leg being the road from Nivelles,

the right leg that from Charleroi, while the string of the A is the broken-way from Ohain to Braine-la-Leud; the top of the A is Mont St. Jean, the left lower point is Hougomont, and the right La Belle Alliance. A little below, where the string of the A cuts the right leg, are La Haie Sainte and the sand-pit. As regards the ground, however, the attached map will give a far better idea than any verbal description.

In reviewing the decisive action of the 52nd at Waterloo, it will be best to premise with a short narrative of the battle in each of the five principal phases in order to make the sequence of events more intelligible.

The *First Phase* consists of the attack on Hougomont by Prince Jerome's and Foy's Divisions of Reille's Corps.

Napoleon intended to carry the advanced post of Hougomont while directing his main attack against the left flank of the Allies, where a success would have had the effect of shouldering them away from their communications with Brussels, and of driving in a wedge between them and the Prussians. Owing, however, to the appearance of troops at St. Lambert about noon, and to the uncertainty prevailing for some time as to whether they were friends or foes, Ney's attack was delayed for two hours after that against Hougomont had been set in motion.

The attack on Hougomont, which commenced about noon, and was supported by a heavy Artillery fire, continued all day.

At about 11.30 a.m. the 52nd was formed up in open column on the ground of the previous night's bivouac immediately to the east of Merbe Braine, and suffered a few casualties during the next half-hour from the enemy's Artillery fire. About noon the

Regiment advanced to a point some 500 yards south-east of Merbe Braine, where it remained with the rest of Adam's Brigade till about 4 p.m.

Second Phase.—While this struggle in and around Hougomont was going on, Ney had been preparing for the decisive attack on the left and centre of the Allies; D'Erlon's Corps and Roussel's Cavalry had been detailed for this purpose, while 74 guns were posted to prepare and support the advance. At this period a pause took place on the French right owing to the appearance of the before-mentioned troops in the vicinity of St. Lambert. The French Artillery, however, continued to direct a heavy fire on the Allies' position. A Prussian hussar, who was brought in shortly afterwards, revealed to Napoleon the fact that Bülow's advanced troops had already reached St. Lambert, and thus the necessity of a decisive success, before the Prussians developed their strength on the field of battle, became doubly necessary.

About 1.30 p.m. D'Erlon's Corps advanced in columns covered by skirmishers and supported by a rapid Artillery fire. The front attacked extended from Papelotte on the left to La Haie Sainte on the right, where Ney directed the attack in person. As the French columns neared the crest of the ridge they were driven back, all along the line, by Infantry counterstrokes combined with Cavalry charges. Picton was at this time killed while leading the charge at the head of Kempt's Brigade. The Allied Cavalry, carried away by their ardour, pursued too far, and were severely handled in consequence, the Union Brigade suffering heavily.

Napoleon's grand attack had thus completely failed. Papelotte and the inclosures of La Haie Sainte remained finally in the hands of the Allies.

While this was going on, the struggle for the possession of Hougomont continued, and the defenders, being reinforced, repossessed themselves of the orchard, which had been carried by the enemy. About 2.45 p.m. this post was in flames, but the defence was still continued. A partial re-arrangement of the Allies' left flank was now made; Lambert's Brigade was brought up into the first line between Kempt's Brigade and the Charleroi Road, while Pack's and Best's Brigades and Vandeleur's Cavalry closed to their right in order to fill up the gap left by the Dutch-Belgians, who had gone to the right about. Three companies of the Rifles were again posted in and about the sandpit, while two fresh companies of the German Legion reinforced La Haie Sainte.

Third Phase.—The French now decided to direct an attack against the right wing, and, as both D'Erlon's and Reille's Corps had already suffered very heavily, this attack was entrusted to the Cavalry, of which arm 77 squadrons (some 12,000 men) were available. In the meantime, renewed efforts were made to carry Hougomont and La Haie Sainte, but in vain. In the attack on the latter place, the French rushed up to the walls, and, seizing the rifles which protruded through the loopholes, endeavoured to wrest them from the defenders.

While the preparations for the Cavalry Attack were in progress, the cannonade from nearly 250 French pieces, which had been going on unceasingly, suddenly redoubled in intensity.

“The Allied Columns of Infantry were lying down on the ground to shelter themselves as much as possible from the iron shower that fell fast and heavily—round shot tearing frightful rents directly through their masses or ploughing up the earth beside them; shells bursting in the midst of the serried columns and scattering destruction in their fall,

or previously burying themselves in the soft loose soil to be again forced upwards in eruptions of iron, mud, and stones, that fell among them like volcanic fragments." ¹

The first Cavalry charge was made at about 4 p.m. by 43 squadrons; Milhaud's Cuirassiers, to the number of 24 squadrons, being in the first line. As these troops ascended the ridge, the fire of the French Artillery became masked, and the allied batteries at once opened fire with grape on the advancing Cavalry, continuing their fire until the enemy were within 40 yards, when they gave them a last salvo and then fell back to the Infantry squares for protection. The Cavalry swept round the squares opening out right and left from the centre, and as the squares were arranged chequerwise, the different squadrons soon became mixed, and thereby increased the confusion caused by the fire to which they were exposed from all directions. The Allied Cavalry now advanced and drove the enemy over the crest. The charges of the French Cavalry were repeated four times, 77 squadrons being drawn upon for that purpose, but each succeeding charge suffered the same fate as the first.

Meanwhile Donzelot's troops again advanced against La Haie Sainte. The garrison had used up nearly all their ammunition, but in spite of frequent applications for more, none was sent them. The enemy now set the barn on fire, but the garrison, utilising their camp-kettles to carry water from a pond in the yard, succeeded in extinguishing it. This brings us up to about 5.30 p.m.

Fourth Phase.—Ney, now convinced of the impossibility of accomplishing his purpose with Cavalry alone, proceeded to organise a fresh assault on La Haie Sainte as a first step towards breaking the right wing of the Allies. During the period of his preparations a series of

¹ Siborne's "*Waterloo Campaign*," page 282.

disconnected, but none the less severe, attacks were delivered against the right—the French Artillery pouring forth a heavy cannonade whenever their fire was not masked by their own troops. Baring, the commander of La Haie Sainte, had sent a fourth time for ammunition, saying, that if it was not forthcoming, he must and would abandon the post. About 6 p.m., the ammunition having given out, the post was carried, and those of the brave garrison who escaped massacre retired to the main position.¹

Ney, having secured this advanced post, applied to Napoleon for reinforcements; the latter, however, engrossed by the imminent danger of Blücher's attack on his right and rear, and apparently unaware of the advantage that his troops had gained, replied, "Où voulez-vous que j'en prenne? voulez-vous que j'en fasse?" On receiving this message Ney "set himself to organise from whatever troops he found within reach that succession of attacks which thenceforth went on continuously, and constantly increased in violence until the Battle had been determined elsewhere."²

In the other part of the field, at about 4 p.m., Clinton's 2nd Division was ordered up into the first line, when Du Plat's Brigade immediately became hotly engaged with both Cavalry and skirmishers. As Adam's Brigade moved up, Wellington ordered it to form line, and pointing to the French skirmishers called out, "Drive those fellows away." This was immediately

¹ This failure to supply the garrison of La Haie Sainte with more ammunition is an instance of the danger which is liable to arise when more than one pattern of cartridge is in use in the same force. "The Jaegers were armed with carbines, and there were no cartridges at hand to fit them; the waggon laden with them had got pushed back along the Brussels Road in the confusion there prevailing, and never came on to the field."—*Memoirs of Baron Ompteda*, page 309.

² *Dorsey Gardner's "Quatre Bras, Ligny and Waterloo,"* page 318.

done. It was at this period that Wellington exclaimed, "By G—— Adam, I think we shall beat them yet!"

Adam's Brigade now closed the gap between Maitland's Guards and the north-east corner of Hougomont; the 2nd Battalion 95th on the right, then the 52nd in two half-battalion squares, the 71st, and on the left the 3rd Battalion 95th. The formation of the 52nd in two squares enabled the Battalion to avail itself to the fullest extent of the shape of the ground, and to obtain cover in some slight degree from the heavy fire of the enemy's guns on the central elevation. While the Brigade was in this position the enemy's Cavalry "made a succession of gallant charges: advancing along the Hougomont boundary they were generally thrown into disorder by the fire from the squares of the 71st Regiment, and their confusion was completed when they rode into that of the 52nd."¹

With reference to these Cavalry charges Mr. Leeke² relates an interesting anecdote:—

"Some years after the battle, Sir Frederick Love, who was a Brevet-Major in the 52nd at Waterloo, met a French Officer who had been in a Regiment of Cuirassiers which charged the right square of the 52nd. The French Officer said that whilst the Cuirassiers were re-forming just under the British position preparatory to renewing their attack upon us, he observed that the men had ordered their arms and were standing at ease, and remarked to a young Officer near him: '*See how coolly those fellows take it, depend upon it that is one of the old Spanish Regiments, and we shall make no impression on them.*'"

In the vicinity of La Haie Sainte, meanwhile, the battle waxed hotter and hotter, and every available man had to be brought up to close the gaps caused by the heavy losses.

¹ Dorsey Gardner's "*Quatre Bras, Ligny and Waterloo*," page 322.

² Lord Seaton's *Regiment at Waterloo*, page 36.

About 6.30 p.m. Adam's Brigade was withdrawn to the reverse slope of the main position. On receiving the order to retire up the hill, "the Commanding Officer of the 52nd replied that he could, if it was required, remain in this position, for although the squares appeared exposed to the fire of the guns, yet the shot generally passed over."¹

Shortly afterwards, as the 52nd was retiring in line to the brow of the hill in pursuance of the above order, a French Colonel of Cuirassiers galloped up "and surrendered himself to the Colonel of the 52nd, pointing out at the same time the columns of the Imperial Guard who were about to make their final attack, and were observed advancing in full march on the Charleroi Road and to the right of it. The result of the battle appeared now more doubtful than at any other time. Most of our batteries had been silenced, ammunition had been expended, and the Imperial Guards were seen rapidly approaching our line unchecked."¹

This brings us to the *Fifth and last Phase* of the battle: the attempt to break up the already wasted line with the heavy columns of the Imperial Guard, and thus to encompass the destruction of the British before the Prussians had time to develop their strength:

"The Imperial Guard advanced from the low ground in front of La Belle Alliance and on the French left of the Charleroi Road. At the same time a forward movement in support of this attack was made both by the right and left wings of the French Army, whilst the troops forming the centre of their left wing under Foy, made a corresponding advance within the inclosures of Hougomont.

A mass of skirmishers was sent forward from the Imperial Guard, who were joined on their right by skirmishers from Donzelot's Division; both sets of skirmishers getting, I believe, intermingled in some measure.

¹ *Historical Records of 52nd*, page 249.

Whether the Imperial Guard skirmishers fired into the right Regiment of the 1st British Guards, that is, the 2nd Battalion, or into the left of the 2nd Battalion of the Rifles, I am uncertain, but the brunt of the attack from the French skirmishers fell upon the 3rd Battalion of the 1st Guards."¹

As the Imperial Guards neared the foot of the slope, Colborne—

"Without having received any orders from the Duke or any other Superior Officer, moved forward the 52nd in quick time directly to its front."² As we passed over the low bank and the crest of our position, we plainly saw, about 300 or 400 yards from us in the direction of La Belle Alliance, midway between the inclosures of Hougomont and La Haie Sainte and about a quarter-of-a-mile from each of those places, two long columns of the Imperial Guard of France, of about *equal* length, advancing at right angles with the position and in the direction of Maitland's Brigade of Guards stationed on our left. The whole number of these two columns of the French Guard appeared to us to amount to about 10,000 men. There was a small interval of apparently not more than twenty paces between the first and second column."³

As soon as the left of the 52nd became level with the leading Battalion of the Guard, the line wheeled to its left and advanced in perfect order.

"It is impossible to imagine a more perfect example of discipline and steadiness than that exhibited in this advance by the 52nd Light Infantry with its right unprotected and large bodies of cavalry hovering near it. The Company commanded by Lieut. Anderson was ordered to extend in front of the Regiment and to open fire, the Regiment at the same time advancing, and it is certain that, as soon as it had advanced a few hundred yards, the Imperial Guard halted and opened fire upon it. It is also certain that no forward movement had been made by any other corps at that time.

The Regiment passed on in line unchecked, although suffering severely from the fire of the halted Imperial Columns, in front of, and across the

¹ *Lord Seaton's Regiment at Waterloo*, page 42.

² It would seem doubtful whether a finer example than this of the judicious seizure of initiative by a subordinate can be furnished by history, yet many worshippers of the German Military "*Geist*" would have us believe that initiative by subordinates was a thing unheard of before the war of 1870! In answer to Sir F. Adam's enquiry as to what he was going to do, Colborne replied, "To make that column feel my fire."—*Waterloo Letters*, page 284.

³ *Lord Seaton's Regiment at Waterloo*, page 43.

line of the 2nd Brigade of Guards, commanded by Sir John Byng. This steady advance was impeded for a few minutes by some squadrons of the 23rd Light Dragoons that approached the front of the two right Companies in full gallop, and were mistaken for the Cavalry of the enemy.¹

The 52nd was alone, the other Regiments of Adam's Brigade having been thrown out by the suddenness and peculiarity of the movement. In this dangerous and exposed advance, Sir John Colborne was on the right of the Regiment, anxiously watching a large mass of the enemy's Cavalry which was seen between us and the French position.

From the left centre of the 52nd line we saw a numerous body of skirmishers of the Imperial Guard running towards, and then forming about 100 yards in front of, their leading column.

At that time I could see 300 yards up the slope of the British position to our left, and not a British Regiment or a British soldier was in sight."²

As the 52nd closed towards the French Guard, the leading column of the latter, and also part of the rear column, broke and fled. Three or four battalions of the Old Guard, however, forming part of the second column, retired in some degree of order, together with a few guns, towards the rising ground in front of La Belle Alliance.

The actual collision would seem to have taken place about 8.15 p.m. The 52nd, continuing its advance, dispersed a portion of the Old Guard which attempted to make a stand at a point about 1,000 yards south of La Haie Sainte, and, forming column on the left of the Charleroi Road, continued its advance to La Belle Alliance, passing 75 pieces of French Artillery on the way; it halted for the night at Rosomme about 9.15 p.m. It was here that, as the Prussians passed, one of their mounted Officers rode up and embraced the Regimental Colour.

¹ *Historical Records of 52nd*, page 250. *Leeke* represents this incident as happening after the collision with the Imperial Guard.

² *Lord Seaton's Regiment at Waterloo*, Vol. I., pages 42 to 44.

Colonel Chesney, in his *Waterloo Lectures*, has attempted to sum up the question of the Imperial Guards' Attack in an impartial manner, but it is impossible to admit the accuracy of his reasoning. In any case where the truth has to be arrived at by sifting conflicting statements, the fairest manner of doing so would undoubtedly seem to be to copy the Law Courts and reject all *hearsay*. The evidence which Colonel Chesney adduces, as adverse to the 52nd having defeated the Imperial Guards alone, is as follows:—

(^a) Sir H. Clinton's statement, which is described by Colonel Chesney as "decisive of the real question."

(^b) The opinions of French and Belgian writers.

(^c) Colonel Gawler's opinion that the headmost companies of the Imperial Guard crowned the very summit of the position.

Now as regards this evidence:

(^a) Clinton was not present in this part of the field at the time, and therefore his opinion is merely hearsay.—*Leeke*, Appendix, page 29.

(^b) The uncorroborated opinions of French and Belgian writers who were not present in the attack may be rejected on similar grounds.

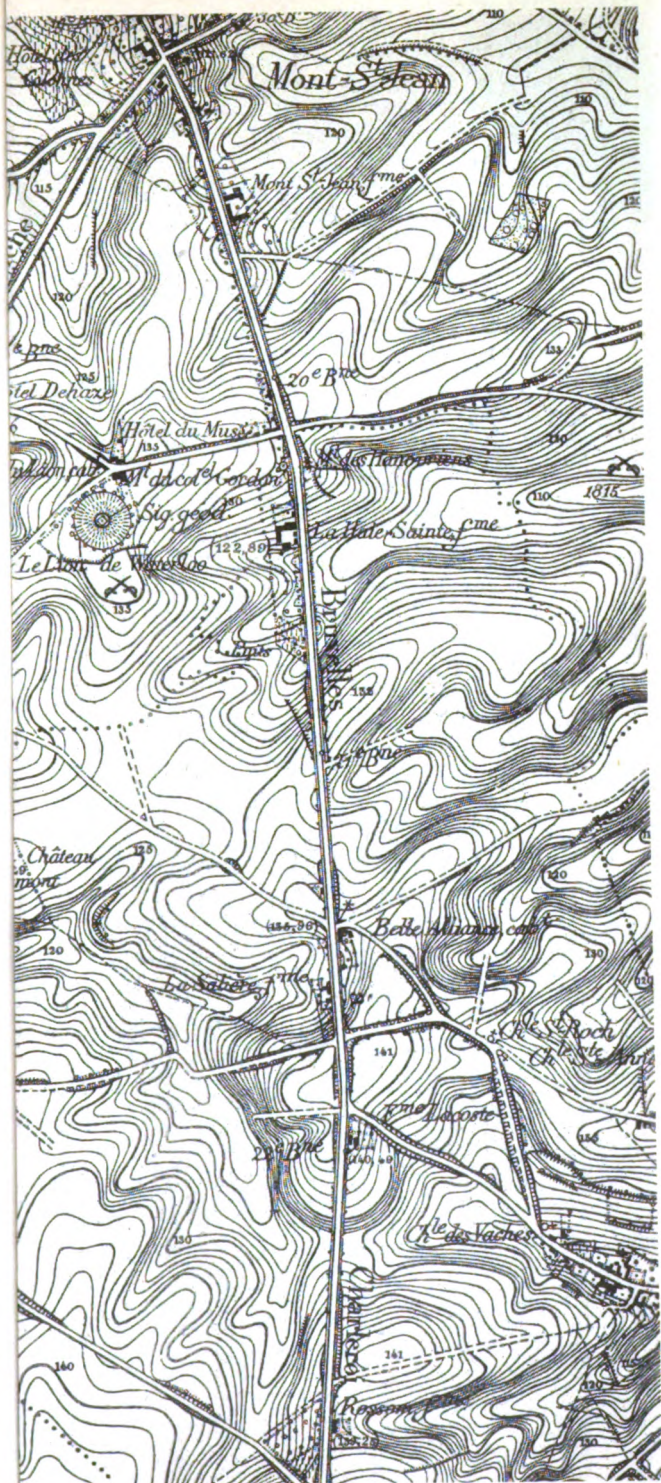
(^c) Colonel Gawler was on the extreme right of the 52nd line, and therefore he could not have seen much of what was happening on the left.—*Leeke*, Appendix, page 8.

The evidence on the other side is unimpeachable; we find:—

(^a) Sir John Colborne, the Colonel, on horseback, and therefore able to command an extensive view.

(^b) Mr. Leeke in front of the centre of the 52nd line.

(^c) The Officers of the left and left-centre of the 52nd line.



TLEFIELD OF WATERLOO, 1894 ed by Google

SCALE, ABOUT 3 1/4 INCHES TO 1 MILE.

(^d) A French Officer, who accompanied the Imperial Guards' Column, and whose opinion was expressed thus, "*Nous fumes principalement repoussés par une attaque de flanc très vive, qui nous écrasa.*"—*Leeke*, Appendix, page 5.

(^e) Lieut. Sharpin of the Artillery, who was in the angle between the Guards and the 52nd, and who only saw one attempt on our centre by the French Guard.—*Leeke*, Appendix, page 6.

Further comment seems needless.

A VISIT TO GERMANY IN 1894.

By CAPTAIN J. HANBURY-WILLIAMS.

Our original plan was to spend a few weeks travelling in Germany, but finding that the Kaiser manœuvres were to take place in September, we decided to try and see something of them as well as of the country.

We journeyed to Berlin on the 28th August by the Hook of Holland route, which I can confidently recommend as being comfortable and convenient, and moreover cheap. In the capital we installed ourselves at the Monopol Hotel, and the morning after our arrival I got my first sight for many years of German soldiers. I was standing at the door of the hotel when the strains of a military band reached my ears, and up marched, curiously enough, the 52nd Regiment—but to the sounds of drums and fifes, not bugles! Two other regiments followed, so I had a little “ceremonial parade” all to myself; my staff-officer being the hotel porter, who, having served his time, was able to point out and explain interesting details to me.

Being fortunate enough to have a letter of introduction to our Military Attaché, Colonel Swaine, I at once presented it, and to his kindness and hospitality were due most of the pleasant times we had in the city. With him we visited the Arsenal, with all its pictures of war scenes and its collection of armour and weapons. We spent a most interesting morning, also, at the palace of the old Emperor William. As we stood in his study close to the historical window looking on the Linden, we recalled the pictures of the grand old face gazing out of it at the soldiers he loved so well. The extreme simplicity of his life was everywhere evident; the kind thought that made him treasure up every little

present—even of the smallest description—was apparent in all directions, and one could not help thinking of the prominent part taken in modern history by the one-time owner of this plain and modest room, left exactly as he left it.

The custom in Germany of treasuring up historical relics in this way makes a visit to that country more interesting than I can describe. One has only to spend an hour at the Hohenzollern Museum, or at the Sans Souci Palace, to find how much one can think of the past with more capacity for realising it than one can by reading any book. It is a custom carried in Germany, perhaps, to excess, but surely a most excellent and valuable one.

We had to be off to Frankfurt-on-Oder to see the Guards' manœuvres, so were forced to tear ourselves away from the pleasures of Berlin to encounter the doubtful comforts of a provincial hostelry. Here I saw the flower of the German Army—smart officers and magnificent men—and what a sight it was! Captain von L'Estocq (whom I had met when the 43rd was at Gosport) took charge of us, and I dined with his regiment (1st Foot Guards), on the night of my arrival, in the barracks of another regiment, which they occupied for the time. In the mess were oil paintings of various colonels, portraits of officers killed in war, and all sorts of regimental treasures, showing that *esprit de corps* is as dear to the German soldier as it is to the English.

Notwithstanding the vast hospitality I received that night, which began with champagne at dinner and ended with beer afterwards (not to mention many cigars), I was up at 6 a.m. next day, and found a charger of L'Estocq's waiting for me. I was to proceed to the manœuvres with his company, and, while waiting for it, I was able to witness the interesting spectacle of

receiving the colours of the various regiments. These are kept by the senior officer in garrison, and are received at his house with great ceremony, the colour company and band then marching off with them to the battalions.

I fell in with L'Estocq's (No. 2) company, and off we marched through the little old-world town. I enjoyed the day's manœuvres immensely; a sight of such grand troops being one that is not easily effaced, and I made many acquaintances, finding, as indeed I did throughout my stay in Germany, a most hearty welcome from all the officers. An excellent feeling appeared to exist between officers and men; all displayed the greatest interest in their work, and there was wonderful *camaraderie* between different regiments who happened to belong to the same garrison. As the manœuvres concluded, the Cuirassier regiment quartered in Potsdam passed the 1st Foot Guards (also belonging to Potsdam), and all ranks called out "Good morning" to one another; and a good deal of chaff, which I could not understand, also went on.

The Cavalry of the Guards were all splendidly mounted, and their charges were carried out most realistically. The Emperor was almost omnipresent, and one could see how keen a soldier the Germans have in their Kaiser. What would have struck the British farmer with horror was the utter disregard for crops of all sorts, and I should think that there must be a pretty heavy bill to pay when one of those big white-coated Cuirassier regiments has charged once or twice in the day.

After a very hot and trying day for Infantry (the country being sandy and heavy) the men marched home, heads up and singing as cheerily as could be, and on the way through the villages water was brought out in pans by the inhabitants, the soldiers dipping in their

tins as they marched along. My brown polo boots seemed to cause a good deal of curiosity among the villagers, and evidently the wearing of such articles is not common in Germany.

A pleasant chat with L'Estocq, a cigar, and everything so novel to see, soon passed the time away, and my day with the Guards was over, leaving me with the impression that in war I would rather they be on our side than against us—in every sense. I cannot imagine better comrades, and I would prefer not to meet them as an enemy.

My wife, I found, had been able to drive out and see some of the show, so had not an absolutely “blank day.” We decided, however, to get back to Berlin that night, and left our kind friend with a promise to see him at Potsdam later on.

On Monday, September 3rd, amid a surging crowd of soldiers, tourists, and officials, we fought our way to the sleeping-car on the Königsberg train, and had it not been for a herculean porter from the Monopol, we should hardly have reached it; he, however, calmly cleared a passage for us, at the same time carrying under each arm about six portmanteaux, a hat-box, Gladstone-bag, &c. We found Königsberg *en fête*, as the Emperor was to arrive that morning, and all the streets were closed except for officials and the like, so we two shouldered what we could, and, with a porter, trudged off to the *chambre garnie* at twenty marks a day which awaited us.

Now a *chambre garnie* at twenty marks a day, situated on the Parade Platz, sounds very grand, and rather imposing. The realization was different; however, we made up our minds to rough it a bit, and the surprise of seeing one's toes at the end and outside of the bed as soon as one gets in is soon got over in Germany.

We had to get our meals out of the house, and the first restaurant that we drew was the means of my finding a "white man" at once, in the American Attaché, with whom I afterwards spent many cheery hours, and I hope to spent many more, if I can manœuvre him over to a *chambre garnie* in my own house in England.

At 6 a.m., the day after our arrival, we made our way to the Grand Stand on the parade ground, where the Emperor held his review of the 1st Army Corps. It was a magnificent sight; a never ending line of Infantry with Cavalry and Artillery drawn up in rear. We were, unfortunately, too far off to see well, but it was curious to observe the old parade-step of Frederick the Great still in use; the straightening of the knees having the stiff appearance of our "goose-step," and probably, partly owing to this cause, the white-legged Infantry seemed to march past with great precision.

In some Cavalry regiments the drum-major led the band, which commenced with a fanfare of trumpets. Galloping forward, reins dropped and drumsticks held high aloft, the drum-major passed the Emperor and took up the position for the band; the horse being so well trained that he turned in the right direction at once, without any apparent guidance of the rider. This manœuvre, when well executed, was loudly cheered.

The ground was wonderfully well kept, and all the spectators displayed a keen interest, especially in the Emperor and Empress, on whom every glass was turned. It was a bright hot day, and, barring the fact of our having nothing to eat from 6 a.m. until late in the afternoon, we thoroughly enjoyed the sight. On our way home I was much struck by the arrangements for keeping the road, everyone and everything being obliged to give way to the soldiers, and it took us a long while to reach the hotel.

During our stay at Königsberg, the Emperor unveiled a very large and imposing statue of the old Emperor William, which is placed in a commanding position below the old Schloss.

As the 43rd Prussian Regiment was quartered here, I took the opportunity of calling on their mess, and received a most kind invitation to dine with them. This, however, I was forced to refuse, as I could not get back from the manoeuvres in time. I hear it is considered an exceedingly smart regiment, which, with such a number, it ought to be!

On one evening we were lucky enough to have seats in a box for the public performance in the theatre before the Emperor and Empress. This consisted of a series of tableaux describing the history of Königsberg from its earliest infancy—one tableau representing the "Graf" Derby, Duke of Lancaster (afterwards Henry IV.), and his followers meeting, near Königsberg, the army of the Knights of the "Sword Brethren," whose ranks they came to join in a crusade against heathens whom they wished to convert to Christianity.

The theatre was very crowded, and brilliant uniforms and pretty dresses added to the brightness of the scene.

On the 6th September I started early for the manoeuvres of the 1st Army Corps, and had a very interesting day, being much struck with the way the Infantry got over the ground, and with the smartness of the Cavalry work. On the 7th I went by train to Elbing to see the grand parade of the 17th Army Corps.

With my friend Poultney Bigelow, a charming companion, I left the uniformed Attachés, who rode off to join the Emperor's suite, and we two proceeded to the Tribune, or Grand Stand; but, on reaching it, we found that the distance from the parade was so great that we should see little of it. We accordingly purchased some

bread and a string of sausages, off which we lunched, and went away to see the sights of Elbing. On our way through the town we met processions representing the different trades—that of the ship-builders being the largest; this had several men carrying models of torpedo boats, &c., Elbing being a great ship-building centre. They were followed by the butchers, bakers, shoemakers, and—the most curious of all—the cigar and cigarette makers.

In the afternoon, I went on to Marienburg, remaining at the station to see the arrival of the Emperor, who looked especially smart and soldierlike in a Hussar uniform. Later on, in the evening, I returned to Königsberg to make ready for the next day's manoeuvres.

A very early start, compensated for by a delightful journey in most cosmopolitan company—consisting of a Frenchman, a Prussian, a Turk, an Austrian, and an American—brought me to Elbing. Thence I rode out with Captain Evans and Bigelow to the scene of the manoeuvres. We saw a very pretty day's fighting opened by the Cavalry, who did a bit of dismounted work, and then carried on by masses of Infantry over some very hilly and well-wooded ground. It was wonderful to see the way in which one battalion—the 44th, I think—was led to the attack; the quickness with which the captains seemed to appreciate the orders for disposition of their companies, and the rapidity with which the companies moved to their required positions being specially noticeable. I saw a very smart Hussar officer plodding along in his breeches and boots with this regiment, having been attached to it to learn Infantry work. I could not help thinking of his resemblance to the idea of "paid one shilling for catching my 'oss" in Jorrocks, though I felt sorry for him; the Germans, however, seem to be able to walk as well in long

boots as in short ones. How would some of Peal's very best look after this sort of thing?

This was quite a picture day, as we saw a little bit of all kinds of fighting—Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry—and an extraordinary looking balloon added to the sky scenery.

The troop horses which I rode on various days were wonderfully handy—quick on their legs, jumped well, and showed a lot of quality. We gave them a rare doing sometimes, too, especially if we were in the wake of the Emperor, who evidently likes to get over the ground pretty quick; but the little horses did not tire and came home quite gaily.

What glorious days these were—riding from morn till eve in the best of company—and how one enjoyed the novelty of everything! One of the most remarkable things was the keen interest displayed by the men, who could be seen on many occasions chatting over the day's battle, maps in hand, while the officers were constantly discussing their successes or reverses.

I could not help thinking when I saw the exceedingly smart Jaeger Regiments, with their dogs, what a regiment could be formed of English gamekeepers and poachers! It was a sight to see these green-coated men going along at the end of a day's work as if they had only just started.

On the last day of the manœuvres, the Emperor led the Cavalry of both Army Corps in person. Twelve regiments of Cavalry are not often seen together in England, and we were rather curious to see the display. We were rewarded by what I can only describe as a magnificent spectacle. Towards the end of the day, during which I had remained with the Foreign Attachés, we came up with the Cavalry near Frauenburg, where, in some low ground by the coast, was drawn up this

fine body of German horsemen. Here were Cuirassiers, Lancers, Hussars, and Dragoons—active, keen-eyed men—well-officered and well-mounted, and all looking ready for anything. To the front were the videttes, moving with the leisurely appearance of uniformed spectators, but every now and then disclosing their real rôle by a sudden despatch of one of the small bodies with a written message or verbal order, or by a galloping officer leading a party to the front, hiding his men, and reconnoitring, glasses in hand, for the enemy which he knew now could not be far off. The undulations of the ground for the Cavalry, and the dense woods for the Infantry of the enemy, made the action, when it commenced, seem like a sudden hurling together of these two grand forces. Time passed slowly as one waited for the meeting of the opposing armies. Suddenly the Cavalry issued from a hollow which had almost entirely concealed even this mass of horsemen. Then the guns opened, and one realised what smokeless powder meant in the future.

Now came the Horse Artillery (of the Cavalry Corps) thundering up the hill, and, in a moment, where previously all had been as still as death, the scene changed to one of indescribable uproar. The air was filled with the din of battle—the booming of innumerable guns, the sharp rattle of musketry, the rumble of wheels, and the clanking of stirrups and sabres. Line upon line of Infantry seemed to glide from out of the woods till the open plain was ranged with battalions. The horsemen divided out to the right of the hollow and out to the left, circling round towards the flanks of the enemy's Infantry. Still the guns thundered out on the hill, till the Cavalry had wheeled well round and were almost upon the flanks of the footmen. Then came a charge, brilliantly executed, but not altogether successful. The

picture unfolded as every unit of Infantry formed to receive the charge—all seemed ready—all in their places ; and the dash of these grand horses was arrested. No shout of orders, no confusion of men, but a steady and stubborn stand. It was a startling scene, and had there been bullets in the rifles, the Cavalry must have paid heavily for their daring.

At the conclusion of the fight, the Emperor assembled all the mounted officers and gave his *critique* in a downpour of rain. Then came the final scene—a march past of all the Cavalry and Horse Artillery; the Emperor, on a good-looking grey, leading in person.

Thus ended the manœuvres of 1894. In riding home we passed column after column of Infantry, all showing that they had done their day's work, but no apparent falling out or straggling, and comparatively few wearing the canvas fatigue shoes, which they are allowed when footsore. The Jaegers were going especially strong—Light Infantry all over ! The whole of the Infantry were to return to Königsberg that evening by rail, and, notwithstanding their keenness for manœuvres, were doubtless glad when they reached the halting-place to entrain. During their bivouacs they must have had a rough time, as the nights were cold, and latterly wet, but it did not seem to affect their spirits, for they marched along with a swinging stride, singing as they went.

There used to be an idea that German officers were not too kind to their men ; if ever there was any truth in this there certainly is not now, for all ranks are apparently on the best of terms. I saw no instance of anything to approach bullying, and in a company of which I saw a good deal, I was much struck with the evident liking of the men for their captain.

The size of the men varies considerably, those of that part of Prussia where the manœuvres were held being

short but sturdy, while the Guards and some of the Cuirassiers were immense men. I saw some really enormous officers, and one Artillery officer, whom I met at dinner at Frankfurt-on-Oder, made me feel a perfect dwarf.

It was with real regret that I left Königsberg that night, a regret not entirely shared by my wife, who found the days rather long, as she could hardly go to the manœuvres, and even if she had been able to do so, she could not have taken a great interest in them. As we steamed along in the Russian express to Berlin, we passed many bivouacs on station platforms, where the tired Infantry were lying awaiting their trains to return to Königsberg, and pleased they must have been to get back to their quarters once more.

My stay in Germany was drawing to a close; a week's gaiety in Berlin and a run down to Potsdam to see L'Estocq, completing a most delightful holiday. At Potsdam I received a hearty welcome, dined at my friend's mess, and was taken round his barrack-rooms. The appearance of the latter showed me that the German Guardsman is as smart a soldier in barracks as he is in the field, and on the walls were signs of their *esprit de corps* in the shape of treasures of all sorts, from trophies of old wars to the last new company photograph.

From the German officers throughout I had received the greatest of kindness, of help, and of hospitality; my only regret was that I had not a larger hunting-flask with me to share the contents with them; as it was, I found it a very useful article for little civilities.

My knowledge of German is limited, sadly so, but this I know, and it is my strongest wish and feeling to all those good friends whom I met—

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!



PIGSTICKING AND PUNCHESTOWN.

TWO REGIMENTAL SUCCESSES.

IN the spring of the year two important events were pulled off by Officers of the Regiment. The Kadir Cup—the great pigsticking prize of India—was won by Captain Fanshawe of the 52nd, while Captain Fairtlough of the 43rd succeeded in winning the Irish Military Steeplechase at Punchestown.

THE KADIR CUP.

“This well-known pigsticking fixture,” says the *Asian*, “took place earlier than usual this year on account of the Nauchandi Fair, and the consequent inability to obtain elephants while that Fair was going on. There were 64 horses entered, but from various causes only 51 ran, and though, of course, the largest number of sportsmen were from Meerut, still Bombay, Rawal Pindi, Muttra, Fyzabad, Roorkee, and Bareilly supplied their quota—the last named giving the winner. The grass was too long in places to ride in, and even after cleansing fires had passed over it, it was very thick. This led to short jinking runs in heavy cover as a rule, and so favoured the slow handy horses; the Cup, as will be seen, being finally won by a 13-3 Arab pony.”

The horses were drawn in heats of four each, Captain Fanshawe's b a p Bydand having to compete with Mr. Kennard's (5th D.G.) ch a h Abdool, Mr.

Littleton's b a h Gannum, and Mr. Moore's (2nd M.C.) ch a p French Grey. "After many attempts, this heat was started on a good boar. Kennard got on to him at once and ran him for some time, when Fanshawe got on to him. The pig then turned to the right, when Kennard and Fanshawe had a good race for him, Kennard having slightly the best of it, but missing the pig. Fanshawe dropped his point and drew first blood."

The remaining twelve heats of the first round were run off on the 27th and 28th March, the winners being drawn again into three heats of three, and one of four. Captain Fanshawe's heat was composed as follows:—

Captain Beaumont's First Spear.

Captain Fanshawe's Bydand.

Major Rochfort's Rufus.

Major Bell-Irving's Snapshot.

Umpire: Captain Watkins.

"This heat had several unsuccessful runs in the morning, as the ground was intersected by wet blind nullahs, in which Captain Beaumont fell once and Major Bell-Irving twice, the latter being severely bruised as his horse lay on him for a bit. In the afternoon a small speedy boar broke at once. At the word 'Ride,' Rochfort and Beaumont took up the running, and, closely followed by Bell-Irving, hustled the boar through some thick stuff, till at a jink by a nullah Bell-Irving rode him for a bit, but overshot him as the boar jinked to the left. Fanshawe, on an Arab pony, now took up the running, and, forcing him out of the nullah, took first spear very cleverly on a jink."

Final Heat.—Captain Fanshawe's Bydand.

Major Read's Speculation.

Major Mackesson's Henry Clay.

Mr. Jones's Sheitan.

Umpire: Captain Watkins.

"*Friday, 30th March.*—The line beat south on the central beat for three-quarters of a mile before anything was started, and then a fine leopard, after cuffing a coolie over the head, broke away. He was viewed only by Major Buston, who, unluckily, had no spear. A little further on a good-looking boar was viewed on ahead, and the Umpire, taking on the heat, got them away to a level start. Major Read had the legs of the others and ran up to the boar at once, but he jinked across him to the left over a piece of open ground; here Jones had a try as he crossed him, but could not quite reach, and, breaking his curb-chain, was out of it. The boar now got into some heavy grass and turned again to the left, making for his starting-point. He was now ridden by Major Mackesson for some 200 yards or so, and his chance looked very favourable, but the boar jinked to the right, and Captain Fanshawe seized his opportunity and got on to the pig, and speared in heavy grass after some 50 yards or so. The rest of the heat killed the boar, who turned out to be about 29 inches.

"After congratulating Captain Fanshawe, who, though outpaced on his pony, had ridden very well and not let any chance slip, we divided into heats for some pigsticking, and killed four more boars by the end of the day, and had a grand gallop after a very good Parah stag, who, however, beat us by squatting in thick grass after a long ride."

THE IRISH MILITARY STEEPLECHASE.

April 24th, 1894.

Capt. Fairtlough's (43rd Lt. Infty.) May Bee II.,	
5 yrs., 12st. - - - - -	Capt. Hughes-Onslow 1
Capt. Little's Wilderness, aged, 12st. 9lbs. - - -	Owner 2
Mr. Bidgood's (R.H.A.) Shamrock IV., 5 yrs.,	
11st. 4lbs. - - - - -	Owner 3
Lord C. Bentinck's (9th Lancers) Bancroft, 6 yrs.,	
12st. 9lbs. - - - - -	Mr. Campbell 0
Capt. Fielden's St. Patrick IV., 5 yrs., 11st. 4lbs.	Capt. Aikman 0
Mr. Forbes' (9th Lancers) Sea Green, 6 yrs.,	
11st. 13lbs. - - - - -	Owner 0
Capt. Kavanagh's (10th Hussars) Clogheen, 5 yrs.,	
11st. 4lbs. - - - - -	Owner 0
Capt. Lund's (9th Lancers) Brown Hampton, 6 yrs.,	
12st. 9lbs. - - - - -	Mr. Crawley 0
Capt. Murray's (11th Hussars) Review, 5 yrs.,	
11st. 4lbs. - - - - -	Owner 0
Betting: Evens on May Bee II., 4 to 1 against Wilderness, and	
100 to 15 any other.	

The race was run in miserable weather, a violent hailstorm raging throughout. During the greater part of the time sheets of hail and rain, driven almost horizontally by the terrific force of the wind, obscured the horses from view. Despite the blinding elements, Captain Hughes-Onslow (10th Hussars) piloted the favourite to victory, finishing some six lengths ahead of Wilderness; Shamrock IV. a bad third.

"No sooner were the nine competitors for the Irish Military mounted than the rainfall began afresh. A hot order over such a course was May Bee II., trained by L. Ryan, at Lisfuncheon, co. Tipperary. For some months back this son of May Boy and Sprag-in-Chint has enjoyed the reputation of being full of promise. He ran disappointingly on a few occasions when well backed, but I doubt if the horse was as fit as he was yesterday. At one time Wilderness held such a commanding lead that it seemed only a question of his standing up to win. Captain Little's horse did not put a foot astray, but he was no match for May Bee II. when it came to racing, and was readily defeated by six lengths."—*Irish Times, April 25th.*

THE GOHNA LAKE.

By CAPTAIN E. A. STANTON.

IN the very heart of the Himalayas, and 120 miles from their southern slopes, the little village of Gohna, towards the close of the year 1893, witnessed one of the greatest landslips that the world has ever chronicled. A whole mountain side from a height of 4,000 feet fell with a crash like the crack of doom across the narrow valley of the Brahi Gunga River. The dam formed by this huge avalanche blocked the valley to a height of 830 feet above the stream, being a mile in thickness at the base and 300 yards wide at the top.

The natives of neighbouring villages all fled in terror from their homes, and state that the air became dark with particles of dust and rock, while a layer of pulverized stone covered the country for miles around to a depth of six inches.

Gohna lies in latitude $30^{\circ} 20'$ and longitude $79^{\circ} 35'$ east of Greenwich, right underneath the high snows of Tresoul (23,000 feet), which forms part of the great barrier between the Indian Empire and Chinese Tibet.

The Brahi Gunga, a tributary of the Alaknanda River, finding its course blocked, soon formed a lake. This lake, although it rose slowly at first, soon assumed gigantic proportions when the snows and glaciers above began to melt under the hot sun of the summer months. At first the weekly rise was only a matter of inches, but it gradually increased, until in June and July the lake was filling at the average rate of six to seven feet a day. About the middle of June the village of Durmi, which had stood 350 feet above the valley, was engulfed, and

considerable anxiety was felt by the Government of India as to whether the natural dam would be able to resist the enormous force of the rising water. An engineer having been ordered to the spot, a telegraph line was laid (with intermediate stations all along the valley down which the flood would course in the event of the dam bursting) to give the villagers timely warning of the impending disaster. That these precautionary measures were justified and necessary was fully proved when the dam eventually burst on August 26th 1894.

The difficulties of transport and the distance to Gohna no doubt prevented many people from visiting the scene of the great slip, but being fortunately quartered at Ranikhet, the nearest civilized station, and, roughly, 100 miles from it, two of us determined to, at any rate, make an attempt to get there in the very short leave at our disposal.

Having waited until the water was reported within 30 feet of the top of the dam, N—— of the 56th and myself started for the lake. The distance was ten marches from Ranikhet, but the first four-and-a-half of these were along a comparatively good bridle path, so, having despatched coolies with our tents and stores three days ahead, we caught them up by riding 48 miles the first day of our leave. The rest of the journey had to be done on foot, and I will pass over all the details and troubles of our march, and only say that, being the rainy season, we got soaked every day, and on one memorable occasion, when we got into camp at 9.30 p.m., we found that our tent coolie had not turned up, and so we had to spend a somewhat unpleasant night in a wet and superannuated cow-shed—which was already tenanted by other species of animal life. We crossed four distinct ranges of mountains, each divided by huge roaring torrents sweeping down narrow gorges and turbid with

snow water. The ranges increased in height from 7,000 to 10,000 feet as we neared the snows.

Our greatest difficulty was with coolies; unlike the coolies of Kashmir, the villagers of Gurwal would only go one march, and each morning we had the same difficulty in obtaining fresh ones. The villages being very scattered, and often thousands of feet up the sides of the mountains, made coolie-hunting a laborious as well as an unpleasant task. When half-way we had to leave most of our stores and kit, as we found it quite impossible to obtain even half the number of coolies that we required.

On August 16th, wet to the skin and in a heavy down-pour of rain, we arrived at the hospitable hut of Lieut. Crookshank, R.E., the Engineer sent by the Government to watch the Gohna Lake and dam. We were somewhat disappointed to find on arrival at the lake that, in spite of the heavy rain we had experienced, the rise in the waters did not come up to expectations, as very heavy percolation had set in at the foot of the dam which had quite upset all calculations. When we saw the lake on August the 17th it was five-and-a-half miles long, varying in width from 600 yards to one mile, and 760 feet deep. The mountains on each side were almost perpendicular; forests of fir, ilex-oak, cedar, and box, covered the southern slopes, while the northern ones were mostly crags and grass. The sides of the lake towered up to a height of 9,000 feet above the water, while, when the veil of clouds rose, the snows on Tresoul shone white in the sun, fifteen miles above the head of the lake. The view was a magnificent one: the bright emerald green water in the foreground, purple mountains closing in on the gorge in the middle distance, and the great glaciers and snows behind. Four waterfalls could be seen tumbling down the steep crags into the lake below, while here and there patches of blue mist being dragged

off the fir trees by a gentle breeze made almost a fairy picture of the scene. Looking the other way a very different view presented itself: on the right was the bare face of a precipice 4,000 feet straight up, across the front of which all the different strata of rock showed up as if the mountain had been cut with a knife. At the foot lay the great mass of *débris* from the avalanche—rocks, earth, and mud all piled up right across the valley, broken trees sticking out here and there—everything bare, grey, and devoid of vegetation.

We went to the far side of the dam, the lake being then 24 feet from the top of the lowest part. Down the further side a roaring stream was rushing, the water bubbling out from the foot or tail of the dam beneath us. While standing here we witnessed a very fine fall of rocks and earth, which, having been undermined by the percolating waters, went crashing down some 900 feet into the valley below with a noise like thunder—the boulders flying through space and bounding down like india-rubber balls. On the lake side of the dam we could see the water in several places at the edge being sucked into great holes between the rocks, which showed that the composition of the dam was not solid.

The next day, having been very kindly lent a small Berthon-boat by Crookshank, I took my rifle and, with two *shikaris*, pulled round the lake in search of game on the steep northern slope. The *shikaris* were not good sailors, and were somewhat uncomfortable in the narrow dimensions of the boat. We sighted some gooral, on coming round a corner, standing on a rock only 200 yards above us; they had, unfortunately, seen us, and though I landed and crawled along the steep wet grass to try and get round them they were too sharp, and by the time I had reached the place where we saw them they were watching our movements from a

crag some thousands of feet higher up. I got a shot further on at a gooral from the boat, which, however, was not over steady and I made a miss. We also saw several herds of female tahr, the males all being up in the snow above, and both bear and panther had been shot by Crookshank quite close to his hut. The place was full of game, and could we only have stopped there even a week, I feel sure should have bagged some fair heads. The next day, however, saw us bidding good-bye to our hospitable host, who, having been at the lake some months and only seeing twelve people in that period, was getting somewhat tired of his lonely quarters. We left Gohna on August the 20th and arrived back at Ranikhet on the 25th, encountering much the same difficulties as we had on the march up.

As luck would have it, the very day after our return news arrived that the water had topped the dam, and soon, by the foresight and trouble taken by the Indian Government, all the villages in the Brahi Gunga and Alaknanda valleys were cleared. The bridges (mostly wire suspension ones) had all been dismantled, and the natives forbidden to go within 400 feet of the foot of the valley. At one o'clock at night the dam commenced to give way, and when once the structure began to go it was not long in crumbling in. The lake fell 360 feet between one o'clock and 4.30 a.m. The flood tore down the valley at the rate of 22 miles an hour, tearing up trees, washing whole villages, bridges, roads, and everything before it. Eye-witnesses declare that the valley resembled a roaring sea; sweeping past could be seen roofs of houses, carved door-posts, and other wreckage from the villages engulfed. At one point the flood rose to a height of 150 feet in the valley, while everywhere its course is now marked by destruction. Altogether some twenty villages and two towns have been com-

pletely swept away, their sites being covered with several feet of sand. The old bridle-path up the Alaknanda valley is completely destroyed, while not a single bridge remains. The town of Shrinagar (Gurwal) is completely destroyed, and Nanprayag, another important place, is mostly demolished. At Hurdwar, on the Ganges, where the river debouches from the mountains, the streets were six feet under water, while the river rose to an abnormal height down its whole course. In spite of the destruction of villages and houses, not a single life was lost, so great was the foresight and care of the Indian Government; special trains even having been employed to take refugees away from the terminus station. There is still a lake at Gohna, and no doubt there always will be one. Now, however, it is only two-and-a-half miles long, a quarter-of-a-mile wide, and 350 feet deep. The sides of the lake now present a sad appearance of decayed vegetation, while innumerable patches mark the places where the soaked earth has fallen in owing to its long immersion. The greater part of the dam still remains, and shows where the water cut through on the night of August 26th—a night which is likely to remain long in the minds of the natives of the Brahi Gunga and Alaknanda valleys.

REINDEER STALKING AND OTHER FIELD SPORT.

By THE EDITOR.

My brother officers having failed to send in any accounts this year of shooting trips, I find myself under the necessity of taking up my pen to describe what, possibly, Indian *shikaris* may consider tame sport. Be that as it may, the fact remains that a poor man in England cannot expect to indulge in big game shooting (if we may so class deer-stalking) on any grand scale. My friends, or at any rate such of them as rent forests in Scotland, have always somehow forgotten my existence during the shooting season, and I have, consequently, had to look abroad for any sport that I desired.

Returning from India with the Regiment in 1887, my mind still filled with the remembrance of six months' glorious leave spent in Ladâk during the previous year, I set to work to try and discover an inexpensive but a happy hunting ground within easy distance of England. At first I seemed to have set myself rather a difficult task, but after communicating with the *Field*, *Land and Water*, and other sporting papers, I came to the conclusion that there was shooting to be had, if one only took the trouble to look for it. There was Switzerland and Italy, where an average mountaineer could bag his two or three chamois within a month's leave of home; the islands of the Mediterranean, where moufflon are still fairly plentiful; and Scandinavia, where elk and reindeer shooting can be had at a small cost.

While looking about I chanced on an advertisement of shooting in Iceland, consisting of reindeer, grouse, snipe, and wildfowl of every description—and

ridiculously cheap—15*l*. I think it was. I took it, and likewise 30 days' leave, steamed to Reykjavik, and proceeded up to the mountains. To make a long story short, the whole thing was a "take-in." On enquiry I found that the reindeer had not been heard of for years, and though it was known that a few beasts had been imported from Norway many years before, they were supposed to have taken up their abode in a distant part of the island. Birds I got a good number of, but my rifle remained in its case. What made the matter the more annoying was that the crafty gentleman who let me the shooting had covered himself by making it appear in the lease that I had simply rented what he was pleased to term, a "shooting lodge." I wrote an indignant letter to *Land and Water* exposing the swindle, but I got no change out of my friend except a threat of an action for libel—which, of course, never came off.

"'Tis an ill wind," however, and this trip to Iceland brought me across a man who, at one time, was a desperately keen reindeer stalker, but as the rheumatics had got into his bones, he had had to give it up, and so was only too willing to put a fellow enthusiast up to the ropes. Accordingly, the following autumn, I arranged a little leave successfully with the Colonel (may his shadow never grow less!), and within 90 hours of leaving London, was on the reindeer ground in Norway.

Before proceeding to give my own experiences, a few words about the game may not be out of place. The reindeer (which is, I believe, identical with the cariboo of the western world) differs in many respects from other deer. Both sexes bear antlers, which alone is a great peculiarity, and though the horns of the female (or *simle*, as the Norwegians call her) are not so massive as those of the male, they are no mean trophy. These animals are somewhat clumsily built for deer, and their muzzles

are inclined to be broad, yet the head of a "stor buck," with his wide-spreading horns and stout brow-antler, is a sight to stir the soul of any sportsman. In a wild state reindeer still roam over the ten thousand square miles of waste mountain land running down the centre to Southern Norway. Domesticated, further north, they form the wealth of the Lapps and Finns, supplying them with meat, milk, cheese, and clothing. Their sinews are made into thread by the women, and their horns and bones into tools and glue. While as beasts of burden and for sleighing purposes they are the only animals available.

The buck sheds his horns in November or December, and the *simle* hers a few days before calving, usually some time in May; the antlers of both sexes being again fully grown and out of velvet by the beginning of September. There is some doubt as to the age of the deer when the antlers are at their fullest growth, some authorities asserting that those of the *simle* develop the full number of tines or points they are destined to bear when she is three years old, and that those of the buck do so when he is twice that age. It is also said that the antlers of a *simle* rarely or never increase in weight after the age mentioned, but it is certain that those of the buck do, for thirty pounds is not an unusual weight for the horns of an old buck. As to the number of points on a pair of reindeer horns, Professor Friis, a noted Norwegian sportsman, makes mention of a pair brought from Finmarken that bore sixty points, the main antlers being much palmated. The form and position of the reindeer's antlers are unlike those of all other deer. They rise from the extreme ridge of the skull well behind the eyes, and in shape vary immensely in each individual. The chief peculiarity about them is the huge development of the brow tines of the bucks.

Below the ordinary brow antlers stretches a third large palmated antler, extending down over the nose from one horn only. Occasionally, but very rarely, a deer is killed having this projection from both. Among Norse hunters this is known as the *skjold* (from the word *skjold*—a shield or buckler), it being, presumably, a shield for the face in the frequent combats in which the bucks indulge. The *simle* has no *skjold*, and the buck does not develop his until about the third year. The reindeer has yet another peculiarity—its hoofs, which are differently constructed to those of most deer. These seem to be specially built for traversing snow, being wide and long, and capable of so spreading as to support the weight of the animal on the soft surface of the snow.

Having given this little dissertation on the reindeer, I will now endeavour to relate the experiences of three seasons spent in their pursuit—three seasons on the same ground, and with the same hunter, but under somewhat different circumstances. The first when myself and my henchman were bachelors; the second when my hunter had taken to himself a wife; the third when I had followed his lead. For the benefit of those about to marry I will sum up my bags: first year one reindeer, second four, third six. This, of course, is all wrong, but it is nevertheless a fact!

The scene of my sport lies at the head of the Hardanger Fjord, and some 4,000 feet above it. Here stretches 2,500 square miles of wild moorland, cut up with numerous large lakes in which trout abound; the whole being the property of the State, and known as the Hardanger Vidde. The shooting and fishing on this vast wilderness is free to Norwegians, and prior to 1877 aliens were equally privileged; but, by an Act of the Storting passed that year, it is now necessary for a

foreign sportsman to take out an annual licence, costing 200 kroner (about 11*l.*), to admit of his shooting. This, everyone will allow, is fair enough, and as the cost of living is infinitesimal, the expense of the licence is hardly felt.

On the evening of the 1st September 1888, I found myself in the little inn at Vik-i-Eidfjord, at the far end of the Hardanger Fjord, seated comfortably at *aftenspise*, or supper, and listening to the talk of mine host, to whom I had previously written to make arrangements about a hunter. Supper over, my hunter was sent for from the village, and we were formally introduced, each eying the other somewhat critically, I fancy, to see what sort of companion he was likely to have for the next few weeks. Sylfast was a fine young fellow—a farm hand at a *saeter* under the mountains—and we were destined to become fast friends ere many days had passed. Two days uphill marching, between fifty and sixty miles, brought me to my shooting quarters, not very palatial, but still fairly warm and watertight. In a hillock by the edge of a long lake a cavity had been made and a rough hut erected, the earth being replaced so that from a little distance there was nothing to show that any habitation existed at all on the spot. These rude dwellings are thus built on all the large fjeld lakes, and, during the summer months, are occupied by fishermen, who net the waters, and, in the shooting season, make raids on the reindeer. The principal reason for this underground form of hut is warmth, though another reason is the fear of alarming the timid reindeer. I must confess that the first sight of my quarters rather took my breath away, especially when I found that its dimensions were only ten feet by nine, and that two fishermen were to share this limited space with my hunter and myself. However, one soon shakes down to this kind of thing,

and I spent three weeks in the little *fiskebod*, and never had an unpleasant moment. The hut contained two bunks, one above the other, the top one being handed over to me while the lower one was occupied by the two fishermen, Sylvast sleeping on the ground. Stray travellers frequently turned up for a night's lodging, and, on one occasion, we accommodated three extra men, a woman, and a dog. Fortunately the temperature at night was always low, otherwise we might have found it a trifle stuffy, the only ventilation being by means of the open chimney.

Sylvast and I in a very short time thoroughly understood one another. We held lengthy conversations with the aid of a Norse-English dictionary and a vocabulary, and we agreed that reindeer were to be the chief object, ryper and trout to be put in the background, and only to be sought for when the weather or the wind was dead against the *ren*.

In looking for reindeer everything depends on the wind, as the beasts always feed against it. A week without a change in the direction of the wind will drive every reindeer to one quarter of the plateau, but it is seldom that two days pass without a change, and consequently the herds are continually moving backwards and forwards. They travel rapidly, and in twenty-four hours will cover as many miles; the great thing, therefore, is to discover the whereabouts of the deer on the opening day, and then watch the wind carefully; but so shifty are the breezes on these lofty regions that they frequently go round the four quarters in a couple of hours.

The country is one of the wildest imaginable (not excepting Tibet); low hills, lakes, and rocky moorland with never a vestige of a tree, is all that meets the eye in whatever direction one looks. Between the lakes are

swampy morasses, and on the hillsides patches of snow ; everywhere else the country is strewn with huge grey boulders between which crop up the hard reindeer moss, scanty blades of grass, and a great variety of Alpine flora. The scenery, however, is not without its charm, the keen mountain air is invigorating, and the thought that one is away from civilization makes life truly worth living.

My luck seemed dead out at starting. I spent five successive days tramping over the country in search of deer, but did not get even a distant sight of anything. Occasionally we would come on spoor, which Sylvast would examine critically, and pronounce, "No to-day," and that was all, so at last I took an off-day after ryper and trout, enjoying the change thoroughly. More days of toil, and then my luck took a turn.

A hurried breakfast finished, and sandwiches of goat's-milk cheese and rusks for lunch having been stowed away in the bag, we rowed down the lake on a glorious morning in the middle of September. Landing at the far end we strode away over the fjelds due south, up hill and across valley, scanning every inch of the ground. We had been some hours at this now somewhat monotonous amusement when Sylvast remarked quite unemotionally, with glasses up to his eyes, "I look two reinbucks." It took me some time to "spot" them, and when I did they looked more like a couple of grey stones than deer, but when they moved I saw that one was a very good buck and the other by no means a bad one. They were about six hundred yards off, and feeding across our front. The wind was as favourable as I could wish for a stalk, and so we started off, and got within three hundred yards of them in no time. Looking over the crest of a hillock I saw them feeding on quietly, quite unsuspecting of danger, and moving across towards our left front. Ruuning round the edge of the hillock we

lay down and waited for them to walk out, which they did very shortly at about one hundred and fifty yards off. I then crept in for fifty yards or so, and drawing the proverbial bead, dropped the big one stone dead and gave the other the left barrel as he stood in stupid astonishment wondering what had become of his brother; but the cartridge was a bad one, or the striker had gone wrong, for, to my utter disgust, it was a miss-fire. I rammed in two fresh cartridges and sent them both after the fleeing buck, who had now collected his senses, but, with the exception of making him shake his head, they did him no harm, and he probably ran miles before he paused again to draw breath.

This was my first and only reinbuck this year, and I considered myself lucky to have got him, for he had a very fair head, well worth setting up. I prolonged my fjeld life for some time after this, but I never set eyes on reindeer again; but I must own to having a good many off-days after fish and fowl, and very pleasant days they were too. Rowing about the lake getting occasional shots at teal and the wary great northern diver; and then wandering over the moorland in search of ryper with rook-rifle or gun, sometimes getting a long shot at a snowy owl sitting like a whitewashed stone on his favourite mound, probably the home of his prey, the poor little lemming.

The following year my intention of paying a second visit to the Hardanger was frustrated, for, on the opening day for reindeer, I found myself a thousand miles in the interior of Africa, on business of a very different kind. Sylvast had not forgotten me, however, for, even in Africa, he had kept me *au fait* in the doings on the fjeld, and had reported his marriage — *Anna min bröd*, as he put it. On the 15th August 1890, I was grasping my old hunter's hand again, and receiving

a "velkom" as only a Norwegian knows how to give it.

I found things slightly altered on the fjeld; a neat little wooden hut had been built close by my *fiskebod*, and it was even advertised in a popular guide-book as a kind of paradise for sportsmen. Whilst on the Vidde this year I actually heard of thirteen Englishmen, all shooting within twenty miles of my head-quarters, and though I never met one of them, the fact of their presence was annoying, and made me determine, whatever sport I had, to find a new ground for another year.

There was little change in Sylvfast in spite of his marriage; he was still as keen a hunter as ever, and he gave me little rest. He would not hear of off-days this year, except Sundays, and these were spent in loafing about, and washing and general cleaning up, until after the *middag spise*, and then I was allowed to fish and shoot birds. I was a bit earlier this time on the Hardanger than last, as the new law had come in, allowing but one month (August 15th to September 15th) for killing reindeer. The fjelds were more lively now; there were more birds about and more flowers in blossom. The little blue gentian dotted the hillsides, and forget-me-nots and ferns lined the banks of the streams; but, in spite of its being so early in the autumn, the cold was intense, snow falling frequently, and there were few of those bright sunny days which make the fjeld life so charming. My first two days in search of deer were blank. *Ingen ren, ingen spor, ingen thing* (No reindeer, no tracks, nothing) as Sylvfast bemoaned. The third day we came on two reinbucks; but when we saw them first, about half-a-mile away, they were on the trot with the wind behind them, though it was certain that they could not have seen or scented us. They were out of sight in a very short

time, and it was no good following them up, for they had evidently been alarmed in the early morning, and apparently did not mean to stop that day before they had put many miles of country between them and the scene of their alarm. More blank days, mostly wet and cold, and then came a real good time.

We were out to the south-east, and had been walking some hours without seeing signs of anything, when a heavy snowstorm came on, and we huddled up under a huge rock and had our lunch. When the weather cleared a bit we spent some time in looking out the country, and after awhile we saw a darkish mass, apparently moving, which we decided was a herd of reindeer, some two miles off. The country between us and them was some of the roughest I have ever seen in Norway, and how we got across it at the pace we did puzzles me even now; up hills, across ravines filled with huge rough boulders, through bogs and over streams, all the time at the double, till at last we reached a low hill, from the crest of which we expected to see the herd in the valley below. We were creeping cautiously up when suddenly we saw about sixty deer moving slowly across a spur to our right front, and about 200 yards from us. I turned round, and, aiming at what I thought the biggest buck, fired, missing badly with both barrels, to my great disgust. I suppose I was blown, for I can account for it in no other way. The herd then disappeared over a ridge 300 yards from us, and I made for the top as fast I could, expecting to find them all going like the wind; but to my surprise they were standing huddled up, thoroughly scared, and I managed to get in both barrels, dropping a very respectable buck and wounding another. The herd then made off altogether, and I followed up the wounded beast, which I soon came up with and bagged. Sylvfast and I had a good laugh at the way I had

missed, and I am afraid I fell a bit in his estimation by the performance.

The wind changed in the night, and the following day we decided to try the westward. We never dreamt we should see deer again so soon, but it only shows what chance there is about the whole thing, for we had not been going two hours when we came on a solitary buck moving quietly along. I do not know if he saw or winded us, anyhow he quickened his pace, and disappeared over a ridge about half-a-mile away. Off I bolted after him, hoping to find him in the dip the other side, but when I was in a position to look he was nowhere to be seen. So I got on his spoor, which led me over another ridge across a wide valley and up a steepish rocky hill; here we halted for a look round, and at last spotted our friend lying quite comfortably on a patch of snow, a mile or so away. There was a hot sun beating down, so I suppose he thought this a good way of cooling himself. I believe it is a favourite habit of theirs in hot weather, and the local hunters say that during the summer months all the finest bucks spend the day upon the vast snowfields of the Hardanger Jökul—the grand glacier-decked mountain which bounds the Vidde on the north. There was nothing to be done but lie down and keep the glasses on the buck and wait till it pleased him to move, for it was impossible to stalk him where he was. A couple of hours passed in this way, and then we saw him slowly rise and have a look round. A few minutes later he left his icy bed and moved down the hillside towards the edge of the lake. A marsh of some size bordered the sheet of water on the near side, and from where we lay the country was open before us for miles, except where it sloped up out of the marsh towards our right. As we watched our buck feeding in the marsh we shortly discovered that he was not alone,

for what we had taken for stones before, now proved to be a herd of eleven deer. Again we had to lie still for an hour or more whilst the deer grazed peacefully about below us, and at last we were rejoiced to see them all making their way to the rising ground, though it seemed hours before they appeared to ascend any distance. However, our patience was rewarded in the end, for they all disappeared in a small hollow, and we were able to make a move after them. We had to get over a couple of miles of vile ground, but one does not think much of boulders and marshes on these occasions; and we were soon coming up the slope close to the spot where we last saw the herd. Crawling along on all fours, I peeped over into the hollow and saw them, all safe enough, mostly lying down. It is very hard to discover anything definite about the habits of reindeer, but, from what I can make out, they sleep in the dark hours of the night, and are on the feed at daybreak, lying down again for an hour or two in the morning, though the Finns assert that their tame herds feed and rest alternately two hours at a time day and night.

I found that I was a bit too far from the herd for a certain shot, but, by judicious crawling along from stone to stone, I finally reached a boulder well within a hundred yards of them. Here I waited to get my breath before I picked my shot. I could only see half-a-dozen deer now, but I selected the one I thought the biggest and was just going to fire, when, close behind, suddenly rose our friend—the buck which we had been after from the first and which was a good deal bigger than the others; so I changed my aim and rolled him over. Sylvfast all this time had been manœuvring around, as I had promised that he should have a shot, and as soon as he had seen my buck fall he raised his old Kongsberg rifle and fired at one of the others. This he hit very far

back, in the haunch, but so crippled the poor brute that he was able to run in and cut its throat. We were so delighted with our luck of two more *ren* that we did not trouble ourselves about the remainder of the herd; and, moreover, we had not much time, for by the time we had skinned and *cached* our animals it was well on in the afternoon, indeed, almost dark.

Fortunately the moon was nearly at the full and the night cloudless, for we had a good ten miles to walk, heavily laden with skins and horns and tit-bits of meat, before we reached our boat on the lake. We were both too tired to care to row the eight or nine miles home, so we rigged up a feeble sail, which the hunter managed; whilst wrapped in one of the fresh skins I snoozed at the bottom of the boat, till I was awoke suddenly by the shock as we ran with a bump on a hidden rock. Sylvfast had mistaken the way in the dark, and got into too shallow water, and we found ourselves at the top of some rapids, where the upper lake flowed down into the lower in a narrow stream. We determined to shoot the rapids as preferable to rowing back a couple of miles; but the boat had to be lightened, so I waded ashore with as heavy a load as I could carry, and went down the bank whilst Sylvfast took the boat over the rapids at a ghastly pace, bumping and scraping as he went along. It was a weird sight in the moonlight to see what appeared to be a phantom boat dancing over the foaming water. But all went well, and I was taken on board again, and we rowed the rest of the way home, which we did not reach till nearly midnight. We were very hungry, but too tired to cook any of our tit-bits for supper, so we contented ourselves with rusks and cheese, washed down with *Kjöbenhavn Ol*, finishing up with a *skaal* to the sport of Norway.

So ended my season of 1890, for I did not get another shot at reindeer before my time on the fjeld was up.

I fear I have already overtaxed the patience of my readers with my hobby ; I have, however, to crave their indulgence yet a little longer.

For several reasons Norway was closed to me for three summers—1891 honeymooning, 1892 Aldershot manœuvres, 1893 poverty. Personally, I thought that there could be no better way of spending *la lune de miel* than sporting on the fjelds, but I was persuaded otherwise and gave up the idea, on condition that the following year should be devoted to sport. I rented an elk forest in the north of Norway and made all arrangements, but as luck would have it, I was running behind my Company in the Long Valley when I should have been deep in the Scandinavian woods. This year (1894) I had planned an Arctic Expedition into the country of the Lapps; at the last moment I found that the Baltic was quarantined on account of cholera, so Lapland was abandoned, and I wired off to engage my old friend Sylvfast for a reindeer shoot. Thus once more I found myself on the way to my almost-forgotten haunts, in spite of my determination not to visit them again.

I was free from the 16th July to the 1st September, and on the 17th July my wife and myself were steaming out of Hull across the North Sea. There was no shooting to be had in Norway until the 15th August, but we decided to spend the intervening time about the fjords. An occasional trip to a neighbouring waterfall, scrambles among the glaciers of the Hardanger Jökul, and lazy days spent with our rods got through the time fast enough. We were only equipped with light trout rods so did not attempt salmon fishing, though there were some fine pools in the river near our head-quarters. I do not pretend to be a fisherman, but I always travel with a rod, as one never knows what will turn up, and I have sufficient patience to flog a stream all day on the

chance of hooking a fish. Our fishing was not particularly brilliant, it was a bad season in Norway, the snow being late in melting off and the rivers being in continual flood, still we had pretty good sport on the whole, and at any rate one memorable kill.

It was almost the first cast of the morning, and the three gaudy flies had scarcely touched the water when I was fast in a fish, which made the line run out with the speed of an express train. Well, I thought as I saw my poor little rod bending, I'm in for it now and no mistake. I knew that my tackle was all right as it was quite new, but the rod was only a light one and had seen better days, and I was not at all certain that it would stand any great strain. The fish evidently meant business, and as I only had thirty yards of line on the reel, I began to fear that he would run it all out before I could get a check on him. I shouted to my wife, who was fishing lower down, to bring the landing-net, and she had hardly reached me when a catastrophe happened. The river was wide and swift, but the portion that I was fishing was divided from the main stream by a row of half-sunken rocks some twenty yards from the bank. I saw the danger of this, but I was quite powerless to do anything, and the fish in his first rush was over the dividing wall and into the foaming river beyond. Here he stopped and commenced to sulk in a deep pool. I tried to manœuvre him back again between the rocks, but at each attempt he made a fresh rush, and, as the line was rubbing against the sharp stones, I dreaded lest it should suddenly be cut through. I raised my rod to try and free the line from the rocks, when, horror of horrors, the reel (which was really too small for the rod) got loose and fell at my feet into the stream. Fortunately the fish was on the sulk, and, as quick as thought, I handed the rod to my wife, plunged my arm

into the water, and recovered the reel. I could not manage to fix it on firmly again, so I told off my wife to hold it in position, whilst I devoted my attentions to playing the fish. The next quarter of an hour was as exciting a time as I have ever had in the piscatorial way. I was working on less than ten yards of line and any moment might see a frantic run and every inch of it out. After awhile I managed to get the demon on the move quietly, and took him backwards and forwards half on to the stream; every now and then he would give a wild leap out of the water, and then plunge headlong again and go away for a yard or two. At last I succeeded in conducting him gently through the line of rocks into safer water, and I breathed more freely. But he had plenty of go in him yet, as he proved by the tugs he gave the line. Another ten minutes passed and he was still lively, but I began to feel that with any luck I had him. As I brought him round to the bank my wife let go her hold on the reel, and had the landing-net under him before you could say "Jack Robinson." He was a fine young salmon, scaling four pounds, and we two gloated over him as if he had been the biggest fish ever landed.

A week before the shooting season opened we left our comfortable fjordside quarters, and went up to the mountains. We began our journey badly, as it rained in torrents during the whole of the first day's march. This to a man is disagreeable to say the least, but when there is a lady in the question it is simply horrible. However my wife made light of it, although she was soaked to the skin, and hot grog and a blazing stove at the primitive little *saeter* soon put matters fairly right. The second day's tramp was thirty miles, but fortunately the rain held off, and allowed us to reach our journey's end with dry jackets. We now established ourselves in

the one room of the hut, and prepared to wage war on beast, bird, and fish. Personally, I considered myself in the lap of luxury—I was in the wilds with a roof over my head—certainly the roof leaked, and the temperature was somewhat low—but a house is a house, and always preferable to a tent. My wife refused to admit that there was any luxury about the establishment.

As reindeer and ryper could not be shot for the next few days, we devoted the time to fishing and wandering about the country with a gun. The wind was too cold for the trout to be greedy, so we had to content ourselves with very small catches. Golden plover were fairly numerous, and gave most confiding shots as they rose piping plaintively from the hill-tops. Ringed plover, also, were occasionally met with, generally in “wisps,” whirling by at a terrific pace and making the air resound with the rush of their wings. Although so late in the season, we came on one bird with young, evidently only just hatched out, and it was most amusing to witness the artifices of the mother to draw us away from her offspring. At first she pretended to be unable to fly, and induced us to follow her whilst her solitary bairn made off at full speed, looking like a little tuft of down on stilts. Amongst the swamp-growing juniper scrub, we flushed a snipe or two; and, even though we might not fire at the ryper which were constantly getting up, we bagged enough birds to furnish us with dinner for several days.

Arctic foxes swarm in these parts, and how any ryper exist at all is a marvel. The Government, to protect the game, gives a reward of four kroner (4s. 6d.) per head for them, and I heard of two Norwegians who made the very respectable sum of 20*l.* by destroying foxes on the Hardanger this spring. They form large earths among the rocks on the little hillocks, two or

three families occupying the same lair, and it is no uncommon thing to find twenty of them in one earth. During our wanderings one day, we heard a fox bark, and looked up just in time to see him go to earth. When we reached the spot we heard a regular babel of growls going on underground, and I set to work to try and get the "varmint" out. They were deep down among the rocks, so the only thing I could think of was to give them a taste of powder smoke. Accordingly, I emptied the shot out of a cartridge and fired a blank charge into one of the holes, which produced the desired result. An inquisitive little head appeared at one of the other holes, and immediately received a charge of shot. In this base manner I succeeded in reducing the fox population by five in a very few minutes. My wife's conduct on this occasion was rather amusing: she kept urging me on to get another of the little ruffians out, then, when I shot him, she was miserable. It was horrible vulpicide I am afraid English sportsmen will think, but in Norway it is admissible, and, at any rate, it put a guinea into Sylvfast's pocket.

The reindeer season opened with the vilest weather possible—rain, sleet, and driving wind. I could not afford to miss a day, however, and so tramped away in search of deer. One buck we saw crossing a snowfield in the distance, but it would have been useless following him up at the pace he was going; the second day was no better, and I got wet through again. I came home early in the afternoon, and was busy changing my things when Sylvfast burst into the room with the exclamation "There is many 'ren'!" and, pointing to a hill within a mile of the hut, showed me a herd of about forty reindeer. In two seconds we were in a boat and going up the lake as fast as four oars could make us travel towards the foot of the hill. When we landed, our

quarry was still unsuspecting, and, after a careful stalk, we reached a spot from which we expected to find the herd within shot. I peeped over the brow, and saw a sight which made my heart cease beating—the whole herd lying down within a hundred yards of me. They scented trouble, however, before I could get my rifle up, and were on their feet in an instant. The biggest buck in the herd was snow white and a lovely mark, so I gave him my right barrel as he moved away, and finished him with the left before he had gone many yards. The fall of their chief disconcerted the herd, and they fled in all directions, but not before we had accounted for three more. It was then a case of *saute qui peut* with them, and they were soon out of sight. This was an extraordinary piece of luck, and my wife, standing at the door of the hut, glasses in hand, had the satisfaction of witnessing the whole stalk from start to finish.

Four days of pouring rain and shifting wind followed. Each day I was out early, but always with the same result—no sport—wet through. I never realized before what effect wet weather has on shooting; the actual discomfort of the rain is nothing compared with the annoyance of not being able to see the country. The glasses get fogged with damp and refuse to play their part; there might be herds of deer all round, and yet, owing to the thick state of the atmosphere, it is impossible to see anything beyond a few hundred yards. My wife was having a bad time, as the weather kept her prisoner in the hut, where the temperature seldom rose above 45°, and there was no artificial heat. Knitting, reading, and cooking, were the only things that she had to occupy herself with, and even these amusements begin to pall after a few days.

It was now getting within measurable distance of the end of my shoot, and I had almost despaired of any

more sport. The weather improved the last three days, the sun coming out every now and then through the clouds. The first of these days, shortly after starting, we saw about twenty "ren" lying down in the distance, close to the lake, and, after a long stalk, got within shot. The ground where we found the deer was a few feet higher than the lake, and consequently dry, but a swamp separated the herd from the higher ground all round. I got my shot across the swamp and dropped my buck, but, before I could get the left barrel in, the terrified beasts were splashing through the swamp at racing speed. I made a lucky shot, however, and as the herd tore up the stony hillside, we noticed one poor animal lagging behind, though still able to make fair way. When we started in the morning, Sylvfast's little dog—a regular Norwegian cur—had secreted himself in the boat, and as we had rowed some distance before discovering his presence, we decided that we would take him with us in preference to rowing back, so he was attached by a string to the hunter's belt, and behaved admirably throughout the stalk. As we followed up the wounded deer, a sudden thought struck Sylvfast, and he slipped the dog. In a second he was on the trail and out of sight over a ridge in the direction the herd had taken. We got over the ground as fast as we were able, and, on topping the ridge, found that "Ropp" had caught up the buck and brought him to bay. It was a case of "Dignity and Impudence" with a vengeance; the dog hardly reached up to the deer's knees, but there he was snapping at his enemy's nose and carefully dodging the blows dealt at him by the frantic beast's hoofs. I was inclined to believe that he had played the game before, although it is unlawful in this part of Norway to use a dog when reindeer-stalking. It saved us a further expenditure of

ammunition, however, for Sylvfast ran in with his ever-ready knife and gave the poor animal the *coup de grace* before he had even noticed our presence.

The next day we were out again, and it proved to be the toughest time that I have ever had after reindeer. We walked steadily until 5 p.m., and then sat down on a hill-top for a last look round. Before us stretched the most glorious panorama that it is possible to imagine; on the one hand lay the tranquil waters of the Bjornes Fjord, hemmed in by rocky mountains; on the other extended miles of swampy plain, with the great lake of Tinhölen away in the distance; while, beyond again, rose up the ever-present towering mass of snow—the Hardanger Jökul. As we scanned the vast flats, we saw among the bright green grass sundry little specks, which our glasses soon told us were reindeer. In another minute we were on the move, going at a steady jog-trot down the stony hill and across the swampy valley. We had a good four miles to go, and the sun was fast sinking behind the hills, so there was no time to lose. The country which we had to traverse we found was not so level as we had expected; low-lying hillocks kept cropping up, and rocky ravines annoyed us with their presence, which, added to long stretches of ankle-deep swamp, made matters disagreeable beyond description. At length, when the sun had already disappeared, we reached a ridge, from which we could see the herd, 300 yards or so away. As we were deciding what was best to be done to get within shot, we suddenly descried a native hunter crawling on hands and knees towards the herd from the opposite direction. It was soon all up with our chance, for our rival, reckless of the consequences, gave the beasts his wind, and they were in the next parish before he or we could get a shot at them. Norway is a free country, and

moreover, in the spoil-sport we discovered an old friend, so there was nothing to be said, but it was rather an unfortunate ending to our labours. What a miserable walk home we had in the dark—nine solid miles, floundering in bogs and knocking our toes against obtrusive stones!

All good things have an end, and our last day on the fjelds had to be devoted to packing and getting ready for an early start on the morrow. We had done well in spite of the weather, and the Sylvfast family were provided with meat rations for several months to come. In the morning, the old fisherman, going the rounds of his nets, found a magnificent black-throated diver drowned in the toils, and this I was busy skinning, when in came Sylvfast with the news that two “ren” were feeding towards the hut. I snatched up my rifle and made for the shelter of a low mound, hoping to intercept them, but they had already scented the little settlement and were half-a-mile away when I got a sight of them, and going all they knew.

Two days marching in varied weather—now bright sun, now blinding snow, now pelting rain—brought us back again to civilization, where my wife was greeted as more or less of a heroine, being the first Englishwoman to brave a shooting season on the Hardanger Vidde.

LECTURES TO RECRUITS.

DURING the year an excellent arrangement of Lectures has been instituted in the 43rd, and printed in two parts; the one to be delivered by Officers to recruits, and the other to be delivered by Sergeants.

In these Lectures the recruit is instructed in every detail connected with the Army and the Regiment.

The following are the headings of the several Lectures :—

BY OFFICERS.

I. Commands, Ranks, &c.; Organization of Depôt and of Battalions; Clothing and Necessaries; Barrack Damages; Local Orders; Cleanliness; Ambition.

II. Oath of Allegiance; Loyalty; *Esprit de Corps*; School; Gymnastics.

III. Honours and Rewards; Various Medals and Decorations; Good Conduct Badges; Prizes for Good Shooting; Paid Employments and Appointments.

IV. Advantages of the Army; Privileges of a Soldier.

V. The War Services of the Regiment.

VI. The Army Act; Crimes and Offences; Redress of Wrongs; Punishments.

BY SERGEANTS.

I. Names of Officers; Manner of making Complaints; Local Orders applicable to recruits; Duties of Orderly-man.

II. *Practical*: Cleaning and Care of Arms, Accoutrements, &c.

III. The Rifle; History of Arms generally; the Magazine Rifle.

IV. *Practical*; Instructions in Orders of Dress; Packing Valise; Laying down Full and Field Kit.

V. Soldiers' Accounts; Various Charges and Credits; Regimental Savings Bank; Pocket Ledgers.

VI. Bugle Calls and how to act on them; Routine and Conduct, &c.

VII. Duty; Guards and Sentries; Picquets; Orderlies; Conduct on Railway and on Board Ship.

CHEVRONS AND BADGES.

THESE distinctions were worn on both arms by the Non-Commissioned Officers and men of the 43rd for some years after the General Order had been issued, notifying that they were to be worn on one arm only. At last, however, the Officer commanding the Station at Thayetmyo (Colonel Hand), ordered the removal of the left arm chevrons, and a few years later General Flood, commanding at Poona, ordered the discontinuance of the badge on the right arm. The following card was found among some old papers a few years ago.

In Memory of
 LEFT-ARM CHEVRONS, 43rd LIGHT INFANTRY,
 LAST SURVIVING OFFSPRING OF THE LATE
 GENERAL S. PRIT DE CORPS,
 OF THE LIGHT DIVISION,
 CUT OFF BY THE HAND OF ENVY AT THAYETMYO,
 JULY, 1881.

ALSO OF
 BADGES,
Relict of the above.
 DESTROYED BY THE GREAT FLOOD AT POONA,
 OCTOBER, 1886.

"Cursed is he that removeth his neighbour's landmark."

THE 43RD IN POETRY.

WHETHER by accident, or otherwise, the 43rd has at different times formed a theme for the poets. The following verses by Thornbury, deserve to be better known :—

THE OLD GRENADIER'S STORY.

'Twas a little drummer, with his side
Torn terribly with shot ;
But still he feebly beat his drum
As though the wound were not :
And when the Mameluke's wild horse
Burst with a scream and cry,
He said, " O men of the Forty-third
Teach me the way to die !"

Then, with a shout that flew to God,
They strode into the fray ;
I saw their red plumes join and wave,
But slowly melt away.
The last who went—a wounded man—
Bade the poor boy good-bye,
And said, " We men of the Forty-third
Teach you the way to die !"

I never saw so sad a look
As the poor youngster cast,
When the hot smoke of cannon
In cloud and whirlwind passed.
Earth shook and heaven answered—
I watched his eagle eye
As he faintly moaned, " The Forty-third
Teach me the way to die !"

Then, with a musket for a crutch,
He leaped into the fight ;
I, with a bullet in my hip,
Had neither strength nor might ;

But, proudly beating on his drum,
 A fever in his eye,
 I heard him moan, "The Forty-third
Taught me the way to die!"

They found him on the morrow
 Stretched on a heap of dead ;
 His hand was in the Grenadier's
 Who at his bidding bled.
 They hung a medal round his neck,
 And closed his dauntless eye ;
 On the stone they cut, "The Forty-third
Taught him the way to die!"

* * * *

'Tis forty years from then till now,
 The grave gapes at my feet,
 Yet when I think of such a boy
 I feel my old heart beat ; ;
 And from my sleep I sometimes wake,
 Hearing a feeble cry,
 And a voice that says, "Now, Forty-third,
Teach me the way to die!"

(1828-1876).

G. WALTER THORNBURY.

"The Dead Drummer—A Legend of Salisbury Plain," in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, is, perhaps, more familiar to everyone. The story runs that one, Sergeant Matcham, was ordered to take the pay to an outlying detachment, and, for company, a drummer-boy, Andrew Brand, was sent with him. Crossing Salisbury Plain in a thunder-storm, Matcham was tempted to misappropriate the money, and, in order to make quite sure of not being detected, murdered the drummer. Fifteen years later the murderer confessed.

I REMEMBER I once heard my Grandfather say,
 That some sixty years since he was going that way,
 When they showed him the spot
 Where the gibbet—was—not—
 On which Matcham's corse had been hung up to rot ;
 It had fall'n down—but how long before, he'd forgot ;

And they told him, I think, at the "Bear" in Devizes,—
The town where the Sessions are held—or the 'Sizes,—
That Matcham confess'd, and made a clean breast
To the May'r ; but that after he'd had a night's rest
And the storm had subsided, he pooh-pooh'd his friend,
Swearing all was a lie from beginning to end ;

Said " he'd only been drunk—that his spirits had sunk
At the thunder—the storm put him into a funk,—
That, in fact, he had nothing at all on his conscience,
And found out, in short, he'd been talking great nonsense."
But now, one, Mr. Jones, comes forth and depones
That fifteen years since he had heard certain groans
On his way to Stonehenge (to examine the stones
Described in a work of the late Sir John Soane's),

That he'd follow'd the moans, and, led by their tones,
Found a raven a-picking a Drummer-boy's bones !

Then the Colonel wrote word

From the King's *Forty-third*,

That the story was certainly true, which they'd heard,
For, that one of their drummers, and one Sergeant Matcham,
Had "brush'd with the dibs," and they never could catch 'em.
So Justice was sure, though a long time she'd lagg'd,
And the Sergeant, in spite of his "gammon," got "scragg'd."

(1793-1835).

RICHARD BARHAM.

MEDALS AWARDED TO THE 52ND LIGHT INFANTRY WITH THE WUNTHOO COLUMN, BURMA.

THE following is a roll of the individuals entitled to the Indian Medal of 1854, with clasp, inscribed "North-East Frontier, 1891," under the provisions of Army Order 88 of 1892. The medals were distributed (to those men still serving with the Regiment) on the 1st July 1894:—

Rank.	Name.
Bt.-Lt.-Col.	Clark, William.
Major -	Dalzell, The Hon. Arthur Edward.
Major -	Odell, William Henry.
Lieut. -	Upperton, Bryan.
2nd Lieut. -	Crum, Alexander Stewart.
2nd Lieut. -	Owen, Roger Carmichael Robert.
2nd Lieut. -	Powys, John Lyttleton.

No.	Rank.	Name.	No.	Rank.	Name.
3312	Private -	Allen, George William.	2424	Private -	Byrne, Samuel.
¹ 1918	Lie.-Cpl.-	Amos, William.	3273	Private -	Cadwallader, Edward.
¹ 1664	Private -	Archer, William.	2751	Private -	Calcutt, Fred.
2995	Private -	Ashdown, Frederick James.	2790	Private -	Carter, James.
2959	Private -	Austin, George.	¹ 2501	Private -	Carter, William.
2934	Private -	Badger, George.	2735	Lie.-Cpl.-	Castle, Edward.
¹ 1763	Private -	Baker, George.	2636	Private -	Chapman, James.
¹ 2099	Private -	Balchin, Frederick.	¹ 2334	Private -	Cheshire, Arthur.
¹ 2056	Corporal -	Bannister, William Jasper.	¹ 2104	Private -	Chick, Frederick William.
2867	Private -	Basham, Charles.	2964	Private -	Clarke, Charles Edward.
¹ 1912	Private -	Bassett, John.	3238	Private -	Clarke, Charles.
¹ 1553	Private -	Bedwell, Frank John.	¹ 1999	Private -	Clayton, George.
¹ 1965	Private -	Begley, Albert.	¹ 2348	Private -	Clewley, Charles.
3152	Private -	Bennett, George.	3149	Private -	Clifton, William.
¹ 3285	Private -	Benson, William.	2904	Private -	Coleman, George Augustus.
3054	Lie.-Cpl.-	Berthon, Wm. Henry Miles.	¹ 1122	Sergt. -	Connell, Daniel Gregory.
3200	Private -	Bishop, John.	1024	Lie.-Sgt.	Cook, George William.
3146	Private -	Blackmore, William.	1765	Private -	Cox, James.
² 1788	Private -	Bond, William.	2787	Private -	Cox, William.
¹ 1981	Private -	Booton, John.	¹ 1592	Bugler -	Cresswell, Edwin.
2679	Private -	Bowers, Charles.	3027	Private -	Cripps, Thomas Allen.
¹ 1668	Private -	Brackley, John.	¹ 2255	Private -	Crosby, Thomas.
1355	Cr.-Sgt.	Brazier, Wallace.	¹ 1553	Bugler -	Crowley, John.
¹ 1680	Private -	Brian, Joseph.	¹ 1936	Lie.-Sgt.	Cull, John Thomas.
¹ 2378	Private -	Brooks, Arthur.	2812	Private -	Curry, Charles.
¹ 1843	Private -	Broom, Arthur.	¹ 1593	Private -	Curtis, Joseph.
¹ 2003	Private -	Bullen, Edwin.	¹ 1657	Private -	Curtis, Joseph.
1929	Private -	Bull, Andrew.	¹ 1712	Private -	Dancer, Henry.
¹ 1610	Private -	Butler, Eli.	3046	Private -	Darrington, Arthur.
¹ 2509	Private -	Butler, Frederick.	¹ 2715	Private -	Dawson, James Frederick.
3053	Private -	Butt, William Morris.	¹ 1772	Private -	Delderfield, Matthew.

¹ Transferred to England.

² Died before receiving the Medal.

RECIPIENTS OF BURMA MEDAL—*cont.*

No.	Rank.	Name.	No.	Rank.	Name.
1150	Lce.-Cpl.	Dempsey, Harry Hamilton.	2385	Private	Morris, William.
3261	Private	Dickieson, James.	2250	Private	Neville, Charles Frederick.
12296	Private	Dunton, Martin.	2288	Bugler	Newing, Albert.
12479	Private	Eaton, William.	1624	Private	North, James.
12182	Private	Eatwell, James.	2506	Corporal	Olney, George.
12831	Private	Edmonds, James.	2994	Private	Page, Richard.
3217	Private	Elliman, William Henry.	1801	Private	Palmer, William James.
3206	Private	Evans, Albert.	2826	Private	Parker, Albert.
12176	Private	Evans, Richard.	2162	Private	Parkinson, Fred.
3117	Private	Faulkner, Jesse.	2300	Private	Parr, Thomas.
1379	Cr.-Sgt.	Fielding, Frank.	1913	Private	Partridge, Arthur.
12087	Lce.-Cpl.	Fisher, William.	2908	Private	Pearce, Harry.
3476	Corporal	Fleeman, Joseph.	3014	Private	Pearce, Harry.
3080	Private	Flitney, William.	2358	Private	Pettit, Jethro.
11613	Private	Ford, William.	2779	Private	Pemberton, William.
2808	Private	Franklin, Edwin.	1685	Private	Pickett, William.
980	Serjt.	Franklin, William.	2664	Private	Pimm, William.
12088	Lce.-Cpl.	Fry, Charles.	1125	Private	Pink, Arthur Frederick.
12128	Private	Funnell, George.	2651	Private	Plummer, Charles.
3218	Private	Gardiner, John Harry.	2508	Lce.-Cpl.	Pothecary, Alfred.
12065	Private	Garland, George.	2537	Corporal	Powell, Thomas William.
2719	Private	Gomm, David.	3004	Private	Pratley, Leonard.
2760	Private	Gostlow, Joseph.	676	Private	Pratt, George.
416	Corporal	Goodman, James.	1254	Private	Pratt, Thomas William.
3223	Private	Halloran, John.	2961	Private	Preston, Henry.
3064	Private	Harrison, Frank.	1006	Lce.-Sgt.	Price, Arthur.
2218	Private	Harris, Alfred.	2853	Private	Price, Thomas William.
12562	Private	Harris, Fred.	784	Lce.-Sgt.	Proft, George.
3118	Private	Haskett, John.	3008	Private	Puddephatt, William.
4020	Private	Haydon, Lander.	3100	Private	Rawlings, William Henry.
12044	Private	Haythorne, Thomas.	2007	Corporal	Richards, Joseph.
11888	Private	Heath, George.	3032	Private	Riggs, Walter Edwin.
12373	Private	Henderson, John.	3337	Private	Robbins, Frederick.
2778	Private	Herbert, George.	2869	Private	Roebuck, George William.
2856	Private	Hill, John.	1755	Private	Russell, Frederick Arthur.
1754	Lce.-Cpl.	Hopkins, John Stephen.	2143	Private	Saunders, William.
3351	Private	Horwood Frederick.	3190	Private	Seacole, Albert.
2841	Private	Hudson, Walter.	3246	Private	Seacole, William.
11532	Private	Hunt, Theodore.	2656	Private	Seamark, Walter.
2910	Private	Ilett, James.	1065	Private	Shepherd, George.
3180	Private	Jackson, Joseph Edward.	960	Private	Shiels, Patrick.
2775	Private	Jackson, William Edward.	3037	Private	Simpkins, George.
2784	Private	Jeffries, Henry John.	2533	Private	Simpkins, John.
3339	Private	Johnson, Walter Henry.	3102	Private	Skuse, Alfred.
11217	Cr.-Sgt.	Jones, Arthur William.	1660	Private	Small, Agrippa.
2658	Private	Jones, Thomas.	2833	Private	Smith, George.
11773	Private	Judd, William.	3163	Private	Smith, George.
12481	Private	Kean, George.	1844	Private	Smith, John.
2040	Private	Keane, Ben.	3081	Lce.-Cpl.	Smith, William George.
1659	Lce.-Sgt.	Keen, Charles.	1088	Private	Snook, George.
11771	Private	Keen, Thomas.	1185	Lce.-Cpl.	Statham, William.
3227	Private	Kibble, William.	1460	Private	Steward, Joseph.
2800	Private	King, Charles.	2081	Lce.-Cpl.	Stewart, Edward.
987	Private	Layton, Harry.	1727	Private	Stickley, Isaac.
2953	Private	Legg, Edward.	3282	Private	Strange, Joseph.
3038	Private	Lewis, Frederick John.	2384	Private	Strutt, Charles.
2130	Private	Lingwood, George.	3212	Private	Sykes, William Duesley.
12059	Private	Loxsden, George.	3314	Private	Talbot, Ernest.
3122	Private	Lowe, James.	2372	Private	Vickery, Walter James.
2902	Private	Magill, Henry.	2989	Private	Wadley, John.
11897	Private	Malyon, William Henry.	12504	Private	Walker, Charles.
11958	Private	McGahey, William.	1630	Private	Walton, William Frederick.
11948	Private	McLean, Benjamin.	2280	Private	Watling, John.
2758	Private	Milsom, Charles.	3111	Lce.-Cpl.	Webb, William.
1529	Private	Milton, James.	2606	Private	Williams, Charles.
2118	Private	Mitchell, Rolan John.	2834	Private	Williams, William.
11691	Private	Monokton, William.	1661	Private	Woodbridge, George.
11778	Private	Monk, Frederick.	31920	Serjt.	Wyatt, Walter.
1556	Private	Moore, Robert William.	2893	Private	Yellop, James.
12500	Private	Morgan Henry.	2761	Private	Young, Frank.
11692	Private	Morris, James.	2757	Lce.-Cpl.	Young, Francis Lyons.

¹ Transferred to England.² Died before receiving the Medal.³ Transferred to other Corps.

OBITUARY.

MAJOR JAMES THOMAS O'BRIEN died at Sewerby House near Hull, on the 17th October 1894, in his 54th year, after a long and painful illness borne with a patient and brave resignation, and with kind thoughtfulness for others.

He passed 2nd into the Army and joined the 43rd Light Infantry as Ensign 10th July 1863; was promoted Lieutenant 29th July 1865; Captain, 18th October 1873; Major, 1st July 1881. Retired on Half-pay 19th August 1881, and was appointed to the Army Pay Department. Paymaster 92nd Highlanders 1881 to 1884; Paymaster 43rd Light Infantry 1884 to 1889, and subsequently Paymaster Chichester District and Winchester Depôt.

Major O'Brien served with the 43rd in the New Zealand War 1864–66, and was present at the actions of Te Arei, Te Poro, Ngakumekirmi, and Kanuri. Despatches, *London Gazette*, 20th October 1865; Medal. He was mentioned in Major Holmes' despatch as having acted with much coolness and judgment at Ngakumekirmi, on the 28th July 1865, and also by Colonel Wane, C.B., of the 57th Regiment, who stated that his conduct was highly commendable. The following extract from the *Historical Records of the 43rd Light Infantry* refers to the action of Ngakumekirmi: — "On the 28th July 1865, a patrol of one Captain, one Subaltern, one Staff, two Sergeants, one bugler, and 51 rank and file, was sent, under the command of Captain Close, from Warea. Turning a corner of the road, the party was

surprised by a heavy volley from the natives, when Captain Close fell mortally wounded, and Private James Hallohan was shot dead by his side. Ensign O'Brien immediately ordered 'Fix bayonets' and 'Charge,' but the natives escaped through the bush."

Although it was not his fortune to see further war service, Major O'Brien did duty with the Regiment in England, India, Burma, and Quetta (Biluchistan), often under trying circumstances, and as a Regimental Officer was second to none. His affection for his Company, which he always spoke of as "F Troop," was only equalled by his love for the Regiment, and his frequent representations at the Orderly-room of the grievances of his men gained for them the name of "The Martyrs." Even after his connection with the 43rd had been severed (against his will), he continued to evince the greatest interest in everything relating to his old Corps.

"Jerry," as his friends called him, was an enthusiastic cricketer, having been two years in the Westminster Eleven, and frequently made good scores in Regimental matches in India. He was a fast bowler, a quick thrower, and a safe catch. As a racquet player, also, he was able to hold his own, and his "volleys" were undeniable. He travelled much, and was a keen observer of men and matters. Australia, China, Japan, and Mesopotamia were among the more out-of-the-way parts which he visited, and he never tired of discussing his experiences in those countries. His collections of "curios" formed in China and Japan served to show the rare artistic taste with which he was endowed. He was a thoughtful reader with a clear retentive memory, a ready speaker, possessed of a fund of wit and anecdote, and his letters to his friends were always marked by a naturalness and charm characteristic of the writer.

The following appeared in the *Kilkenny Moderator* of the 27th October 1894:—

FUNERAL OF MAJOR J. T. O'BRIEN.

In our last it was our melancholy duty to announce the death of Major J. T. O'Brien, late 43rd Regiment (1st Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry), which sad event occurred on the 17th instant at Sewerby House, near Hull, at the comparatively early age of 53 years. The gallant Officer was son of the late Right Rev. James T. O'Brien, D.D., Lord Bishop of Ossory, Ferns, and Leighlin, one of the greatest Prelates of the Church of Ireland, whose learning and ability shed a lustre on the Church that shall never die, and whose memory is still revered in this united diocese. The late Major O'Brien was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Dublin, and when he passed into the army his career was indeed worthy of the son of the grand old Prelate who ruled over the See of Ossory with so much honour and distinction. It was, therefore, with feelings of sincere and wide-spread regret that the announcement of Major O'Brien's death was received throughout Kilkenny and Wexford, and, indeed, wherever he was known; but to the deceased gallant gentleman's brother Officers, the Non-commissioned Officers and men of the distinguished Regiment in which he had the honour so long to serve—and for which he had a very deep and steadfast affection; and that this feeling was returned by both Officers and men there was strong evidence at the funeral on Wednesday—his death is a source of the deepest sorrow. His immediate relations are plunged into grief too sacred to be touched upon; but friends and relations may derive a sad satisfaction from the knowledge that he whom they all so sincerely regret and deeply mourn was loved, revered, and esteemed wherever the gallant gentleman was known.

The remains were removed from Sewerby House, near Hull, on Monday, and arrived in Kilkenny on Tuesday afternoon, and were the same evening brought to St. Canice's Cathedral, where the coffin was placed on a catafalque. The funeral took place at one o'clock on Wednesday amidst every manifestation of the esteem in which the deceased Officer was held. Colonel Johnstone, commanding the 43rd Light Infantry, Major F. H. Plowden, Captain R. W. Porter, Captain P. T. Clark, Captain W. Owen, and Lieut. Hammick were present; and there were also present some Non-commissioned Officers and men who, it should be mentioned, came from Dublin (where the Regiment is now quartered) at their own desire, including Sergeant-Major O'Brien, who for years was Colour-Sergeant in the deceased Officer's Company. The Sergeant-Major, lately at the Depot,

Winchester, an old soldier of the 101st, who, after Major O'Brien resigned his combatant commission, was attached to his office, came specially from Castle Yard, Dublin ; and there were also present a Bugle-Major and six buglers, and also the late Major O'Brien's soldier servant. The coffin, a massive one made of polished oak, richly mounted, bore the inscription—

James Thomas O'Brien,
Major,
Late 43rd Light Infantry,
Born 19th August 1841,
Died 17th October 1894.

Previous to the service, the coffin was borne out of the Cathedral through the south door by four Colour-Sergeants and four Sergeants, all of whom, with the exception of two, had served under the deceased. Outside the sacred edifice the funeral procession was formed, headed by the Very Rev. the Dean of Ossory, D.D., the Ven. the Archdeacon of Ossory, A.M., Rev. Canon W. de Montmorency, A.M., and the Rev. J. H. Bourke, Minor Canon, attended by the verger with the verge draped in black, the Dean reciting the opening sentences of the Burial Service. On again entering the Cathedral by the main entrance the surpliced choir, with the Rev. Canon Rooke, A.M., Precentor, joined in the procession up the aisle, singing Hymn 343 (part i), "Brief life is here our portion," and in front of the lectern the coffin was again deposited on the catafalque. Psalm 39 was then sung by the choir, after which the Ven. the Archdeacon read the Lesson from the 15th Chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, after which Hymn 345, "The Son of God goes forth to war," was sung to Croft's tune. The coffin was then borne out of the Cathedral, Dr. Froggatt playing Beethoven's Funeral March on the organ. The remainder of the service was conducted at the graveside by the Chancellor, and at the conclusion a *réveille* was sounded by the buglers.

The chief mourners were:—Rev. F. A. O'Brien (brother), Mrs. de Montmorency (sister), Mrs. F. A. O'Brien (sister-in-law), the Rev. Waller de Montmorency, A.M., Chancellor, and Mr. Y. G. Lloyd-Graeme (brothers-in-law). Mr. Thomas Kough, J.P., Diocesan Registrar (cousin), was also present.

Wreaths were sent by Colonel W. Livesay, commanding 43rd Regimental District, Colonel J. Johnstone and Officers 43rd Regiment, "In affectionate remembrance"; Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Money, commanding 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Fusiliers, and Mrs. Money; Captain and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams; Major Talbot, 43rd Regiment; Captain and Mrs. Mockler-Ferryman; "A tribute of affection and esteem" from Sergeant-Major and Sergeants 43rd Light Infantry.

Among those present, in addition to those already mentioned, were :—
The Marquis of Ormonde, K.P., H.M.L., Lord Arthur Butler, D.L.,
Rev. B. Senior, Rev. F. B. Mollan, Mr. John Francis Smithwick, J.P.,
Mr. Edmund Smithwick, J.P., etc., etc.

MR. VERE FANE BENNETT-STANFORD died at Madeira on the 9th May 1894, aged 55 years.

He entered the 43rd Light Infantry as Ensign, 9th October 1855; Lieutenant, 26th September 1856; retired, 22nd April 1859.

He was second son of Arthur Fane (Prebendary of Sarum), and, under the will of his grandfather, Mr. John Bennett, he inherited Pyt House and other estates in Wiltshire, assuming the name of Bennett. On his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Mr. William Stanford, of Preston, near Brighton, he assumed the name of Stanford. He was Conservative M.P. for Shaftesbury in 1874, Magistrate for Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and Sussex, Deputy-Lieutenant for Wiltshire and Dorsetshire, and Lt.-Colonel of the Dorsetshire Volunteers.

Mr. Bennett-Stanford put up a stained-glass window, to the memory of the Officers of the 43rd who fell in the New Zealand War, in his village church at Semley, 15 miles from Salisbury.

MAJOR WILLIAM HENRY ODELL died of dysentery at Rawul Pindi, on the 8th November 1894, in his 43rd year.

He was the only son of the late Mr. W. Hunter Odell, of Rookwood, Fredericton, New Brunswick, and Halifax, Nova Scotia. He joined the 52nd Light Infantry as Sub-Lieutenant 30th December 1871; antedated Lieutenant the same date; Adjutant (under Colonels Bailie and Kingscote) 23rd March 1881 to 30th June 1887; Captain 11th March 1882; Major 16th March 1892—

21 years almost from when he was gazetted, but he lost several steps owing to the "linking system."

Fond of his profession from the first and a keen soldier, he volunteered for and was employed on Special Service during the South African War, June 1879 to March 1880. He was Transport Officer to the Head-quarter Staff during the operations against Sekukuni, and was present at the capture of the Chief's Stronghold. Mentioned in despatches. Medal with clasp. He commanded his Company (G), as part of the Wunthoo Column during the operations in Burma in 1891. Indian Frontier Medal with clasp.

Within the past two years he had been somewhat troubled with dysentery, and the frequent attacks must have undermined his constitution more than he or others were aware of, rendering him unable to resist the final attack to which he succumbed at Rawul Pindi.

He was a very hard worker, and always cheery, and his powers of organization were often of great assistance to his brother Officers in matters concerning the mess, polo, etc.

He made many friends at every place where the Regiment was quartered, and numerous people, besides the Officers who served with him, must deeply regret his sudden and quite unexpected death at the early age of 42 years.

On the 10th November 1894, at his residence, 13, Grosvenor Square, W., CAPTAIN W. J. M. LOFTUS-OTWAY, formerly of the 52nd Light Infantry and King's Dragoon Guards, aged 86.

SERGEANT-Instructor of Musketry JAMES STODDART, of the 43rd, died at the Curragh on the 11th October, and was buried in the Cemetery, Curragh Camp, on the 13th.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Editor will gratefully welcome any hints or suggestions which readers of the "Chronicle" may feel inclined to offer, and he desires to express a hope that anyone who possesses pictures, sketches, diaries, &c., of Regimental interest, will communicate with him.

To old Officers he would point out that incidents of their service, however trifling they may appear to be, cannot fail to be of interest to the present generation of Regimental soldiers.

The following rules are repeated for the information of new contributors:—

- (1) Write distinctly, on one side of the paper only, leaving a narrow margin.
- (2) Number the pages throughout.
- (3) Send in as early as possible.
- (4) Write proper names in imitation of ROMAN TYPE.

Communications should be addressed to—

Captain A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN,

Oak Grove House,

Royal Military College,

Camberley,

Surrey.

** * * Subscribers can obtain extra copies of this Volume at 6s., by applying to the Honorary Secretary. The price to Non-subscribers is 10s. 6d.*

LONDON:
EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE,
Her Majesty's Printers,
DOWNS PARK ROAD, HACKNEY, N.E.

This book should be returned to
the Library on or before the last date
stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred
by retaining it beyond the specified
time.

Please return promptly.

